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RETROSPECT

OF A LONG LIFE.

VOL. II.

"Great men have been among us—hands that penned, and tongues that uttered, wisdom."—WORDSWORTH.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

"Footprints on the sands of time."—LONGFELLOW.

"Nor sink those stars in empty night:
They hide themselves in Heaven's own light."
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—MILTON.

MRS S C HALL

DRAWN BY DANIEL MACLISE R.A.

IN 1830.

ENGRAVED BY LUMB STOCKS, R.A.

RETROSPECT

OF A LONG LIFE:

FROM 1815 TO 1883.

BY

S. C. HALL, F.S.A.,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

A MAN OF LETTERS BY PROFESSION.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON,

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1883.

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RETROSPECT OF A LONG LIFE.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF AUTHORS I HAVE KNOWN.

I CANNOT here go over the ground I have fully trodden in "The Book of Memories" (published originally in the *Art Journal*)—a series of biographies mixed with personal recollections.* The former—the purely biographical element—I shall exclude, while retaining as much as space permits me of the latter: so that these chapters will consist mainly of episodes—passages that, as being "personal recollections," will, I hope, more forcibly recall the men and women of whom they treat, and prove interesting to the reader. Some of the "illustrious" have died since that book was issued; with others I have dealt in the divisions of this work to which they seem properly to belong; others, whose

* "The Book of Memories" received gratifying praise in nearly all the critical publications. I do not think it requisite to give extracts from them; but I cannot resist the temptation to print two letters—one from Thomas Carlyle, the other from John Ruskin—communications of which any author might be proud, and of which surely I am proud.

"DENMARK HILL, *December 18th*, 1870.

"DEAR MR. HALL,—

"The beautiful book is in every way valuable to me, deeply interesting in itself, with interest upon interest (like Lord Overstone's income) in all being true—and interest at triple usury, in being all truth of the kind it is most helpful to know; besides all this it assures me that I am not forgotten by friends

domain was more strictly that of Letters, I am now about to treat of in the chapters that will follow this brief introduction. I may premise that, Byron, Shelley, and Keats only excepted (the first named I have seen, the two others I never saw), there is hardly a man or woman distinguished in literature and art during the century with whom I have not been brought into personal relations—ranging from the slight to the intimate.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE—as I knew him in 1825. He was then a resident at the house of the Gillmans, at Highgate; he had been their guest during nineteen years, and there he died on July 25, 1834. Not very

whose memory of me is one of the few things I still care for, in a very weary time of my life and heart.

"Affectionately yours,

"S. C. Hall, Esq." "J. RUSKIN.

"CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA, 8*th December*, 1870.

"DEAR SIR,—

"Two nights ago there came to this door a weighty volume which, on opening it, proved to be a splendidly beautiful one as well, and a most kind and welcome gift due to your friendly regard.

"I have spent all my leisure ever since on the book, and find it altogether excellent reading, full of matter strangely interesting to me. Several of the pieces I had read before: these also I have read again in the revised form: in fact I read all, and only regret to think I shall probably finish it this night. How strange, how grand and tragical, these silent shadows of the Past, which were once living figures along with us in the loud, roaring Present, and whom we are so soon to join! You have done your work with insight, equity, and charity. The book will be a charming guest at many Christmas firesides this year, and may promise itself a lasting use to this and the coming generations. Many thanks—many thanks!

"Please offer my thanks to Mrs. Hall, and say her little pieces seem to me particularly excellent, and have a kind of gem-like brightness, where all around them is polished and bright.

"Yours sincerely,

"S. C. Hall, Esq." "T. CARLYLE.

long ago I visited his grave, and saw, through a chink, the coffin that contains the remains of the earthly dwelling that tabernacled the great soul.

> "The rapt one of the god-like forehead,
> The heaven-eyed creature."

He whose ashes are there inurned was truly called "the old man eloquent." Eloquent in his fulness of years as a champion of Christianity, he passed away in the certain hope of a life to come, although in youth he had "skirted the howling desert of infidelity," and had been for a brief while a Socinian preacher. In a memorable letter to his godson he maintained that "the greatest of all blessings, and the most ennobling of all privileges, was to be a Christian," and his last will and testament ended with this passage: "His staff and His rod alike comfort me."

He was a young man in 1793, when with Southey and Wordsworth he became a Republican; but, like his fellow-poets, he soon shrank from the associates by whom he was contaminated and the principles by which he was for a while tainted, and broke from their trammels in "avowing his conviction that national education and a concurring spread of the Gospel were the indispensable conditions of any true political amelioration."

I was a frequent guest at the house of the good friends of the poet—the Gillmans. They were pleased to see me, and so was he. I had, at all events, the merit of being a good listener: and, whether he was alone or surrounded by his satellites, when he was pouring out his mellifluous talk, I should have as little thought of

interrupting him as I should of disturbing the song of a nightingale by singing a ribald verse.

There are few now living who can recall to memory the simple gatherings round the tea-table at Highgate: though simple they were glorious, being, so far as related to the central figure, truly a flow of soul.

Mrs. Gillman usually presided. She loved the poet with a love approaching worship. I was a favourite with her: probably because I drew near the circle without considering myself one of the links that formed it.*

In one of the communications of Coleridge to me I find the following lines in his handwriting:—

LOVE'S BURIAL-PLACE.

A Madrigal.

Lady.—"If Love be dead ——"
Poet.—"And I aver it."
Lady.—"Tell me, Bard, where Love lies buried."
Poet.—"Love lies buried where 'twas born.
O gentle dame, think it no scorn,
If in my fancy I presume
To call thy bosom poor Love's tomb:
And on that tomb to read the line—
'There lies a Love that once seemed mine,
'But caught a chill as I divine,
'And died at length of a decline.'"

* Mrs. Gillman presented to me the poet's inkstand, a plain and unpretentious article of deal, which I gave some years afterwards to the poet Longfellow. She also gave me a tiny myrtle, on which she assured me the poet's eyes were fixed when he was dying: it stood on a table by his bedside. It is now preserved for me in the conservatory of a friend at Palace Gardens, knotted and gnarled from age, but *still* blossoming in its season: and often brings back to memory the happy visits I paid to the house at Highgate.

The inkstand was, up to his death, a cherished treasure of the poet Longfellow: in nearly all the letters I received from him, he refers to it: it was always on his writing table, and was pointed out to every visitor as one of the "treasures of his soul."

Coleridge's marvellous power of "talk" has been described by many of his contemporaries; it was an unceasing flow of melodious words, like honey, luscious to the taste, but with little power to nourish and strengthen. Yet it was impossible to listen without being entranced, without almost unconsciously tendering homage to that—

"Noticeable man, with large, grey eyes,"

who spoke like one inspired. It was as Haydon wrote—

"The lazy luxury of poetical outpouring."

"Eloquent music without a discord; full, ample, inexhaustible, almost divine;" so said Wilson. "He was," wrote Wordsworth, "quite an epicure in sound."

It is known that Coleridge went to reside with Mr. Gillman (honoured be the name and reverenced the memory of that "general practitioner," a surgeon at Highgate), chiefly to be under his surveillance to break himself of the fearful habit he had contracted of opium-eating, a habit that grievously impaired his mind, engendered terrible self-reproach, and embittered the best years of his life. I may well use the term—self-reproach. He has himself called opium "the accursed drug," and his helplessness to resist the craving for it "a hideous bondage." It was this "conspiracy of himself against himself" that was the poison of his life. He describes his terrible habit with frantic pathos as "the scourge, the curse, the one almighty blight which had desolated his life;" the thief—

"To steal
From my own nature all the natural man."

He did however prevail in the end over the fiend that tempted, and had long possessed him.

I have known persons who pictured to me Coleridge in his youth—a boy at Christ's Hospital,* and when a young man at Clevedon. He was aged when I knew him. My recollection is so vivid that I cannot fail in the portrait I draw. There was rarely much change of countenance; his face at that time was overburdened with flesh, and its expression impaired, yet to me it was so tender, gentle, gracious, and loving, that I could have knelt at the old man's feet—almost in adoration. My own hair is white now, yet I have much the same feeling that I had then, whenever the form of the venerable man rises in memory before me.

I prefer to any other portrait of Coleridge that which is drawn by his friend Wordsworth:—

> "A noticeable man, with large, grey eyes,
> And a *pale* face, that seemed, undoubtedly,
> As if a *blooming* face it ought to be;
> Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
> Depress'd by weight of moving phantasy:
> Profound his forehead was, though not severe."

All his friends have pictured him as a man made to be reverenced and loved.

* I heard this anecdote from a gentleman who was a schoolfellow of Coleridge's. Coleridge was wildly rushing through Newgate Street to be in time for school, when he upset an old woman's apple stall. "Oh! you little devil!" she exclaimed bitterly. But the boy, noting the mischief he had done, ran back and strove to make the best amends he could by gathering up the scattered fruit and lamenting the accident. The grateful woman changed her tone, patted the lad on the head, and said, "Oh! you little angel!"

Can we not see in this simple incident the germ of that epitome of his soul—quoted again and again by all who advocate the cause of humanity.

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small,
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

This is but a brief memory of him who—

> "In bewitching words, with happy heart,
> Did chaunt the vision of that ancient man,
> The bright-eyed Mariner"—

Him of whom De Quincey writes as "this illustrious man, the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, in my judgment, that has yet existed amongst men."* How rich is the legacy mankind inherits from the philosopher, the translator, the commentator, and the poet. Yet, judged by the exceeding wealth of intellect with which Heaven had endowed him, how unsatisfactory is that legacy. It is an old tale now—that of the high expectations formed of Coleridge and the imperfect manner in which his life's work fulfilled them. A mine of thought was in him, but he wanted the energy and perseverance necessary to make its full treasures available to the world. From time to time he would bring forth a brilliant sample of his mental riches, that by its splendour sufficiently attested the value of the ore within; but he never could prevail on himself to bend his neck to the yoke of that patient industry which has earned greater fame for men much less richly gifted. The history of his life is a very mournful one. Manhood, that should have brought to such a giant in intellect as Coleridge high hopes and earnest endeavours, was wasted in the sloth of a double bondage—that of his natural indolence, and that of his acquired slavery to opium. The first of

* The article concerning Coleridge I printed in the *Art Journal* and subsequently in the "Book of Memories," drew from the son of the poet—the Rev. Derwent Coleridge—a letter of which I may well be—as I am—very proud. He wrote to me that he considered it the best biography he had read of his father.

talkers, he was among the least of doers. Under God's providence, and by means of the devoted care and friendship of the Gillmans, the more terrible of these two tyrants of mind and body was at last shaken off; and Coleridge passed his latter years free from the influence of "the accursed drug." But how blighted a life had the great thinker's been! He had to look back on many years of mental darkness and bodily weakness; to shudder over the memory of vain struggles to escape from the thraldom of the terrible vice that had possessed him; to lament a long separation from the wife of his youth, the Sara of his early poems. Those who cherish the memory of Coleridge will always love best to contemplate the declining years of his life, a decline rendered serene and beautiful by the untiring devotion of the Gillmans; but, alas! it cannot be forgotten that the bright sunset did not follow, as should have been the case, a still brighter day, and that it was the poet's fault far more than his misfortune that his best years were darkened. The richest ground will bear little harvest unless it be carefully cultivated: the highest genius does not exempt its possessor from the need for industry and energy. Such is the moral that the contrast between what Samuel Taylor Coleridge might have done and what he actually accomplished too sadly points.

In glancing back over these pages I rejoice to note how many great men and women of the past have, if they did not foresee, forestalled the scepticism of the age in which the present generation lives; forestalled it in this sense, that they have left burning words to impress on their successors the magnitude of the evil.

The curse is rearing itself hydra-headed in our literature. Half a century ago, atheism dared only insinuate itself stealthily into literary refuse designed for the lower classes to read; it has now assumed the proportions of a creed that is boldly advocated and openly taught. Public men are no more ashamed of being influenced by the black belief than they would be of some bodily ailment that caused them to limp and halt. I do not refer to the lecturers who appear on platforms with atheism as their stock-in-trade, but to those far more pernicious and dangerous writers who, affirming that they derive their alphabet from science, construct a volume of teaching that saps both faith and hope; and that, if it does not refuse to accept God as the origin of evil, at least denies to God any attribute of good. Those who seek to reduce God to the dimensions of an unloving, pitiless, almost mechanical, power are as much atheists as those who deny His existence. It therefore becomes the imperative duty of every writer who seeks to influence public opinion to do his very utmost to prevent the spread of a disease that may infect the whole body corporate—a moral and social pest, the spread of which would be more fatal to humanity than a famine that would blight, and a pestilence that would kill, the whole vegetable and animal kingdom.

Sunday lectures for the people are now delivered by highly educated men who avow themselves materialists and, if pressed, would hardly deny that they are atheists. Books are largely circulated the teaching of which is simply "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die;" that, except to man's laws, there is no respon-

bility because no hereafter; that morality is to be controlled by convenience or inconvenience; that duty is but another name for will; that right and wrong are convertible terms; that, in a word, the only guide to follow is SELF—benefits conferred on others being so many deprivations of enjoyment that should be entirely one's own. I pity the man who believes in no future where he will reap the seed he has, in life, planted. True happiness can be derived only from the happier faith that he who does good work for man on earth will enjoy the fruitage in some place we call Heaven; that consciousness and memory and attendant reason continue to be ours when the sometime habitation of the soul is committed to its kindred dust.

I repeat, I rejoice to record the encouraging and stimulating fact that by far the larger number of the great men and women I commemorate in these pages were not only believers, without a shadow of doubt, in continued existence after death, but that nearly all of them had firm faith in the revealed Religion, which is the key to the Hereafter—

"Teaching in their lives
The love of all things lovely, all things pure."

He who teaches doctrines of scepticism to the unthinking and uninstructed, is as guilty of conveying social and moral taint, as he would be of wilful murder who flung poison into a well from which a parish drew the water it drank.

There are even worse crimes that some literary men, and, alas! some literary women, perpetrate. Some there are who so picture vice and virtue as to make the vice

seductive and the virtue repulsive; and it is to be feared that to-day such writers find too many readers.*

It was Voltaire who, contending for the *impolicy* of infidelity, said if there were no God we should be obliged to make one.†

SERJEANT TALFOURD. — A very loveable man was Serjeant, afterwards Judge, Talfourd. Eloquent as a pleader—almost reaching the dignity of an orator in the House of Commons—a dramatic writer of a high order, and a graceful if not a powerful poet, he was endeared to many who appreciated the genius and the man. I knew him as a valued writer for the *New Monthly Magazine*, from which, however, he withdrew soon after the retirement of Campbell, to fight under his banner in the *Metropolitan*. But his worth as an advocate became known, and he put aside the pen to take a prominent position at the bar. Dickens dedicated "Pickwick" to him, not only in acknowledgment of Talfourd's successful efforts to secure to "those who devote themselves to the most precarious of all pursuits"

* "Avoid the SCEPTIC: poisoner of the soul;
A life curse taking from us faith and trust
To prove that dust is animated dust,
And that Hereafter gives no place of rest,
A social, physical, and moral pest:
A thief of hope in death: a monster ghoul.
But women sceptics are fair Nature's blots;
Stars—but of which you only see the spots;
Or trees that, foully cankered at the root,
Bear only withered leaves and deadly fruit;
Or streams polluted at their primal source,
That run, a stream of poison, all their course;
Social mistakes; a dull domestic dearth:
Women who have no Altar have no Hearth."

† "Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudroit l'inventer."

and to the descendants of authors after them, "a permanent interest in the copyright of their works," but as a mark of the warmest esteem and regard, and as a memorial of the most gratifying friendship he ever contracted; in short, writes Dickens, "In token of my fervent admiration of every fine quality of your head and heart."

Talfourd was greatly loved by all who knew him: he was what Lord Chief Justice Coleridge said of him, "eminently courteous and kind, generous, simple-hearted, of great modesty, of the strictest honour, and of spotless integrity." He died suddenly in court while in the act of addressing a grand jury, and delivering some weighty and eloquent words directed against the vice of intemperance.

Rev. Edward Irving.—Leigh Hunt called him "the Boanerges of the Temple." His friend Carlyle styles him "a memorable man." He is forgotten now, for he left earth in 1834; and his means of being remembered, like those of the actor, died with him. Yet he achieved marvellous popularity in his day (I have seen Canning, Brougham, and Mackintosh among the congregation at his chapel in Cross Street, Hatton Garden), by "discourses opulent in ingenious thought, by originality and truth of purpose, by a style modelled on the Miltonic old Puritan, and by a voice one of the purest and powerfullest ever given to man." "No preacher," writes Carlyle, "ever went so thoroughly into one's heart." He was dismissed from the Scottish Kirk (I quote the same authority), by "a poor aggregate of reverend sticks

in black gowns sitting in Presbytery, who passed formal condemnation on a man and a cause that might have been tried at Patmos under the presidency of St. John."

Yet there were not wanting those who decried him as a pretender, a hypocrite, and a cheat. But those who knew him best emphatically depose to the honesty of his heart, the depth of his convictions, the fervour of his faith: and many yet live who will endorse the eloquent tribute of his excellent and accomplished biographer (Mrs. Oliphant): "To him mean thoughts and unbelieving hearts were the only things miraculous and out of nature. He desired nothing in heaven or earth, neither comfort, nor peace, nor rest, nor any consolation, but to know the will, and do the work of the Master he loved."

He was the frequent guest, and much-loved friend, of the poet Coleridge. It was some time before his enforced withdrawal from the Kirk of Scotland; while he was still astounding audiences, intellectual as well as crowded, and before the appearance of the strange manifestations known as "the Tongues." The rumour of his burning eloquence and marked peculiarities had preceded him to London; crowds, on his appearance in the Metropolis in 1822, flocked to hear him preach; and finding that the Scottish clergyman was indeed something strange and startling, came again, and in ever-increasing numbers. Irving drew for a while the attention of men of all faiths—or of none; but it was as a meteor that shoots across the heavens, and then is quenched in darkest night. Soon there came a time when the enthusiasm, bordering on extravagance, of the preacher provoked yet more extravagant responses from

a devoted few of his hearers; when to the Scottish Kirk Irving became a stumbling-block, and to the polite world of London foolishness. The former cast him out; the latter sneered at him, ceasing to throng and hear a preacher whom some called a hypocrite and others a madman, and whose peculiar eloquence had no longer the attraction of novelty. A brief season of mockery and persecution, and the sensitive nature of the man gave way. The disease that Edward Irving died of was, practically, a broken heart.

Many men of ripe intelligence, sound judgment, and true piety endorsed the verdict concerning him of Chalmers, whose coadjutor he had for a time been, that he was "the Evangelical Christian grafted on the old Roman; with the lofty and stern virtues of one, he possessed the humble graces of the other."

Although I have heard him preach in his church at Gordon Square, it was never my good fortune to be present at one of those exhibitions of "the Tongues," when suddenly one or more among the congregation would be —apparently without preparation—"inspired" to utter sounds to which none of the listeners could attach any meaning—at least so far as to construe or translate.

That many believed them to be direct inspirations I cannot question, any more than I can doubt the words of the Apostle St. Paul concerning "divers gifts," among which he enumerated the "speaking with tongues and the interpretation thereof;" or that on the day of Pentecost, when dwellers in all the lands of the Roman world were, to their astonishment, addressed by the inspired Eleven, "each man in his own tongue."

The whole tenor of Irving's life forbids the idea that he could have been a hypocrite; while it is quite as certain that he could not have been self-deluded, year after year—continuously; and with him a very large number of men and women, educated, thoughtful, rational, inquiring, who were well instructed in scripture, and who conscientiously sought to discharge all that appertains to the duties of life.

At the time to which I refer, Irving was in the prime of manhood and of striking presence: tall, slender, but by no means attenuated, with strongly marked features of the Roman type, and a profusion of long black wavy hair that hung partly over his shoulders. On looking closely into his face, you saw how grievously its expression was marred by an obliquity of vision, amounting in fact to a decided "squint." It is said to have been in only one of his eyes; but its effect was fatal to the claim that might otherwise have been advanced in his behalf of possessing an awe-inspiring mien, a countenance such as one might indeed associate in fancy with a Boanerges.

His voice was usually loud and harsh, yet in its lower tones melodious. His preaching was more conspicuous for zeal than charity; for Irving, whatever his merits and defects, was emphatically a soldier, as well as a servant, of the Cross. He died young; little over forty; and it is certain the keenness of the blade wore through the scabbard. His limbs had grown feeble before time might have been expected to make them weak; his features were wrinkled far too soon, and his trailing black locks were tinged with grey long ere Nature's ordinary date. I imagine him to have been a man

"cut after the pattern" of John Knox; but the age in which he lived did not favour philippics against special sins, such as gave spirit and power to the homilies of the Scottish Reformer of the sixteenth century.

GODWIN.—It would be difficult to find a greater contrast than that between Irving and Godwin. In persons, in manners, in features, in mind, in spirit, they were uttermost opposites. The free-thinking husband of Mary Wollstonecraft—whose union was the slender one of a love-bond, until, in later life, they took upon them the bonds of wedlock—was of awkward, ungainly form; a broad intellectual forehead redeemed a flat, coarse, inexpressive face; his dress was clumsy; his habits careless, —of cleanliness at least. Lamb is said to have once interrupted him during a rubber of whist: "Godwin, if dirt was trumps, what a hand you'd have!" To me, however, who had read "Caleb Williams" and had not read "Political Justice," there was much attraction in watching and listening to the author of works then so famous, now so rarely read.

He was the close associate, if not the friend, of Charles Lamb, and I met him in the company of "Elia" more than once. But I remember him still farther back, when he kept a bookseller's shop on Snow Hill. He kept it under the name of Edward Baldwin; had it been carried on in his own, he would have had few customers, for his published opinions had excited general hostility, to say the least. I was a schoolboy then, and can remember purchasing a book there—handed to me by

himself. It was a poor shop, poorly furnished; its contents consisting chiefly of children's books with the old coloured prints, that would contrast so strangely with the art illustrations of to-day.

LISLE BOWLES.—I met at the dwelling of Coleridge the poet Lisle Bowles, of whom Byron wrote some deprecatory lines in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" but I saw him afterwards in my own house, and once in a street in London, where he said he was "like a daisy in a conservatory." My memory of him will be brief. It may be well commenced by copying a letter written to Coleridge by Charles Lamb.

"Coleridge, I love you for dedicating your poetry to Bowles. Genius of the sacred fountain of tears, it was he who led you gently by the hand through all this valley of weeping, showed you the dark green yew-trees, and the willow shades, where, by the fall of waters, you might indulge an uncomplaining malady, a delicious regret for the past, or weave fine visions of that awful future—

"When all varieties of life's brief day,
Oblivion's hurrying hand hath swept away;
And all its sorrows at the awful blast
Of the Archangel's trump are but as shadows past."

Bowles was fourscore years and eight when he died—one of the canons of Salisbury. During forty years he had been rector of Bremhill, Wilts—having so long watched zealously over the spiritual and temporal interest of his flock; a good man and a good clergyman.

His poems are now as much forgotten as his sermons.

He died in 1850. In early youth he was simple enough to inquire of a printer what he would give for a

volume of sonnets? The purchase was declined, but they were afterwards published (in 1789) and speedily consigned to the shelf. When they were well on their way to oblivion, it chanced one day that a young man named Robert Southey entered the shop, took up the book, spoke of it everywhere in terms of high commendation, and the consequence was a good sale. Forty years after, Bowles dedicated to the Laureate a new edition: "To one who exhibited in his prose works, as in his life, the purity and virtues of Addison and Locke, and in his poetry the imagination and soul of Spenser."

And thus Southey wrote of *him*: "His oddity, his untidiness, his simplicity, his benevolence, his fears, and his good nature, made him one of the most entertaining and extraordinary characters I have ever met with."

Odd he unquestionably was, and Moore, who knew and loved him, described him well when he exclaimed: "How marvellously, by being a genius, he has escaped being a fool!" In absence of mind La Fontaine could scarcely have surpassed him.

He was in the habit of daily riding through a country turnpike-gate, and one day he presented as usual his twopence to the gate-keeper, "What is that for, sir?" he asked. "For my horse, of course." "But, sir, you have no horse." "Dear me!" exclaimed the astonished poet, "am I walking?"

Mrs. Moore told me that anecdote. She also told me that Bowles on one occasion gave her a Bible as a birthday present. She asked him to write her name in it. He did so, inscribing the sacred volume to her as a gift —".From the Author."

I had the following story from a gentleman-farmer, one of Bowles's parishioners, who cherished an affectionate remembrance of the good parson. One day there was a dinner-party at the parsonage. The guests and the dinner were both kept waiting by the non-appearance of the host. At last his wife went up-stairs to see what mischance had delayed him. She found him in a terrible "taking," hunting everywhere for a silk stocking that he could not find. After due and careful search, Mrs. Bowles at last discovered the reason of the "loss." He had put both stockings on one leg.

But all the anecdotes told of his eccentricities are pleasant, simple, and harmless; and Bowles the man was the faithful counterpart of Bowles the poet—pure in spirit, sweet of nature, and tender of heart—good rather than great.

GEORGE CRABBE.—Bremhill, the vicarage of Bowles, was not far from Trowbridge, the rectory of GEORGE CRABBE. I knew also—not at home, but in London—that great poet and good man—

"Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

But he was stern only in verse. His was the gentle, kindly nature of one who loving God loved man, and all the creatures God has made. His early struggles, less for fame than the bare means of existence, may surely furnish a lesson and, in their result, an encouragement, to those who labour for either through difficulties it might seem impossible to overcome. I met him more than once: on one occasion when he was the guest of his

friends at Hampstead, the Hoares, the eminent bankers. It was, I think, in 1826. He died in 1832. I recall his healthy-looking face as giving little indication of poetic thought nourished by lamplight: it was suggestive rather of country fare, country walks and communings with God, where the brow is fanned by breezes that have never been sullied by smoke.

He was emphatically a good man as well as a good clergyman, who discharged laudably and effectually his duty to God and man. The last sentence he uttered on earth was a fitting *finis* to an honoured and useful life. The words were merely these, addressed to his assembled children, "Be good, and come to me."

I may have stated elsewhere that we possessed Crabbe's inkstand. It was given by Crabbe's son to Moore, and concerning it Moore wrote one of the best of his poems, the original of which, in the poet's handwriting (written partly in ink and partly in pencil) I gave to the poet Longfellow; and in 1880 I gave to Longfellow the inkstand also.

I was visiting Moore when I made a pilgrimage to Trowbridge, to the church in which Crabbe is buried, and to the marble monument over his grave. It is a work of the sculptor Baily, and one of his best; yet I thought it too grand to be reared over the dust of one who was so thoroughly the poet of the poor, and I fancied a simple tablet to mark his resting-place would have been more in accord with his work.

I need not tell again here the oft-told story of what George Crabbe owed to Edmund Burke, of the helping-hand stretched out, on the first appeal, to rescue

the starving young poet from the gulf of despair and misery into which, after a long and brave struggle, he was hopelessly sinking. It was but one of many generous actions that have made the memory of Burke shine on us, across the century that divides our epoch from his, with a lustre more resplendent than even his matchless genius could confer.

CHARLES LAMB.—Very often, Charles Lamb was one of the party at the residence of Coleridge, with his gentle, sweet, yet melancholy countenance; for I can recall it only as bearing the stamp of mournfulness, rather than of mirth. Even when he said a witty thing, or made a pun, which he was too apt to do, it came from his lips (jerked out in the well-known semi-stutter), as if it had been a foreboding of evil; certainly, his merriment seemed forced. Coleridge and Lamb had been schoolfellows, and "fifty years friends without interruption." Their school was Christ's Hospital. I forget which of them it was who, well remembering the floggings obtained, if not earned, there, hoped the master would not be carried to heaven by cherubim, because being only heads and wings they could not be whipped on the way. The life of Lamb has been described as a "life of uncongenial toil" (the greater part of it was spent as a clerk in the India House), "diversified by frequent sorrows." A terrible shadow was perpetually over his heart and mind. I can conceive that the awful scene of his insane sister, stabbing to death her beloved mother, seldom left his sight, and he may be pardoned

for the "one single frailty" that did not lessen, but, on the contrary, increased, the suffering for the removal of which he resorted to the "bowl" that he vainly hoped would be filled from Lethe. There is nothing in human history more entirely sad than the records of the walks he and his sister took together, when in after years, and when her brother's entreaties had obtained her restoration to his care, Mary Lamb, as the cloud came over her mind, and she saw the evil hour approaching, would set out with Charles along the roads and across the fields, both weeping bitterly; she to be left at the lunatic asylum until time and regimen restored reason, and he to return to his mournful and lonely home.

I recall him as the American Willis saw him, "in black small-clothes and gaiters, short and slight, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful forward bend, his hair sprinkled with grey, a deep-set eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth." He rests with his sister in the churchyard at Edmonton; and some lines written by his friend Cary are inscribed on the tombstone above the grave.

His person and his mind were happily characterized by his contemporary, Leigh Hunt: "As his frame so his genius; as fit for thought as can be, and equally unfit for action." But the most finished picture of the man is that which his friend Talfourd draws: "A light fragile frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled

with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly curved and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy figure."

Procter thus described him: "A small spare man, somewhat stiff in his manner and almost clerical in his dress, which indicated much wear; he had a long melancholy face, with keen penetrating eyes; he had a dark complexion, dark curling hair, almost black; and a grave look lighting up occasionally, and capable of sudden merriment; his lip tremulous with expression; his brown eyes were quick, restless, and glittering."

Few men have had more devotedly attached friends. This is the tribute of Coleridge—

> "My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
> And hungered after Nature many a year,
> In the great city pent; winning thy way
> With sad, yet patient soul, through evil and pain,
> And strange calamity!"

And these words were written by Robert Southey—

> "Charles Lamb, to those who know thee justly dear,
> For rarest genius and for sterling worth,
> Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart sincere,
> And wit that never gave an ill thought birth,
> Nor ever in its sport infixed a sting."

But did Charles Lamb ever pine and hunger after Nature as Coleridge fancies him? Not if "Elia" himself may be trusted. Lamb's true home was London, and away from it he was miserable. When, after those thirty-six years of desk-work in the India House, his

employers and he parted on terms honourable to both, the gentle essayist tried the charms of a rural life; and, although he went but a few miles away from his beloved London, repented speedily and heartily that he had ever disturbed his Lares. Charles Lamb's genius was not that of a lover of Nature: it was born of his love of men. He could not be happy away from the life of cities; and the inspiration of his best essays is the "busy hum" of the metropolis. It is almost as difficult to think of "Elia" away from the great city that was the scene of his quiet toil, his fearful afflictions, his snatches of mirth—now cheerful, now whimsical—as it is to take from London the memory of Dr. Johnson. I, at least, can never separate Lamb's figure in my memory from the busiest haunts of busy London; for it was in Fleet Street I first saw and spoke to him; and there he was to my thinking so much at home that, had Johnson been then on earth and known him, "Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street," might have been an invitation often and heartily extended by the burly sage to the stammering wit.

CARY was one of Coleridge's frequent visitors; I saw him at Highgate; but he was more often seen at the British Museum, where he had a position that gave him congenial occupation. His translation of Dante retains its place of honour on the bookshelves. Ugo Foscolo, than whom there could be no better authority, told me he considered it not only the best English translation of any foreign poet, but the best in any language. I recall him to memory as very kindly, with a most gracious and

sympathizing expression; slow in his movements, as if he were always in thought, living among the books of which he was the custodian, and seeking only the companionship of the lofty spirits who had gone from earth —those who though dead yet speak.

William Hazlitt.—I did not like Hazlitt: nobody did. He was out of place at the genial gatherings at Highgate; though he was often there: for genial he certainly was not. He wrote with a pen dipped in gall, and had a singularly harsh and ungentle look; seeming indeed as if his sole business in life was to seek for faults. He was a leading literary and art critic of his time; but he has left to posterity little either to guide or instruct. I recall him as a small, mean-looking, unprepossessing man; but I do not quite accept Haydon's estimate of him: "A singular compound of malice, candour, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy and conceit." Lamb said of him, that he was, "in his natural state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing." I prefer the portrait of De Quincey: "He smiled upon no man!" He was a democrat, a devout admirer of the first Napoleon; and (I again quote De Quincey) "hated even more than enemies those whom custom obliged him to call friends." His was the common lot of critics—few friends, many foes. His son, a very estimable gentleman, is one of the Judges in the Court of Bankruptcy.

Bryan Waller Procter—so his name stands in the Law books, while to the Muses he is known as "Barry

Cornwall"—died in 1874, a very old man, for he was born in 1790. In 1823, he was in the zenith of his fame; his tragedy of Mirandola having been a great success. His first poem was published in 1815. His earliest Helicon was the office of a conveyancer, and in the ungenial atmosphere of the Inns of Court his imagination found fresh fields and pastures new. I met him frequently at the house of Coleridge. He was short of stature, with little evidence of energy, but with a peculiarly gentle and contemplative countenance, such as usually begets liking rather than the loftier tributes poets receive from those who venerate the vocation of the bard. From the commencement of his career, his homage was paid at the shrine of the older poets; he rivals them in grace, fancy, and sweetness; but he has copied their conceits; "preferring the quaint to the natural, and often losing truth in searching after originality." Yet a sound mind, a rich fancy, an exquisite skill in dealing with words, and a pure style of versification, are found in rare and happy combination in the Lyrics and Dramatic Sketches of Barry Cornwall.*

J. T. Fields thus refers to Procter: "The Poet's figure was short and full, and his voice had a low veiled tone, habitually." And thus Carlyle pictures him—

"A decidedly rather pretty little fellow, Procter, bodily and spiritually: manners prepossessing, slightly London-elegant, not unpleasant; clear judgment in him, though of narrow field; a sound, honourable morality, and airy friendly ways; of slight, neat figure, vigorous for his size; fine genially rugged little face, fine head; something curiously dreamy in the eyes of him, lids drooping at the *outer* ends into a cordially meditative and drooping expres-

* Many of his best poems were published in the *New Monthly* during my editorship, under the title of "Leaves from a Poet's Portfolio."

sion; would break out suddenly now and then into opera attitude and a *Là ci darem la mano* for a moment; had something of real fun, though in London style."

Procter was seen at his best in the house of his father-in-law, Basil Montagu, and his most admirable lady (25, Bedford Square). Basil Montagu is described by Carlyle as the most "royally courteous of mankind." A more perfect gentleman it would have been hard to find. He was the natural son of Lord Sandwich and Miss Reay, an actress, who, more than a century ago, was murdered by Mr. Hackman, a clergyman, who was hanged for the murder. The wife, now the widow of Procter, to whom he was married in 1824, was the daughter of Mrs. Montagu by a former marriage.

Procter was called to the bar in 1831, and in 1832 accepted the lucrative office of Commissioner in Lunacy, which he resigned in 1861. He was in prosperous circumstances all his life; never under the influence of a malignant star; and he lived to pass his golden wedding-day with one who was beautiful when young, and is beautiful when old; and he had all his long life the best enjoyments that are derived from—

"Wife, children, and friends."

I visited him in his retirement at Weymouth Street a short while before his death. Just sixty years there were between my first visit and my last.

His daughter, ADELAIDE PROCTER, was on the high-road to fame, and indeed had to a great extent achieved it, when she died in 1864. Her own renown owed nothing to the honoured name she inherited: her early reputation having been made under the *nom de plume* of "Mary

Berwick." I need scarcely add that Miss Procter's sweet and graceful lyrics have still a wide circle of readers; and that she ranks high among our English poetesses.

WILLIAM HONE.—I may introduce the name of a man who shared with Cobbett the renown acquired by the issue of books that ran counter to a very large section of public opinion. But WILLIAM HONE was not a member of "the House;" the glory of sending an avowed Atheist into Parliament was reserved for a generation then unborn. I knew Hone when he sold, in a small shop on Ludgate Hill, the books he wrote. That was some years after he had obtained notoriety and popularity, chiefly through three remarkable trials in which he overmatched Chief Justice Ellenborough and obtained verdicts of acquittal in each and all. He was too poor to retain counsel, and defended himself; reversing the adage that he who does so has a fool for his client.

He was in ill-health at the time, yet his defence showed an amount of resolute courage that exacted popular admiration, if it failed to obtain for him general respect. The Government, for it was that rather than the law, assumed the attitude of a bully, resolved at any cost to convict. Public opinion was with the wrong-doer. Such he was, for the broadest latitudinarian cannot defend his parodies of the Litany, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and other publications that were rightly styled blasphemies.

The three trials took place at the Old Bailey in December, 1817. On the first day Hone spoke during

six hours; on the second, seven hours; on the third, eight hours; yet he was in bad health at the time. Few are now living who witnessed the trials—probably not one of the thirty-six jurymen; certainly not one of Hone's upholders, among whom were Sir Francis Burdett, Alderman Waithman, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Cochrane, and Leigh Hunt.

After his acquittals, a public subscription enabled him to remove from his small shop in the Old Bailey to somewhat better premises on Ludgate Hill. It was thence he issued, aided by his ally, George Cruikshank, his famous assault on the King, arising out of the Queen's trial; and also one of the most valuable books of modern times, "The Everyday Book." But he never made head against pecuniary embarrassment. He failed as a bookseller, set up and failed as the keeper of an eating-house in Bishopsgate, and died in 1842 in penury; leaving a son and daughter, both of whom I knew. The son became a sculptor of promise, but has made no mark in Art History.

I have bought books from Hone when he kept the bookseller's shop; had coffee from him when he kept the eating-house; and listened to one of his wearisome sermons when he turned preacher.

Perhaps half a million of his famous "Matrimonial Ladder"—a terrifically bitter attack on the sovereign, George IV.—were printed and sold, yet it would be now almost impossible to procure a copy.

Hone was a small and insignificant-looking man: mild, kindly, and conciliatory in manner, the very opposite of the traditional demagogue. He must have

read a vast deal; there is evidence of that in his memorable defences as well as in the books he edited and bequeathed as valuable legacies to posterity. These books contain very little indeed to which objection can be urged, either on moral, political, or religious grounds. It is clear that in later life he abjured much, if not all, hostility to those personages and institutions against whom and which in his earlier career he had directed his envenomed attacks. The evil he did was almost atoned for by the good he accomplished; if the one is forgotten let the other be remembered, and the verdict of posterity be recorded as "forgiven" on the stone that covers the dust of a very remarkable and, I believe, conscientious man. For the production of "impious and profane libels" he was rightly prosecuted, and if the Government failed to convict him it was mainly, if not entirely, because it assumed the attitude of the persecutor and oppressor rather than that of the advocate of truth, virtue, and religion.

I cannot, after the lapse of so many years, recall the names of others who may have added lustre to those glorious gatherings at "The Gillmans." The list I have furnished is, however, a sufficiently grand one; and many will envy me the priceless privilege I so often enjoyed of mingling in the circle at Highgate, round the "old man eloquent"—a circle composed of friends who loved and honoured him, who nightly hung upon his words.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.—I knew Southey only in London, meeting him more than once at the house of Allan Cunningham. I wish I had known more of him, for in my heart and mind he holds a place higher than is held by any other great man with whom I have been acquainted. To me, he is the *beau-idéal* of the Man of Letters: a glory to his calling to whom all succeeding authors by profession may point back with pride. Not only was his life one of diligent and fruitful labour: it was marked by almost every manly virtue that may combine to crown a king of men. If we look at his public career we find it distinguished throughout by industry, energy, rigid integrity, and noble pride—the pride of a Sidney of the pen, whose aim before all things was to keep his honour stainless. We turn to his private life, and all we learn of it shows to us Southey as a devoted husband, a judicious and affectionate father, a warm and faithful friend. Though he had to struggle, nearly all his own life through, with poverty, he was ever ready to hold out a helping hand to those whose struggles for fame were just beginning, or as in the case of Chatterton's sister, to tender generous and effectual aid to the unfortunate relatives they had left. He gave in such instances as those of the sister of the "marvellous boy," of poor Kirke White, of Herbert Knowles, and in a score of others, not only the sympathy of his large heart and generous aid from his slender means, but that which in the case of a sorely-tasked and ill-rewarded writer like Robert Southey implied benevolence still more active—the labour of his pen. To rescue Chatterton's sister from poverty he edited the dead boy's poems

and published them by subscription, and some years afterwards became the unrewarded editor of the poetical remains of Henry Kirke White.

There have been men of blameless life and splendid virtues who have won the respect of their kind, but never their love. It was not so with Southey. On his memory we look back with a sentiment in which love and esteem are happily blended, and while we honour the heroic worker and reverence the Christian gentleman, the warmest feelings of our hearts are stirred as we recognise how great and loving was his own, and we echo, respecting it, the felicitous words in which the author of "Philip Van Artevelde" described it as—

> "That heart, the simplest, gentlest, kindliest, best,
> Where truth and manly tenderness are met
> With faith and heavenward hope."

I wish, I repeat, that I had known more of Robert Southey. It is one of my proudest and most cherished memories—that of the brief and limited intercourse I was fortunate enough to hold many years ago with this Bayard of letters—the literary knight *sans reproche*.

My remembrance of him is that of a form, not tall but stately—a countenance full of power, yet also of gentleness; and eyes whose keen and penetrating glance had justly caused them to be likened to the hawk's, but that on occasion could beam and soften with the kindliest and tenderest emotion. His head was perhaps the noblest and handsomest among English writers of his time.

Years after his death I visited Keswick, and stood in the bedroom where he died. I could almost have fancied that I saw him there, as I gazed round the room

with feelings of reverence approaching worship. Was it altogether fancy? It may have been, or it may not; I cannot say;* but I was at the moment recalling the words of his friend Wordsworth, as they are inscribed on his monument in the churchyard of Crosthwaite:—

"Whether he traced historic truth with zeal,
For the State's guidance or the Church's weal,
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or Judgment sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind,
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet for holier rest."

Born at Bristol on the 12th August, 1774, educated at Westminster School and at Balliol College, Oxford, he in 1794 addressed to Edith, his after wife, a poem which contained these two lines—

"My path is plain and straight, that light is given,
Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven."

They embodied the principles by which his whole life was ruled and guided from the cradle to the grave. He

* "Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne,
The dark way never hath allowed return?
That all which tears can move, with life is fled,
That earthly love is powerless on the dead?
Believe it not!"

"I never fear to avow my belief that warnings from the other world are sometimes communicated to us in this: and that, absurd as the stories of apparitions generally are, they are not always false, but that the spirits of the dead have been sometimes permitted to appear. I believe this because I cannot refuse my assent to the evidence which exists of such things, and to the universal consent of all men who have not *learnt* to think otherwise. Perhaps you will not despise this as a mere superstition, when I say that Kant, the profoundest thinker of modern ages, came, by the severest reckoning, to the same conclusion. But if these things are, then there is a state after death; and if there be a state after death, it is reasonable to suppose that such things should be.

"Robert Southey."

was for a brief while a Republican, but very soon settled down into one of the most loyal of subjects. When assailed in later life for his change of political faith, he made the apt and admirable reply: "I am no more ashamed of having been a Republican than of having been eighteen." To call Southey a renegade is as justifiable as it would be to call the Apostle Paul an apostate.

His home, during nearly the whole of his life, was at Greta Hall, close to Keswick, in Cumberland, and there were, in his lifetime, and have continued to be since he passed from earth, many pilgrims to that sacred shrine.

As the mourners were gathered round the grave of Southey, two birds suddenly began singing from a tree close at hand. On the occasion of my own pilgrimage there, while I stood beside the grave in which they had laid the body from which the lofty soul had departed, a robin was singing from the branch of a holly-tree hard by. It seemed to me a fitting requiem for the dead, whose life had been so simple and noble, that sweet and happy song, and the more so because the bird was singing from a holly-branch, and he whose ashes rested close by had written of that shrub some beautiful and touching verses in which he prays that if his youth had been keen to wound, his gentler age—

> "Might be
> Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree."

I looked over the scene, on which he had so often looked—that landscape than which "Earth hath not anything to show more fair;" heard the church-bell whose summons he had so often obeyed; entered the sacred building (it was a Sabbath-day, well chosen for

such a pilgrimage), and was soon seated near the recumbent figure in pure white marble that preserves his features and their expression with such fidelity, and does honour to the sculptor Lough. I sat in the pew that had been his pew, and there worshipped his Master and mine, and felt thankful for the lessons so good and great a man had given to weaker men, who by treading in his footsteps drew nearer to God.

As regards the writer, and not the man, his prophecy of himself has never been to the full realised:—

> "In the memory of the past I live,
> And those who are to come my sure reward will give."

The writings of Southey are but little known to this generation; yet finer models no writer or thinker can have. "Of the pure well of English undefiled" Robert Southey freely drank and freely gave to drink.

His quarrel with Byron is part of the Literary History of his time.

Unhappily, the mind of Southey decayed before the body—as was also the case with Moore. Mrs. Moore has more than once described to me her utter woe when, as often happened, her beloved husband failed to recognise the watcher by his bedside; and "Do you know me, dear?" met with no response. In both cases it was "softening of the brain" that carried the mandate of death to the body and fuller life to the soul.

As I stood in Southey's library, it was not hard to picture him with the cloud upon his brain, lingering mechanically and hopelessly among his books, taking down one beloved volume after another, vainly searching for some dimly-remembered passage, and then mur-

muring as he resigned the hopeless task: "Memory, memory, where art thou gone?" There can be conceived no human calamity more pitiful. It is far otherwise now with Robert Southey; decay of the brain-mechanism can never more dim the intelligence and cloud the soul.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was no longer living, or more truly speaking, he had passed from the life that is but of a day—though in his case a day of the extreme length the Psalmist assigns to it on earth—he had passed from it to the day that has no night, and to the company of those who cannot die, when I visited for the first time the many scenes of romantic loveliness or grandeur he has made famous for all time. I knew him only in London, where he was more than once my guest; for among his admirers there were none more fervent than were we. I regard William Wordsworth—and I cannot think I over-estimate him—as taking rank next to William Shakespeare among British Poets of all the centuries.

Some years after the time I chronicle I visited Westmoreland, alas! not to look on him but on his grave. There he lies, as Wordsworth should do, beside the quiet waters and at the foot of the mighty hills he so dearly loved.

Walking with him one day from my house in Sloane Street to Piccadilly, I felt prouder than I should have felt if the King had been leaning on my arm. It was said of him that he admired his own poetry more than any other person could, and that he was continually quoting

himself. I believe he had that miniature fault. I may recall an illustrative anecdote. He was breakfasting with me * and the topic of his exquisite poem on "Yarrow Revisited" in some way came up. He complained that Scott had misquoted him, and taking from a bookcase one of the Waverley novels, read from it the passage—

> "The swan *upon* St. Mary's lake
> Floats double: swan and shadow."

"Now," he said, and I shall never forget the solemn sonorousness of his voice as he repeated the lines. "I did not write that; I wrote—

> "The swan on *still* St. Mary's lake
> Floats double: swan and shadow."

It was evidently to Wordsworth's mind a most serious subject of complaint.

Tall, somewhat slender, upright, with a sort of rude grace, his movements suggestive of rustic independence tempered by the delicacy of high intellect—such was Wordsworth to outward seeming when I knew him. I wish it had been among the lovely lakes and quiet dales of Westmoreland; but, as I have said, I only visited them after the poet had been removed by the only power that could have compelled him to quit them—death. He loved every stick and stone in the Lake District: mountain and dale, tarn and ghyll, placid mere

* I find from a note added to a poem he wrote that morning in Mrs. Hall's album that the date of the visit was the 14th April, 1831. To the memoir of him I wrote in the "Book of Gems" he thus made gracious and gratifying reference in a letter I had the honour and happiness to receive from him, dated December 23rd, 1837. "Absurdly unreasonable would it be if I were not satisfied with your notice of my writings and character. All I can further say is that I have *wished* both to be what you indulgently say they are."

and running brook, were all his dear friends: if dumb to the multitude, they had tongues for him, and inspired his own with much of the eloquent music in which he discoursed to the world of the sermons they had taught. Accustomed to gaze with a reverent and discerning eye on the beauties of Nature, he became her great high-priest, the interpreter of a book that is ever open for the whole world to read. He has left millions upon millions his debtors for benefits incalculable conferred on the whole human family. To him, perhaps, more than to any other poet who has ever lived, may be applied his own expressive lines, commending those who were of his high calling.

> "Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler lives and nobler cares,
> The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

It was in 1864, I made a pilgrimage to a district that may be emphatically termed the land of Wordsworth, although other high souls have sheltered there. It was at Keswick, Southey worked so long and so well for mankind, labouring until he died in the calling of which he was so proud, and the dignity of which he upheld so nobly. At Elleray John Wilson threw aside the robes of the professor and donned the loose and easy garb that gave him the physical, and with it the mental, freedom he could not have found in a crowded city. It was at Grasmere that poor Hartley Coleridge sinned and repented, repented and sinned; unhappy victim of a passion irresistible; dying a self-inflicted death (for alcohol is no less a poison than prussic acid), when his

genius was yet in the bud—with the promise of glorious fruitage. He rests in the graveyard at Grasmere, "the churchyard among the mountains," where lies Wordsworth, and the grave of poor Hartley is shadowed by trees planted by the hands of the greater poet.

From Ambleside, Harriet Martineau doled out her later and perhaps her wholesomest, because less masculine, thoughts. Close at hand Felicia Hemans had breathed the air that soothed the sufferer into content when the heaviest of her burdens was upon her, and gathered from Nature a store of wealth to be distilled in the alembic of her high and pure soul into sweetest verse. Among these mountains and beside these lakes the giant-mind of Coleridge, for a time, drank in draughts of a healthier influence than opium; and just outside Grasmere a fellow-victim to the baneful drug, De Quincey, dreamed his wonderful dreams. In the Lake-land, too, the great art-reformer of the age,* who is worthy to be ranked with the best and loftiest of poets (although his poems are not in verse), is now passing his days in work that enriches the world.*

* That the change in the attitude of the reading public towards Wordsworth was no sudden and capricious revolution of feeling from indifference to worship, but a sentiment of slow, sure growth, the following anecdote may help to attest. One morning in 1831, when the poet honoured me with his company to breakfast, our talk fell upon his lack of popularity; I, who was among the most devout of his worshippers, insisted that he had many more readers than he knew, and I showed him how I had myself become so familiar with his writings by placing before him a copy of Galignani's edition of his works, issued in a form, and at a price, that brought the whole of them within my reach. I expressed a belief that of that book many hundreds—probably thousands—were annually sold in England. That led to an appointment with a view to inquiry, and next day I accompanied him to a bookseller's in Piccadilly—a firm with the encouraging and ominous name of "Sustenance and Stretch." The sale in this country of the Galignani edition, as of all English reprints, was strictly "prohibited." I asked for a copy: it was produced. I asked if I could have six copies, and was

Popularity in the ordinary sense of the term did not visit Wordsworth until his best work had long been given to the world, and he had become an aged man. It was Leigh Hunt, I think, who said of him that he was emphatically "a Poet for Poets." If fame was tardy in crowning the brow of the poet, an inner monitor consoled him with the knowledge that his laurels were sure, and he awaited in tranquil certainty their coming—the day when his country should see him and hail him as he was. But especially, and above all, he was a good man: his example as well as his precept was lofty, prudent, holy, in a word, Christian: yet his deep-seated religious feeling was never obtrusive in its manifestations, never forced into Pharisaical prominence.

The earthly pilgrimage of William Wordsworth began in 1770, and lasting out the rest of the eighteenth century halted, at that peaceful grave among the mountains only when half of the nineteenth also was past. Of those fourscore years, the days for the most part trooped forward as peacefully as, in fair summer weather, like feathers drifted from the wings of angels, the soft white clouds float across the tops of the higher Westmoreland hills. A hermit—he had placed his hermitage in Paradise. Whether it were his humble white cottage in Grasmere village, or the somewhat more stately home of Rydal Mount, he had but to step to its gateway to see loveliness spread around him

told that I could. Fifty copies?—Yes, at a month's notice. And further questions induced conviction that, by that one house alone, between two hundred and three hundred copies had been sold during the year. I believe Wordsworth was far more pleased to find that his poems were read than vexed to know it was in a form in which he derived no profit from their sale.

—such as few other scenes in England can surpass. Almost at his feet lay the lake of Grasmere, its one island resting among those quiet waters with a look of infinite peace; close to him, hill rose majestically upon hill, like stairways sloping heavenward and carrying the pilgrim who climbed them high above even the faintest echo of the tumult of the world.

To have lived among these scenes for the greater part of a century, and to have been gifted not only with the power of perceiving their beauty in its fulness, but with that rarer and more wondrous faculty, by virtue of which the brightness of the outer world is mirrored in imperishable verse, and lessons are drawn from it over which mankind may be kept pondering for a thousand years to come — these benedictions of Providence, combined with the serene prosperity of his life, surely justify us in accounting Wordsworth the most fortunate of poets. It was his happiness too that, though fame looked but coldly on his youth, his life was so stretched out as to anticipate, in its latter days, the homage of posterity. The laurel denied him by one generation was placed on his forehead by the next. Crowned with years and honours he at length passed away, leaving in virtue of the magic of his poetry this English earth of ours, and more especially the corner of it called Lake-land, for ever—

> "Apparell'd in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream."

In a wordly sense, too, Wordsworth was prosperous; generous friends came to his side and liberally and delicately tendered help when he struggled with poverty

early in his life. All his domestic relations were auspicious and happy. Supplied, in the prime and decline of his years, with ample means—his pension, his laureateship, and his office as stamp distributor, combining to endow him with what, to one of his frugal tastes, was a rich portion of this world's goods—he never felt, as so many poets have felt, the influence of malignant star; never toiled for the bread that is often bitter to the high of soul; it was not his destiny to "learn in suffering what he taught in song;" and if in his youth assailed by loud-tongued and shallow critics and neglected by an inappreciative public, the long career that the lustre of celebrity brightened so late, was radiant with the purer light of an assured hope—the certain hope of immortality for the poet on earth, and for the spirit in heaven.

I heard at the Burns' Festival Sir John Macneil pronounce this eloquent eulogium on the poet William Wordsworth, and echoed it with all my heart and soul. "Dwelling in his high and lofty philosophy, he finds nothing that God has made common or unclean, nothing in human society too humble, nothing in external Nature too lowly, to be made the fit exponent of the bounty and goodness of the Most High."

HARRIET MARTINEAU.—It was amid the scenes in which Southey, Wordsworth, and Wilson luxuriated, teaching the wisdom of virtue and the happiness educed from faith and trust in superintending Providence—in a beneficent and loving God—it was amid such scenes that Harriet Martineau lived the later years of her life, and

died so recently as 1876, at the age of seventy-four; although forty years before, and indeed all her life, she had been making preparation for death, or rather arrangements to die; "satisfied to have done with life;" that was all, and looking forward only to extinction!

The great three wrote and lived to inculcate love, charity, hope, faith, duty to God, belief in God, trust in God, as preludes to that other commandment, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Religion had no influence on Harriet Martineau: she not only ignored, but considered it inimical to the well-being and well-doing of man. "Philosophical atheists" were her honoured acquaintances and friends; "free-thinking strength and liberty" seems to have been her motto. "Christian superstition was at last giving way before science," and she did her little best to push it down. She had a sort of dim idea of an assumed first cause of the universe; but expectation of reward and punishment in the next world was, in her estimation, an air-built castle. Christianity she rejected. Fresh from listening to the most sublime of oratorios, she writes, "The performance of 'the Messiah,' so beautiful and touching as a work of art or as the sincere homage of superstition, is saddening and full of shame when regarded as worship."

If she believed in a God, it was as much as her creed allowed her. So early as 1829 she determined to study the Scriptures "*for moral improvement;*" and in 1876 she wrote calmly of "sinking into her long sleep," having "no objection to extinction, seeing no reason to suppose that death is not actual and entire death." Her body she left by will to be used for the purposes of

science; to her soul she gave no thought; of a Hereafter she had no convincing *proof*, and therefore she gave to it no faith.

It was a dismal close to an active and fruitful life: a close without evidence of any trust except trust in herself.

Those who write in the hope that they may teach, will be reluctantly forced to quote this indefatigable writer —to warn and scare from treading in the path she had trodden from the cradle to the grave.

It would be hard to imagine a more melancholy picture than that of an aged woman whose doubts are almost certainties that there is no after life; that the earth work done by a human being can have no continuance; that hope—weak and faint, or delusive and deceptive here—does but cheat us when it promises a future; that the elements which compose the body are again to be separated into air, and water, and dust; that belief of the soul's immortality is a dream ending in a sleep from which there is no awaking.

I do not say that Harriet Martineau utterly denied the possibility of a state of existence hereafter, but her belief (if she had any) was so faint that it proffered no consolation: it was so dim that it gave no light, supplied no comfort, never lessened the burden of care, sickness, grief, disappointment, or hope deferred. Yet she had a religion that in another she would surely have called superstition: she was a devout believer in mesmerism, and had entire faith in clairvoyance, although she rejected spiritualism with a degree of bitterness approaching hatred; she knew nothing about it, she

had never seen any of its marvels, and dealt with it after the manner the wise man shuns—of answering a matter before hearing it.

Of clairvoyance she gives some startling illustrations; she had faith that an ignorant girl could see her, describe her, and tell exactly what she was doing, though the one was fifty miles distant from the other; but the miracles recorded in Holy Writ were to her so utterly incredible that she rejected them with contempt not unmingled with anger.

Her unhappy mental state induced a proportionate lack of amiability; those who do not believe in the goodness of God can have no faith in the goodness of man. A woman without a creed is like a woman without a hearth—desolate.

It is grievous to note that of her contemporaries she has rarely a laudatory and seldom a kindly word to say.*

* Mrs. Opie and Mrs. John Taylor are among the "mere pedants." Lord Brougham was "vain and selfish, low in morals, and unrestrained in temper." Lord Campbell was "flattering to an insulting degree." Archbishop Whately "odd and overbearing, sometimes rude and tiresome, and singularly overrated." Macaulay "talked nonsense about the Copyright Bill, and set at nought every principle of justice in regard to authors' earnings. . . . . He wanted heart, ... and never has achieved any complete success." She considered that "his review articles, and especially the one on Bacon, ought to have abolished all confidence in his honesty." As to women, Lady Morgan, Lady Davy, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Austin, "may make women blush and men be insolent" with their "gross and palpable vanities." Coleridge, she asserted, "would *only* be remembered as a warning: his philosophy and moralising she considered to be much like the action of Babbage's machine. Basil Montagu was cowardly. Lord Monteagle "was agreeable enough to those who were not particular about sincerity." Urquhart had "insane egotism and ferocious discontent." Writing of the Howitts, she said they made "an unintelligible claim to my friendship. . . . . Their tempers are turbulent and unreasonable." Frederika Bremer she accused of habits of flattery and a want of common sense, besides wanting to reform the world by a "*floating* religiosity." Speaking of Maria Edgeworth in 1832, she makes the assertion of "her vigour of mind and

She was residing at the Knoll, Ambleside, when I was in that beautiful locality, but I was informed that she avoided receiving visitors, and I did not call upon her—a circumstance I afterwards regretted, for she expressed to a mutual friend her vexation that I should have thus passed by her dwelling.

I had met her from time to time in general society, and I was for a few weeks staying at Tynemouth whilst she was living there, and saw much of her then; but it was when she was absorbed in mesmerism—a principle to which I was, at that time, strongly opposed. I should have been on that head more in accord with her if at Ambleside I had been one of her visitors. But I imagine we were not in harmony and that we could have found few themes on which we were as one; we were antagonists in almost everything.

Her form and features were repellent; she was the Lady Oracle in all things, and from her throne, the sofa, pronounced verdicts from which there was no appeal. Hers was a hard nature: it had neither geniality, indulgence, nor mercy. Always a physical sufferer, so deaf that a trumpet was constantly at her ear; plain of person—a drawback of which she could not have been unconscious; and awkward of form: she was entirely without the gifts that attract man to woman; even her friendships seem to have been cut out of stone; she may have excited admiration indeed, but from the affections that render woman only a little lower than the angels she was entirely estranged.

accuracy of judgment having given way under years and her secluded life." Maria Edgeworth lived many years after that time, and spent most of her residue of life in educating younger members of her family.

ELIZABETH FRY.—I find this entry in the "Diary of William Wilberforce:"—"With Mrs. Fry in Newgate. The order she has produced is wonderful. A very interesting visit. Mrs. Fry prayed in recitative." That was in February, 1818; and Mrs. S. C. Hall, then a young girl in her teens, was of the party, under the guardianship of her friend, Dr. Walsh, some time chaplain to the Embassies at Constantinople and Brazil. I compile these details chiefly from her note-book. "It was," she writes, "one of the many blessings of my youth that I was noticed by some of the holiest and best women and men who glorified the earlier part of the present century. My dear mother's accomplished mind and gracious manners never failed to attract and enliven in society, and the full and vigorous mind of my stepfather—the only father I ever knew—strengthened that attraction.

"I saw that my good friend the doctor was amused at my nervous grasp of his hand when the ponderous key turned in the huge lock, and I found myself imprisoned in Newgate among girls as young as I was, and probably as pure in thought—before their fall. Yet so oppressed with gloom was I that I would gladly have gone back, and, indeed made a weak effort to do so, which my friend gently checked, just as a door opened, and there advanced the plainly dressed Quaker, whose holy renown had taken possession of my mind for many days previous to my introduction to her. She smiled, patted me on my blushing cheek, and said, 'Thou art welcome to Newgate, which thou wilt soon leave; not so those who are standing by my side,' pointing to two women who had entered with her, one of whom was sobbing; the other

had a look of dangerous vengeance that made me shudder. I afterwards found it was part of her plan so to couple the penitent and the impenitent."*

During one of my visits to Mr. Wilberforce I had the rare and enviable privilege to be introduced to his dear and honoured friend, Elizabeth Fry. Very recently I stood in the room in which she died, and offered homage to a sacred memory. She died at Ramsgate in 1845. I passed an hour, pondering and thinking, in the room in which she left earth for the Heaven in which she had to encounter no more tears and suffering, no load of oppressive guilt; and where, I am very sure, she met many of the repentant sinners over whom there had been joy—led by her to the footstool of Mercy, taking precedence of the ninety and nine.† She was, as her daughter terms her, "a minister of the Society of Friends, and was a member of a family made illustrious by good deeds—the Gurneys." Born in 1780, from early girlhood she dedicated her talent and energy to the service of God as manifested by service to humanity. From her birth she had sound training for "thereafter." Her special labour was not commenced until after she had become the

* She wore then and always the plainest Quaker garb: Dr. Walsh told me this anecdote of her daughter. She was complaining to him that her mother would in no way conform to the habits of society. This was his comment—"Young lady, do you expect to be a better woman than your mother?"

The sentiment was in my mind, although the words were written long afterwards by my friend Mrs. Sigourney on the death of Elizabeth Fry, in 1841—

"Oh beautiful, though not in youth,
Bright looks of sunny ray;
Or changeful charms that years may blot,
And sickness melt away."

† Well chosen as a theme for art by the accomplished artist, Mrs. E. M. Ward was the picture of Elizabeth Fry, administering comfort to the fallen of her sex in Newgate. It has been engraved.

mother of many children, but when once undertaken, and she had entered on the task of making a "prison a religious place," it was arrested only by death.

> "Fighting her way—the way that angels fight
> With powers of darkness—to let in the light."

In 1817 she had "formed a school in Newgate for the children of the poor prisoners," and was perpetually among them, praying—but also working. Such passages as these frequently occur in her diaries: "Half-naked women struggling with boisterous violence." She "felt as if in a den of wild beasts."

In her evidence before the House of Commons she describes the dreadful sights presented, daily and hourly, on the female side of the prison—the begging, swearing, gaming, fighting, dressing up in men's clothes; scenes too bad to be described—women sunk in every species of depravity. And this was barely sixty years ago! But at that time the idea of introducing industry and order into Newgate was treated by the officers of the prison as visionary. Then a band of twelve good women became an Association for the improvement of the condition of female prisoners in Newgate; though when the sheriff addressed them with, "Well, ladies, you see your materials," the task seemed as utterly hopeless as would have been an effort to instil gentleness, forbearance, and lovingkindness into alligators of the Nile. Yet these depraved and reckless creatures, stubborn against every gentle influence, and seeking to forget the shame and misery of their condition in frantic and shameless mirth, were only the natural products of the inhuman and scandalous law-code of that age. Our criminal code

seventy years ago was drawn up in the very spirit of Draco—on every page was written Death.

Though to reform prisons was the main object of her life, to which she devoted her energies, it was by no means the only good work of Elizabeth Fry. A more truly Christian woman never lived; and surely the good she did lives after her. "There was about her," says a writer at the time of her death, "the quietude of a soul conversant with high duties, and not to be satisfied with so poor an aliment as the applause of man." Wisely, she strove at once to induce repentance for the past, and to point the way to a future "newness of life." Kindly of nature, quiet of speech, strong in sympathy, generous in forbearance, wise in counsel, full of charity, she seemed to love—and I am sure did love—the erring sisters she taught. A conception of the joy that is felt in Heaven over the sinner that repenteth, she impressed on the hardened as well as the still conscience-pricked offenders to whom she bore the message of pardon and hope; she proved to them, not only that "Godliness is great gain," but that none fell so low that the hand of Mercy could not raise them up; and if she did not suddenly make saints of sinners, she laid the foundation of a happy and holy change throughout after life, not only converting the pandemonium of a prison into a comparatively tranquil nursery of better thoughts and heartfelt penitence, but changing into good wives and good mothers, in another land, many whose conduct had augmented the horrors of a gaol—a gaol such as Newgate was when she began her work.

LANDOR.—Walter Savage Landor was born in 1775, and died in 1864, having attained the patriarchal age of eighty-nine years. Ranking high among the men of genius to whom the nineteenth century has given fame, his career as a man of letters points a moral indeed, but it is by showing that vicious propensities are sure to produce wretchedness, for his misery was entirely of his own creating; his life was a perpetual wrangle, notwithstanding the advantages he inherited, and might have enjoyed, from the cradle to the grave—his many rich gifts of fortune and of nature. Handsome in his youth, of goodly presence when I knew him in 1836,* of great physical as well as intellectual strength, inheriting large property; well, if not nobly, born, with natural faculties of a high order duly trained by an excellent education—these advantages were all rendered not only futile, but positive sources of evil, by a vicious disposition, ruled by a temper that he himself describes as "the worst beyond comparison that ever man was cursed with," but which he made no effort to guide, restrain, or control.

My acquaintance with him, independent of meetings in general society, and chiefly at the receptions of Lady Blessington, was at Clifton, where he was, in 1836, living. I had daily walks with him over the Downs. He found me a willing, though certainly not a sympathetic listener. I regret now that my lack of accordance with his political and social opinions prevented my

* A brief while ago (in 1882) I visited the house—No. 5, Rivers Street, Bath—in which many of his long term of years were passed; it was his own, and he had avowed his intention to set fire to and burn it down: a threat which his neighbours verily believed he would carry out.

taking notes of the matters on which he discoursed. Mrs. Hall was not so patient with him. One day he called upon us, and spoke so abominably of things and persons she venerated that she plainly intimated a desire that he would not visit us again. He was at that time sixty years of age, although he did not look so old; his form and features were essentially masculine; he was not tall, but stalwart; of a robust constitution, and was proud even to arrogance of his physical and intellectual strength. He was a man to whom passers-by would have looked back and asked, "Who is that?" His forehead was high, but retreated, showing remarkable absence of the organs of benevolence and veneration. It was a large head, fullest at the back, where the animal propensities predominate; it was a powerful, but not a good, head, the expression the opposite of genial. In short, physiognomists and phrenologists would have selected it—each to illustrate his theory.

I do not mean to trace his career, or make note of the infamous principles that upheld the French Revolution as worthy of imitation, his reported and credited offer of a reward for the assassination of a ruling sovereign, or his open and ostentatiously declared hatred of "all who are in authority over us." He defended himself, indeed, against the charge of aiding and abetting Orsini, but it is certain that two of the later days of that wretched man's life in England were passed under the roof of Landor in the city of Bath. I find in the leading Bath paper of that period more than an insinuation that the counsel of Landor must have influenced the regicide, not to the very act it may be, but yet have had its share

in inflaming the murderous zeal that led the assassin to the cowardly attempt on the life of the Third Napoleon.

"Fierce and uncompromising" at Rugby, at Oxford (where he was rusticated), and throughout all his life, up to the shameful outrage of decency at Bath, not long before his death, he illustrated that passage of the poet:

> "And if some sad example
> To warn and scare be wanting, think of me!"

He was more than a Republican. While yet a boy, it is recorded of him that he "wished the French would invade England and assist us in hanging George III. between two such thieves as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York." He was a Jacobin, upholding the more odious and execrable doctrines of the French Revolution, and standing by such of the English democrats as also advocated, encouraged, and upheld them.

It is a dismal record, his purchase and occupancy of Llantony Abbey. Lawsuits and libel form its staple; insult everywhere encountered insult; persecution and prosecution were met by their like. One of the most beautiful bits of South Wales became an Inferno, and both his enemies and himself rejoiced when he quitted it for ever. His muse was his lawyer; he chastised his adversaries in Latin and in English verse. The disputes at Llantony were, as Forster calls them, "a comedy with a very tragical fifth act."

In Italy it was much the same—"a discontented and repining spirit," burthensome to itself and wearisome to all. At Como, at Florence, at Pisa, at Fiesole, with very few exceptions, he made misery for all who came within reach of his influence.

There is one relief to this monotonous story of a degraded and dishonoured life — his friendship for Robert Southey and Southey's regard for him, that dated back to the time when Southey, as well as he, was a worshipper of the Goddess of Reason, whose foul lessons were taught and loathsome doctrines cultivated in France—trammels from which the one providentially escaped to be a teacher of public and private virtue, but that manacled the other down to the close of his life. Nay, there is another—his intense fondness for his little dog, Pomero. His greatest grief on leaving Bath was, that he could not take with him this dearly loved companion, friend. He was as well known as his master in that city; and, as it is barely forty years ago, there may be some who remember both. They were inseparable; the one had only "a better coat than the other." "Everybody knows him," wrote Landor, "and he makes me quite a celebrity." The man-friend survived the dog-friend, or there would certainly have been one earnest, true, and faithful mourner at the grave in fair Florence.

In a very different sense from that of the poet I write of Landor:—

"Nothing in life became him like the leaving it."

In 1856 he had to meet a charge of libel; the case was tried at Bristol, in August, 1856. Plaintiff was a clergyman of the Church of England. The alleged "false and malicious libel" was contained in a book called "Dry Sticks Faggoted by Walter Savage Landor," and grossly insulted the wife of the plaintiff, the Honourable Mrs. Yescombe: her first husband was the

son of a peer. The crime had been largely augmented by several anonymous letters written to the lady by Landor. These were read in court, but they were so disgusting that the newspapers did not publish them.

The *Bath Herald* of the time describes the libel as a "purely diabolical invention," not only "mean, malignant, and venomous," but "utterly without foundation." An article in the *Times* of that day, in reporting the case—the charge against "a nasty old man tottering on the brink of the grave," has this terrible conclusion:—

"How ineffable the disgrace to a man of Mr. Landor's ability and reputation at the close of a long life to be mixed up with so disgraceful a transaction. A slanderer—and the slanderer of a lady—a writer of anonymous letters, and these letters reeking with the foulest odours of the dirtiest slums—a violator of his pledged word—who is it to whom these words must now be applied?

"Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

The verdict awarded to the plaintiff damages of one thousand pounds. It was anticipated, and steps were taken to deprive the plaintiff of the benefit. It is shamefully discreditable to the parties concerned, that a plan was concocted to place the property of Landor beyond seizure for the damages—break up his house in Bath, sell his pictures, and remove him to Italy. All that was done; but the resolute energy of the plaintiff defeated the project. He followed the defendant to Florence, encountered the lion in his lair, served him with a sufficient citation from the High Court of Justice, the thousand pounds were *per force* paid, and Landor became by his own act a beggar. Not long afterwards Browning writes, "Is it possible that, from the relatives of Mr. Landor in

England, the means of existence could be afforded for him in a lodging at Florence?" The means were found, but be it recorded to the honour of Robert Browning that it was by him funds were furnished at a time when they were absolutely needed. When he was wrestling with death in "fair Florence," in 1859, Browning writes of him, "He forgets, misconceives, and makes no endeavour to be just or, indeed, rational. He is wholly unfit to be anything but the recipient of money's worth rather than of money itself."

This dismal close of a long life was made more dismal by the affliction of poverty, augmented as it must have been by self-reproach. He had earned, if he had not deliberately worked for, the misery he was destined to endure. In September, 1864, he was laid in the English burying-ground at Florence, and the perturbed spirit was, so far as earth is concerned, at rest.

Swinburne wrote a poem that may be accepted as an epitaph:—

"The youngest to the oldest singer."

Another of the poets, Browning, as I have shown, gave the hoary sinner more effectual aid.

FELICIA HEMANS.—In 1879 I visited, by no means for the first time, the church in Dublin where Felicia Hemans was buried, and the house, close at hand, in which she died, on the 16th of May, 1835. The church, St. Anne's, is in Dawson Street; those who desire to make a pilgrimage to the shrine, will have no difficulty

in finding it: they will read the lines by which it is distinguished from surrounding monuments.*

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow,
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

Again, I called to mind the picture drawn by her sister of the death-bed that closed a brief but very beautiful life. "The dark and silent chamber seemed illuminated by light from above, and cheered with songs of angels; and she would say that, in her intervals of freedom from pain, no poetry could express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than even those that were given to temporary repose." A short time before her death, she repeated the lines—

"Thou thy worldly task hast done:
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages."

murmuring, "The words will soon be said of me!" Let it be so. Yet her work seemed but half done; she was barely forty-one years old. Who will doubt that it is continued in another—a holier and a happier sphere! Hers had not been a happy life here. In her eighteenth year, she married Captain Hemans, an Irish gentleman of good family. A few years after they were wedded

* The vault that contains the body of Felicia Hemans holds also that of a faithful servant, Anna Creer, who died two years after her beloved mistress, whose faithful and devoted attendant she had been for many years, "cheerful and unwearied by night and by day."

he became a permanent resident in Italy, his wife continuing to reside in Wales, rearing and educating five sons who were born to them, working for her own and their honourable independence. The eldest son was George Willoughby Hemans, afterwards the distinguished civil engineer.

The reasons of their separation remain inexplicable, and surely had now better not be inquired into. But it does not seem that any shadow of blame was attributable to the admirable woman who taught so much, and taught so well, in imperishable verse: no cloud rests upon her memory. That parting is a mystery and must remain so. Yet there have been few women more calculated to win and retain the love of man; being—as she was—handsome, gracefully formed, her personal charms considerable; while her mind at once of the highest and finest order, could not have failed to render her a delightful companion and a sympathetic helpmeet.

Hers was that beauty that depends mainly on expression. Like her writings, it was thoroughly womanly. Her auburn hair parted over her brow, fell on either side in luxuriant curls. Her eyes are described as "dove-like," with a chastened character that appertained to sadness. "A calm repose," so writes one of her friends, "not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of her face."

I must leave imagination to picture her widowhood all these seventeen years. "What is fame?" she asks in a fragment found in her desk after her death. "What is fame to a heart yearning for affection and finding it not? Is it not as a triumphal crown to the

brow of one parched with fever, and asking for one fresh healthful draught, the cup of cold water?" At the distance of half a century, one may still hear in fancy her weary cry—

"Tell me no more—no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its panting thirst for happiness?"

I never saw Mrs. Hemans at Bronwylfa, or at Rhyllon, her homes among the Welsh mountains, or at Dove Nest by Lake Windermere, the beloved scenes of her much sorrow, some happiness, and continual toil. It was at Wavertree, a suburb of Liverpool, that I had the joy, which in memory is a joy to me now, of an interview with the estimable lady. But we had been frequent correspondents; some of the most perfect of her poems had been published in works I edited, and a prose paper on the Tasso of Goethe she gave to me for publication in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in January, 1834. It is the only prose paper she ever published.

I have a letter from Mrs. Hemans containing a poem —both in her handwriting. The letter contains these words, "*not published and never to be published.*" The poem was written beside the death-bed of her mother; the lines are so touching and beautiful that I print them although they have been published in the graceful edition of her works in seven volumes, issued by Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh.

HYMN WRITTEN BY A BED OF SICKNESS.

"Father! that in the olive-shade,
When the dark hours came on,
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen Thy Son:

Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief,
Or to the chastened let Thy might
Hallow this grief!

And Thou that when the starry sky,
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring Faith to cry,
'Thy will be done:'

By Thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
That we have mourned, the Chief,
Redeemer! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief!"

I find among some letters, given to me by Geraldine Jewsbury, the following concerning the sad loss:—

"Affliction has fallen heavily on me—my mother's death. I was aware that she had long been in a very critical state, but trusting to her naturally excellent constitution, or rather perhaps not conceiving the possibility of being separated from her, I had clung to the hope each little gleam of amendment brought, and persuaded myself that these were far brighter and more frequent than was really the case.

"Such life in this life can never be replaced. But we have cause to bless God for the recollections she has left us—for the cheerful submission to His will displayed throughout her long sufferings, and the deep tranquillity of her last hours. After a night of pain and sickness, during which my sister and I had watched beside her, she fell into a slumber which we were so far from imagining to be the *last*, that we congratulated ourselves on its happy stillness, and yet with an unutterable yearning to hear her voice again, looked for the time of her wakening.

"That time never came—she passed away from us in the very sleep which we had fondly trusted might revive her exhausted strength. Oh! the feeling that all is indeed over! that you have no more need to mix the cup of medicine, to tread softly, to hush the busy sounds of the household! But I will not dwell on these things—I will endeavour to look beyond. She was of the pure in heart, who are sure to see God; and this is a holy consolation. My dear mother's age was only fifty-nine, therefore we might have hoped for many

more years of earthly union—I had hardly ever been separated from her, and all my children, except the eldest, were born under her roof. These things twine links round the heart, which to feel broken is for a time to 'die daily,' but I thank God that I have been enabled to return, though mournfully, to the duties which so imperiously call me back, and that my sister also has been mercifully sustained in the performance of hers.

"That exertion is of service to me—and she whom I have lost has left me an example of unwearied usefulness, which it shall be my ceaseless aim to follow.

"FELICIA HEMANS."

Some deeply touching and eloquently beautiful lines, "Stanzas on the death of Mrs. Hemans," were written by Miss Landon, and published in the *New Monthly*, in 1835. (The original copy I had framed, and some thirty years afterwards I had the pleasure of presenting it to George Willoughby Hemans.) I copy two of the stanzas.

"And yet thy song is sorrowful,
Its beauty is not bloom,
The hopes of which it breathes are hopes
That look beyond the tomb.
The way is sorrowful as winds
That wander o'er the plain;
And ask for summer's vanished flowers,
And ask for them in vain.

Ah! dearly purchased is the gift,
The gift of song like thine;
A fated doom is hers who stands
The priestess of the shrine.
The crowd—they only see the crown,
They only hear the hymn;
They mark not that the cheek is pale,
And that the eye is dim."

Miss Landon also laid a yet worthier chaplet on the shrine of her gifted sister. Her prose tribute to the

character of Mrs. Hemans' writings is exquisitely beautiful; but it is very mournful, as if she foreshadowed her own early doom, and saw the far away grave that was to receive her before, as it seemed to us, half her earth-work was done. She quotes the lines of Mrs. Hemans that I have already referred to, lines as applicable to the poetess of the "Golden Violet" as to her who sang of "The Better Land," and "The Graves of a Household."

> "Tell me no more—no more
> Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
> To quench its panting thirst for happiness?
> Have I not tried, and striven, and failed to bind
> One true heart unto me, whereon my own
> Might find a resting-place—a home for all
> Its burden of affections?"

Seldom has a sweeter, tenderer, or more heartfelt tribute been offered by one poet to another! She wrote to Mrs. Hall thus of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans—

"Nothing can be more pure, more feminine, and exalted, than the spirit which pervades the whole; it is the intuitive sense of right elevated and strengthened into a principle."

"Ah!" she adds (the sentiment strongly illustrates the tendency of her own mind)—"ah! fame to a woman is indeed but a royal mourning in purple for happiness!"

THOMAS HOOD.—"He wrote the Song of the Shirt!" The line almost suffices to consecrate a lofty memory. He wrote it out of his deep sympathy with suffering, and knowledge of the bitterness of the bread that is earned by ill-paid and ceaseless toil; for he was a sufferer

himself, almost from the cradle to the grave, and his always broken health was more completely shattered by need to be a slave of the pen—to be merry on paper when debts and difficulties were the spectres that haunted his every hour—to concoct jokes for the benefit of his readers in the intervals of release from bodily pain. Such a struggle was not likely to continue till "threescore and ten:" it brought Hood to the grave at the age of forty-six.

When I saw him first he was in his prime; when I saw him last he was on his death-bed; yet his dauntless propensity for jesting was even then paramount. I do not know that it was so much inbred as that use had become second nature. But his wife herself told me of the well-known joke he made when she had been preparing a mustard poultice to place upon his chest. He pointed to his emaciated frame and said, "Dear me, Fanny, that's a monstrous deal of mustard to a very little meat." Yes! flashes of merriment broke forth; frequently when he was enduring physical pain and mental anguish. And we find him a sad and touching picture! dictating from his dying bed matter for the printer which he had not strength to write; while, as long as the wasted fingers could grasp it, his pencil was also active; one of his latest engraved drawings for his Magazine (which unhappily was "Hood's Own," and brought no return) taking the shape of the "Editor's apologies," a plate of leeches, a cup of gruel, a blister, and three labelled vials. A few months later—for his struggle with death was long and painful—he made the famous remark: "I am so near death's door I can almost

fancy I hear the creaking of the hinges." Very painful must that neighbourhood have been to him; for, although the sunshine of celebrity was tardily beginning to brighten his path, he found little that was golden in its beams. Happily his last days were lightened and cheered by a pension granted to him by Sir Robert Peel. Honoured be the memory of that great statesman and good man! It is one of many acts for which he is now receiving his reward; perhaps in the company of the dying poet to whose death-bed he bade Comfort go and drive away Despondency—not Despair: Hood's was too brave a spirit for that; but in passing away from wife and children, and leaving them heirs only to the poverty they had shared with him, he might well despond. No more kindly and timely aid was ever tendered, even by Sir Robert Peel.

In acknowledging that debt, he could not resist a pun. "Given over by physicians and by myself . . . . it is death," he wrote, "that stops my pen, you see, and not my pension." He added: "God bless you, sir, and prosper all your measures for the benefit of my beloved country." And so, almost before fame had found the poet, death came for him.

His admirable wife, the ministering spirit who watched over his death-bed, did not survive him many months. His son, the younger Tom, died when in early manhood (having established a reputation, inferior it is true to that of his father, but yet which that father would have learned of with pride); and his daughter, Fanny Broderip, is also dead. She left three daughters (to one of whom Mrs. Hall and I were god-parents). To the wife and the

daughter the pension was continued; the grand-daughters do not need it, ample provision having been made for their future by the will of one of the brothers of the Rev. Mr. Broderip, the husband of Fanny Hood.

Obviously, I could treat this sad yet happy theme at much greater length; but the space to which I am limited enjoins compression. I will content myself with copying a brief poem that, according to Lysons, was inscribed on the pedestal of a bust of Comus in old Brandenburg House, and that seems to come in very aptly in writing of Hood.

> "Come, every muse, without restraint,
> Let genius prompt and fancy paint;
> Let wit, and mirth, and friendly strife
> Chase the dull gloom that saddens life.
> True wit that, firm to Virtue's cause,
> Respects religion and the laws;
> True mirth that cheerfulness supplies
> To modest ears, and decent eyes."

His was slow wit; it was neither spontaneous nor ready, the offspring of thought rather than an instinctive sparkle; but it was always kindly, gracious, sympathetic; never coarse, never "free," never even caustic, neither tainted with distrust of the goodness of God, nor to rail at the ingratitude of man. His countenance had more of melancholy than of mirth, it was calm even to solemnity. There was seldom any conscious attempt at brilliancy in his talk; and so far from sharing in that weakness with which wits are generally credited, a desire to monopolize the conversation, he seemed ever ready in society to give way to any who would supply talk.

No, not a mere jester was Thomas Hood. He made humanity his debtor, to remain so as long as there are men and women with hearts to feel and understand the lessons he taught. He was the poet of the poor, above all, of the poor who are women, and whose sufferings seem perpetual. Alas!—

> "O God! that bread should be so dear,
> And flesh and blood so cheap!"

remains a cry of as fearful meaning as when "He sang the Song of the Shirt" supplied an epitaph for the monument placed over his grave at Kensal Green.

He entered into his rest, the rest that does not imply indolence or idleness, but release from the burdens of the flesh, freedom from temptations, bodily needs, despondencies, and dreads, and, with all this, a continuance of work in a holier sphere—on the 3rd May, 1845. "Weary and heavy laden" all his life, he found "life in death;" and his last words (I quote them from a letter written to me by his daughter), "breathed painfully but slowly," were these, "O Lord! say arise, take up thy Cross and follow me!"

We knew the younger "Tom" intimately when he was child and youth; but did not see much of him in his later years when he was the Editor of *Fun*.

He dedicated one of his books to Mrs. Hall. It had been her privilege to print his first poem: thus as he said, "ushering him into the world." Poor fellow, his fate was not a happy one. Of late years, he avoided his friends, who saw little of him for some time before his

death. He inherited largely the gift of genius of which his father had so much. Some of his poems might have borne the name of either "Tom." But he lacked early guidance; at college he was altogether without restraint, and being remarkably handsome of person, with qualities that made way in "society," he was, no doubt, courted by the many who liked him, and it is little wonder if for a time he went astray; contracting habits that certainly shortened his life—a life full of promise.

I do not think my readers will complain if I give as a sequel to my memory of Tom Hood, Mrs. Hall's memory of our dear and much-loved friend, his daughter, Fanny Broderip. This it is:—

In what is now "the long ago time," Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens invited their friends to a juvenile party in honour of the birthday of their eldest son. Who would decline such an invitation? Who did not know how the inimitable story-teller made happiness for old and young—his voice ringing out welcomes like joy bells in sweet social tune, his conjuring, his scraps of recitations, his hearty sympathetic receptions pleasantly mingling and following each other, while his wife—in those happy days the "Kate" of his affections—illumined like sweet sunshine her husband's efforts to promote enjoyment all around. It was understood that after an early supper there was to be "no end of dancing." This was no over-dressed juvenile party, but a hilarious gathering of young boys and girls; not overlaid, as in our present days they too often are, with finery and affectation, but bounding in their young fresh life to enjoy a full tide of happiness.

We followed a crowd into the supper-room; as boy and girl trooped joyously on, we perceived a thin, pale little maid, who had drawn herself into a corner, folded in her white muslin frock tightly gathered about her; she seemed altogether unnoted and unnoticed; indeed she evidently shrank from observation. But we were attracted by her loneliness in the motley crowd; so I laid

my hand on her fair head and asked if she were not going in to supper?

She said, "No, there is no one to take me!" "Where is your mamma?" "At home nursing papa; but Mr. Dickens told them we must come, it would do us good!" "But where is your companion? You said *us*." "Yes, my little brother; he is such a merry boy and so fond of dancing, but he is too ill to-night. Yet papa and mamma would make *me* come."

I took her little damp hand in mine. My love for children overcame her shyness. We speedily reached the supper-room and promptly found her a seat. It troubled her that I would not sit down; and Mr. Hall made her laugh by the quantity he heaped on her plate.

"Well, Miss Hood," exclaimed our host, "I see you have found friends."

"Miss Hood!" I echoed.

"Yes," she said, "I'm Fanny Hood, and my brother is Tom Hood, after papa."

The young, pale, trembling little maid was the daughter of the poet whose "Song of the Shirt" was ringing its alarum throughout the world. How I longed to press that little girl to the heart she had entered. Her large, soft eyes beamed into mine; as she rose from the table she sought and found my hand, and said, "May I be your little girl for the evening?"

All relating to Tom Hood has been faithfully chronicled by his wife, children, and friends; what I have to say only relates to her we have loved and lost—the Frances Freeling Broderip, whose "mortality" was laid in earth on the third day of "chill November," 1879, in St. Mary's Churchyard, in a sweet spot under the shadow of the old stone cross, close to her residence, Ivy Bank, in Walton Bay, Walton-by-Clevedon.

Alas! that one so young that she might have been my daughter should have left earth so long before me.

* * * * *

She had resolved to relinquish for a time the income (her pension of £50 a-year) she enjoyed, so that she might labour to keep her brother at College. She was going to live in a sort of farm-house. Oh, yes! of course she would miss her friends, but it would be such a happiness to work for Tom! And away she went. In a few weeks I had a charming letter, filled with violets, white and blue, and two or three early primroses. She praised the country; it was very lovely; and Tom had written a poem, which she enclosed. Had she not told me of his talent? Yes, the neighbour-

hood *was* lovely, but rather dull. Of course the gentry would not notice a young London girl whom nobody knew; she did not care. But the place was sadly dull, nothing to relieve its monotony. By-and-by came another letter. Such a strange thing had happened. The vicar of the parish was a very amiable man. He had called on her. Observing copies of some of her father's books among others, he asked her if she was fond of reading, and did she admire Hood's poems? "At first," wrote my young friend, "I thought he was rather a reserved gentleman, but when he spoke of 'Hood's Poems' he became quite bright and animated, quoted one of the most touching of his verses from the 'Bridge of Sighs,' but made a mistake, which I told him of, for I could not bear *that*. He seemed inclined to dispute the point: I produced the passage. He said he was so glad to find a young lady so conversant with his favourite poet. As I had lived in London I might have met him. With eyes full of tears I said, 'He was my father.' I can give you no idea of the worthy man's astonishment and delight. He had fancied that my name was Wood, but felt it his duty as a clergyman to call on a stranger who attended church regularly. Since then I certainly have not felt Cossington dull. Nothing can exceed his attention and kindness; some of his friends have called on me; and instead of a forlorn damsel, I find myself a sort of rural lioness! indeed, not having as much time as I want to devote to my especial purpose."

After, very soon after, this information, came a short, a very short letter.

The vicar had proposed to her! How could she express her sense of God's goodness to her, or prove her gratitude and affection for affection so disinterested.

I had the details of the preparations for the dear girl's marriage; in due time an account of their wedding tour, and of their greeting on their return to the vicarage—"her beautiful home."

* * * * *

Hers was a beautiful nature—gentle, sympathizing, good. A worthy child she was of him of whom it is enough to say, "He sang the Song of the Shirt."

I rejoice that one of the latest acts of my life is to lay a chaplet of remembrance on her grave, and render this tribute to the virtues of my friend.

Her many published books are so many "reflects" of her own life; they are gentle, gracious, generous, kind. No relatives of her own were left to her on her brother's death, but the relatives

of her admirable, excellent, and high-souled husband were her friends. They loved her dearly; and one of them by a liberal bequest removed danger of necessitous circumstances from the home in which the three daughters live. May God bless and protect them, and continue to keep them worthy of their parents and grandparents.

I have but to add another fact to those I have narrated. It was my happy task to print, in a publication I edited in 1852, the first poem of her brother Tom—the younger "Tom." That is a pleasant memory. A yet more pleasant memory it is to know that the last letter my beloved friend Fanny Broderip wrote, was addressed to me. It was found among her papers after her death, and sent to me by my god-daughter.

LADY MORGAN.—I once said to her, "Lady Morgan, I bought one of your books yesterday. May I tell you its date?" "Do," she answered; "but say it in a whisper!" "1803." It was not the first of her publications. She was an author when the century commenced, and continued to write almost up to the period of her death, in 1859. She was born in 1783, in the sister island, from which, at the time of her death, she had long been "an Irish absentee," setting at nought the teachings of her previous life, and slurring over the fact that she deserved a share of the opprobrium she had heaped on sinners she denounced for a similar "crime."

Ah! she was a most pleasant Irish lady, proud of her country—so far as words went—and retaining a brogue to the last—the brogue that is never entirely lost. Why should it be? Lady Morgan did not seek to hide hers—perhaps because she knew she could not.

"Sydney Lady Morgan"—so she usually wrote her name.* I may describe her evenings, from the recollec-

* Her father was an actor; his name was MacOwen, which he changed to Owenson.

tion of one at her house in Kildare Street, Dublin, so far back as 1822, and many at her house in William Street, Knightsbridge, where she lived long, and where she died. I would not say a word that might seem to cast a slur on the memory of one of whom much may be said in praise, if something must be said in censure. In Dublin "my lady" was the centre of a coterie; from leaders of society she received much homage indeed; but it was the lesser wits of whom she was the worshipped star. Her large sympathy attracted many, and of embryo poets and artists in the shell she was the willing patroness and general helper. I myself owe something to her kindly nature; from her I received, in 1822, a letter to the publisher Colburn. When, in 1830, Mrs. Hall sought to recall that act to her memory, she had forgotten it, but wrote, "Although the applications I receive from aspirants for literary fame are beyond count or memory, it has rarely happened that I have received such acknowledgments as your unmerited gratitude has lavished on me." *

In 1837 she received from Lord Melbourne an annual pension of £300. The grant made her comfortable and independent; so she removed from Ireland, and became, as I have said, an "absentee."

Her Easy Chair was her throne at Knightsbridge;

* I print one of many letters we received from Lady Morgan—

"We have both—Sir Charles and I—read and admired your joint and admirable work on Ireland; it is written in the TRUE FAITH! full of useful facts and characteristic details; calculated to excite an interest for the country and its people, and to excuse their deficiencies and their faults by vivaciously ascribing them to third causes which your industry has detected through every page of the history of the 'most unhappy country under heaven.' I am charmed that the success of the publication has borne some proportion to its merits.

"January 15th, 1843."

seated there she exacted homage, and received it—the queen of assembled satellites. Her youth had long passed; but she sought to hide the knowledge even from herself; her exact age was a secret carefully kept: from all letters, account-books, *et cætera*, dates were scrupulously removed.

Her artificial aids were many; she was rather proud than ashamed of the "little red" that tinged her cheek. She never could have been handsome at any period of her life; *petite* of figure, her form was anything but graceful. Yet her ready, if not brilliant, wit had given her, without dispute, leadership in the best society of the Continent—Italy and France especially—and afterwards made her evenings in London exceedingly attractive. Her rooms were crowded with memorial tributes, presented to her by many great men and women, and she was pardonably proud of directing attention to them. Her rooms were small, and always overcrowded; yet she managed with admirable tact to say a word or two to each of her guests. There was always an odd mixture—Poles and Russians, Whig and Tory, great authors and small, mature and embryo wits, the Papist of the south and the black Orangeman of the north of Ireland; yet, somehow, all behaved as if bound over to keep the peace, and I never witnessed there a quarrel that went beyond fierce and angry looks.

That she was a vain woman no one doubts. "Why should I not be vain?" she said to our friend Dr. Walsh; "have I not written forty books?" She had lived a long life of excitement; it was the inspiration necessary to her existence, and she continued to breathe that

element to the last. In April, 1859, she died, and was buried in the cemetery at Brompton. We were present at her last party, on the 17th of March (St. Patrick's Day) preceding. It was clear to us that her lease of life was an unusually prolonged one, for, born in 1783, she was now seventy-six years old; yet she retained much of her vivacity, and all of that cordiality in word, look, and action that constituted her principal charm in society, and seems the natural inheritance of her countrywomen of all grades. On that evening Mrs. Hall said to her, "Why, Lady Morgan, you are really looking very well." "No such thing, my dear," she answered; "it's the rouge, it's the rouge!" The last time she drew her pension, when it was necessary that a magistrate should certify to her being alive, she refused to see any one—a difficulty hence arose. It was met and overcome by a friend arranging to raise a sort of row in the street, and posting the magistrate on the other side of it. She naturally went to the window to see what was the matter; he saw her, and was able to sign a declaration that she was living.

If towards her close of life the *amor patriæ* was much less strong in Lady Morgan than it had been in earlier life, she was, nevertheless, essentially an Irishwoman from first to last—in her natural gifts of kindliness, generosity, consideration, courtesy, and other qualities that constitute the charms of women and attract to them so often the devoted love of men—almost invariably returned a thousandfold.

Vain, gay, and charming to the last, Lady Morgan lived and reigned; and the society in which such a reign

as hers was possible, and over which she exercised a fascination more potent than that of beauty, like the brilliant Gloriana herself, has passed away.

MRS. NASSAU SENIOR.—It was our privilege to know, and, with all who knew her, highly to honour, the estimable lady whose name graces this page; she left earth (an irreparable loss) so recently as 1877. She was the sister of "Tom Hughes," and wife of the junior Nassau Senior. I extract from a tribute to the memory of Mrs. Nassau Senior, written on her death, by Mrs. S. C. Hall. Her claim to public gratitude is entirely her own. Few documents have been issued better fitted to be teachers and guides than that which bears her name—"A Report to the President of the Local Government Board on the Education of Girls in Pauper Schools." I make no comment on the marvellous industry the report exhibits; to do anything like justice to the theme would be to occupy much space. I think it would astonish the hardest worker I have ever known. It is full of wise and practical information, given from "the woman's view," and so blended with gentleness, kindness, and considerate Christian charity, that it may be accepted as a model for all compositions of the kind; and truly, if the writer be in her grave, she has bequeathed to humanity a treasure above price. It is of considerable length, for it treats of every topic essential to, or illustrative of, the main subject; if nothing was too high for her careful thought and minute scrutiny, nothing was too low for

either. No topic in which the public is interested has been so thoroughly exhausted; not a single point is left unexplained or without comment, while every passage, more or less, seems to have been written under the influence of the Divine text, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." This invaluable pamphlet-book is a huge volume of instruction to all persons and all peoples who would promote the welfare of a very large class, scarcely less necessary to the comfort and well-being of the upper and middle classes than the air they breathe; the atmosphere of life may be made wholesome or unwholesome according to the regulation or neglect it receives, and our homes will unavoidably obtain much that augments happiness or increases its reverse according to the "bringing up" of those who are to minister to our lesser needs — the domestic servants, who are, every hour of every day, necessities that enhance or impair the enjoyments, even the prosperity, of a household of any grade. From that most admirable report I could extract a hundred passages to act as guides and warnings; and, I repeat, I know of no work of the class so intrinsically valuable as a legacy to all mankind. But that which especially delights me, and will delight all who read it, is the "pure womanliness" it exhibits on every page. That was what I expected to find in any production of a lady I am proud and happy to have numbered among my friends. "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath" than the good and gentle and accomplished woman whose loss, it seems to me, is a loss not only to her country, but to all human kind. Her accomplishments were many

and of a remarkable order; her voice as a private singer was, I think, surpassed by no voice I ever heard; it was exerted now and then to sustain some useful charity; but it was always ready to gladden the domestic hearth. Yet that was among the least of her gifts. I have rarely known a woman at once so largely estimated out of her circle and so entirely beloved within it. She gave an example to all who might be influenced by it, that the duties usually described as public are by no means incompatible with such as are to be discharged at home. Those who are bent on doing good will always have time to do it, will never seek, much less find, excuse for the postponement or neglect of a task on which depends the happiness of others. I consider it a high privilege to lay this chaplet on her grave—the grave that hides the fair—indeed, lovely—form that enshrined so much of thoughtful care, persevering inquiry, indefatigable labour for holy purposes, zeal tempered by discretion, and wise work calculated, as well as designed, to elevate, and so to better humanity.

BARBARA HOFLAND.—Dear, good, sympathizing, unselfish Barbara Hofland! Is she forgotten — is her admirable book, "The Son of a Genius," now ever read? and is the collection of her works, advertised as the "Hofland Library" (she would not have given them that ambitious title), a collection for few or many readers? They are principally for the young, and are all sound, healthful, and thoroughly good. Her

second husband was the artist Hofland, one of the founders of the Society of British Artists. Miss Mitford thus characterizes her in a letter to Mrs. Hall: "She is womanly to her finger-ends, and as truthful and independent as a skylark." She is buried at Richmond, a place she dearly loved, and where she died, in 1844. A monument has been erected to her memory by a few loving friends.

She was born at Sheffield in 1770, and was married to a manufacturer of that town; he died soon afterwards, leaving one son, whom I knew, and who subsequently became a clergyman. She was left badly off; but published a volume of poems by subscription. The proceeds enabled her to open a school at Harrogate. After living ten years a widow, she married the painter Hofland, and settled in London.

The work by which she is best known, and that has gone through, perhaps, fifty editions, is "The Son of a Genius." It was published by Harris, once a famous bookseller at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, whose premises an excellent and liberal firm of publishers now occupy. She received for the book £10. It was so rapidly and frequently reprinted that the publisher made by it as many hundreds. I remember Mrs. Hofland telling me this—on the very day it occurred. She called upon Harris concerning a new edition, time (twenty-eight years) having exhausted his claim to the copyright, which consequently reverted to her. The worthy publisher refused to acknowledge any such right, protesting against it on the ground that such a thing had never happened to him before! The dis-

cussion ended in his giving the author, with a growl, another £10.

I found among the papers of Mrs. Hall some notes concerning Barbara Hofland, from which I give an extract.

I have had the good fortune to know many of my highly gifted and highly honoured sisters in literature—several more brilliant than Mrs. Hofland—but none more free from affectation—more gentle or genial, more faithful as mother, wife, and friend, or more playful with, or tender to, the young. Children all loved and trusted her; she never paraded her own works; and some of the best receipts I ever had in my young housekeeping days were from her big book. In all things she was so womanly!

CATHERINE SINCLAIR.—There is another whom we were proud and happy to rank among our friends; she died in 1864, at the house of her venerable and most excellent brother, Archdeacon Sinclair, also a labourer in literature, and unsurpassed in efforts to do God's work as a parish clergyman. Him also we knew well, and honoured much as our pastor and personal friend. Catherine was only one of a distinguished family. Her father obtained a distinction greater than even that he derived from the proud Scottish name he inherited. Many of his books, chiefly on agriculture, supplied information and instruction to a host of after-cultivators of the soil.* Among the third generation of this

* Not very long ago I found among some old papers, a pamphlet on waste lands—presented to Colonel Robert Hall by Sir John Sinclair, Bart., in 1803. The subject was one in which my father had taken deep interest; having formed and promulgated a plan for converting Dartmoor into arable land, by employing soldiers to do the work when so many regiments (among others his own) were idle or disbanded during the treacherous calm that ensued on the brief and hollow peace of Amiens.

estimable family there are more than one who have come to the front in doing God's work for man.

Catherine was very tall, and would have been handsome, as all her sisters were, but that her face was grievously marked by the small-pox.* Who that knew her did not mourn the loss of a true and loving friend when she was removed from earth to Heaven. Her admirable sister, Lady Glasgow (now also a dweller in the better land), wrote that she was "devoted without affectation, faithful to her Maker and her fellow-creatures, without guile, without an atom of literary jealousy, a woman whom it was a privilege and an honour to call friend!" So Mrs. Hall reported of her in an article for which she received the grateful acknowledgments of Lady Glasgow and the good Archdeacon. Mrs. Hall wrote of her in these words (quoted by Lady Glasgow in a brief memoir privately printed).† She was claimed by all circles, the literary, the scientific, the artistic, the fashionable, the philanthropic, the religious; her large mind and quick sympathies finding and giving pleasure wherever she went; young and old greeted her advent with delight. I have seen a fair girl decline a quadrille

* Are there many of the opponents of vaccination who can remember what I well remember, that is, a time when at least one woman out of every six was disfigured, more or less, by the terrible and ineffaceable signs of the pest: with its frequent resultant blindness? The matter is far too large, abstruse, and perplexing for me to enter upon here. I will merely observe in passing that nowadays you will not see one young woman in a thousand so marked by it as to impair beauty.

† I copy from this pamphlet an interesting anecdote. "Miss Sinclair conversing with the old Earl of Buchan, brother of Lord Chancellor Erskine, expressed astonishment at some instance of ingratitude." "Never be surprised at ingratitude," said the aged peer. "Look at your Bible. The dove to which Noah thrice gave shelter in the ark, no sooner found a resting-place for the sole of her foot than she returned no more to her benefactor."

for the greater enjoyment of a "talk" with Miss Catherine. Gifted with quietness, simplicity, gentleness and refinement of manner, she had also a certain dignity and self-possession that put vulgarity out of countenance and kept presumption in awe. She was gifted with a singularly sweet, soft, and low voice ("an excellent thing in woman") with a remarkable elegance and ease of diction; a perfect taste in conversation without loquacity.

As an author, Miss Catherine Sinclair will be most frequently recalled by her two principal, though by no means her only, works, "Modern Accomplishments" and "Modern Society:" yet these volumes, full of wisdom and goodness as they are, afford very insufficient evidence of the universality of her knowledge, and the depth and delicacy of her richly accomplished mind. She was a voluminous writer for the young as well as the old. A true Christian woman in all the relations of life as well as in her writings, she had the happy art (if an emanation from her own high and pure nature can be called an "art") of exalting the happiness and increasing the comfort of every house in which she sojourned—the house that she called her own above all others.

Great as was her merit as an author, as a philanthropist she had loftier rank in the Book of the Recording Angel. She gave to her native city, Edinburgh, among other useful gifts its first drinking-fountain, a boon to man, and still more a mercy to animals; and to more than one charity she was a bountiful giver, out of the earnings of her fertile pen.

Perhaps among the mourners who followed her to her grave in the vault of St. John's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh, in 1877, there was no group whose homage she would have more valued than that of the cab-drivers of the city. The Queen sent this message to her relatives: "Her Majesty was well acquainted not only with Miss Sinclair's literary abilities, but also with her constant, active, and successful exertions for the benefit of her fellow-creatures." And there were few of the Queen's subjects who knew this good—even more than great—woman, through either her charities or her books, who did not echo the sentiment so graciously and gracefully expressed by her Majesty.

THOMAS MOORE was born on the 28th of May, 1779, at a house, the lower part of which was then and continues to be a grocer's shop—in Aungier Street, Dublin; and died at Sloperton, Wilts, on 25th of February, 1852.

On the 28th of May, 1879, a centenary gathering was held in the great hall of the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, to render honour and homage to his memory in the city of his birth. Lord O'Hagan delivered an eloquent oration; Denis Florence MacCarthy * had

* Denis Florence MacCarthy has since died. It may suffice as a record of him here if I copy a paragraph from my response to a circular informing me of a proposed tribute to the memory of an eminent poet and excellent man.

"It cannot but be a melancholy satisfaction to me to contribute to a memorial that will commemorate, not only the lofty genius, but the social and moral worth of one of the truest poets and best men it has been my lot personally to know, esteem, regard, and honour—the late Denis Florence MacCarthy. Such men do honour to your country. It is well that they should be remembered after they have left earth: their works live for generations to come, and will claim the gratitude of thousands upon thousands yet unborn. I rejoice that Ireland will make record of another of the many worthies of whom she is wisely, rightly, and justly proud."

written an ode of great merit, which Chancellor Tisdall, D.D., admirably recited; and there was a large assembly to hear and to applaud.

This paragraph contains nearly as much as can be said on the subject. Of all the magnates of the city and country, there was not one present, if I except the Lord Mayor. No leader of any profession was there; no representative of "the Castle" came; no Fellow of the University; nor was there a single military officer of rank; no judge left the Bench to be in attendance; no eminent physician quitted his patient's sick-room to join in the tribute; and if there was among the throng a single member of Parliament, he did not "show;" while if a solitary peer, with the exception of Lord O'Hagan, were of the worshippers, he certainly did not grace the platform. And the men and women of letters —where were they? How many did England, Scotland, and Wales contribute to the gathering? Where was the native produce in Literature, Science, and the Arts? Florence MacCarthy represented the genius of Erin, and I was, alas! the only representative of England. Rarely was more emphatic illustration given to the sentence, "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country." While a Scottish man is, so to speak, born to an annuity, for his countrymen ever lend him a helping hand, and consider that on them is reflected some portion—though it be but a tiny ray—of the fame he achieves, it is piteous, yet true to declare of Ireland that with its natives the case is reversed: their countrymen not only take no pride in, but even seem to grudge them, the renown they win. Moore, in

the latter part of his life at least, knew and bitterly felt that dismal truth.

The sight was humiliating; it gave me, though an Englishman, a keen pang as I looked about me in utter astonishment: and that day has been a mournful memory to me ever since. Patriotism is a sound that has no significance in Ireland, and the poetry of Moore has found greater fame in every other country of the world than it has in his own. The reason is plain; he was, so to speak, of two parties, yet of neither; the one could not forgive his early aspirations for liberty, uttered in imperishable verse; the other could not pardon what they called his desertion of their cause, when he saw that England was willing to do, and was doing, "Justice to Ireland." Moore was the eloquent advocate of his country when it was oppressed, goaded, and socially enthralled, but when time and enlightened policy had removed all distinctions between the Irishman and the Englishman, between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic, his muse was silent, because content; nay, he protested in emphatic verse against a continued agitation that retarded her progress when her claims were admitted, her rights acknowledged, and her wrongs redressed.

These are the impressive words of Baron O'Hagan: "It is the sorrow and the shame of Ireland—proverbially *incuriosa suorum*—that she has been heretofore too much in this respect an exception amongst the civilised kingdoms of the earth. And the sorrow and the shame have not been less because she has been the parent of many famous men—of thinkers and poets, and patriots,

and warriors, and statesmen—whose memory should be to her a precious heritage, and of many of whom she might speak in the language of the Florentine of old:—

'Tanto nomini nulla par eulogia.'"

As Moore wrote, "There are those who identify nationality with treason, and who see in every effort for Ireland a system of hostility towards England." "RANTIPOLES" is the mild term he applies to them in a letter to me. To say that Ireland is benefited when England is injured, he knew to be a wilful and wicked perversion of truth.

This is my portrait of Moore as I recall him to mind at Sloperton in 1845, when it was our honour and happiness to spend a week with him at his humble cottage, not far from lordly Bowood, the seat of his friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne.*

The poet was then in his sixty-fifth year, and had in a great measure retired from actual labour; indeed it soon became evident to us that the faculty for continuous toil no longer existed. Happily it was not absolutely needed, for to meet very limited wants there was a sufficiency — a bare sufficiency, however, since there were no means available to procure either the elegancies

* Our intercourse was the result of his having quoted, in his "History of Ireland," some stanzas from a poem I had written, entitled "Jerpoint Abbey"—privately and anonymously printed in 1822. These stanzas may be found in the third volume of the "History" by any person who thinks it worth while to look for them. It was not a little gratifying to a young author to find Moore describing this poem, by one of whom he knew nothing, as "a poem of considerable merit."

or the luxuries which so frequently become necessaries, and a longing for which might have been excused in one who had been the friend of peers, and the associate of princes.

I had daily walks with him at Sloperton during our brief visit along his "terrace-walk;" I listening, he talking—now and then asking questions, but rarely speaking of himself or his books. Indeed, the only one of his poems to which he made any special reference was the "Lines on the Death of Sheridan," of which he said, "That is one of the few things I have written of which I am really proud."

I recall him at this moment—his small form and intellectual face rich in expression, and that expression the sweetest, the most gentle, and the kindliest. He had still in age the same bright and clear eye, the same gracious smile, the same suave and winning manner I had noticed as the attributes of what might in comparison be styled his youth [I have stated I knew him as long ago as 1821 *], a forehead not remarkably broad or high, but singularly impressive, firm, and full with the organs of music and gaiety large, and those of benevolence and veneration greatly preponderating. The nose, as observed in all his portraits, was somewhat upturned. Standing

* Nearly sixty-two years have passed since that evening. The poet was then in the zenith of his fame. To the party at which I met him I was taken by the Rev. Charles Maturin. I had made some little reputation in Dublin by a poem I had published on the visit of George IV. to Ireland. Moore's father, mother, and sister were present. When he was leaving the room, I addressed him, "Sir, may I have the honour to take your hand?" "Certainly, young gentleman," he said, and shook hands with me. I dropped on one knee and kissed the hand he gave me. I related the circumstance to Moore many years afterwards: he recollected it perfectly, saying, he had often wondered what had become of the young enthusiast.

or sitting, his head was invariably upraised, owing, perhaps, mainly to his shortness of stature. He had so much bodily activity as to give him the attribute of restlessness, and no doubt that usual accompaniment of genius was eminently a characteristic of his. His hair was, at the time I speak of, thin and very grey, and he wore his hat with the jaunty air that has been often remarked as a peculiarity of the Irish. In dress, although far from slovenly, he was by no means precise. He had but little voice, yet he sang with a depth of sweetness that charmed all hearers; it was true melody, and told upon the heart as well as the ear. No doubt much of this charm was derived from association, for it was only his own melodies he sang. It would be difficult to describe the effect of his singing. I remember Letitia Landon saying to me, it conveyed an idea of what a mermaid's song might be. Thrice I heard him sing "As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow," once in 1821, once at Lady Blessington's, and once in my own house. Those who can recall the touching words of that song, and unite them with the deep yet tender pathos of the music, will be at no loss to conceive the exceeding delight of his auditors.

It would be foreign to my plan to enlarge these pages into a memory of Moore. I have given one at considerable length in my "Book of Memories," and I trust have rescued his character from the obloquy to which party spirit, *on two sides*, had subjected it. I cannot repeat here what I have done in that work—vindicate by clear proof the high estimation in which I

hold the man, even more than the poet; and it was my privilege to know the former somewhat intimately.

The world that has amply lauded the poet has accorded scant justice to the man. I have endeavoured to show Moore in the light of virtues for which he seldom receives credit—as one of the most independent, high-spirited, and self-respecting of men. For evidence that this brighter view is also the true one, I may refer those of my readers who desire to know with what proofs I sustain my assertions, to the book I have referred to.

When his Diary was published—as from time to time volumes of it appeared—slander seized on it to find means of tarnishing the fame of one of the best and most upright of all the men that God ennobled by the gift of genius. I seek in vain through the eight thick volumes of that Diary for any evidence that can lessen my high estimate of the poet. I find, perhaps, too many passages fitted only for the eye of love, or the ear of sympathy, but I read none that show Thomas Moore other than the devoted and loving husband, the thoughtful and affectionate parent, the considerate and generous friend.

On the tomb of Thomas Moore let it be inscribed that ever, amid privations and temptations, the allurements of grandeur and the suggestions of poverty, he preserved his self-respect; bequeathing no property, but leaving no debts; having received no "testimonial" of acknowledgment or reward; seeking none, nay, avoiding any; making millions his debtors for intense delight, and acknowledging himself paid by "the poet's meed, the

tribute of a smile;" never truckling to power; labouring ardently and honestly for his political faith, but never lending "to party that which was meant for mankind;" proud, and rightly proud, of his self-obtained position; but neither scorning nor slighting the humble root from which he sprang.

I repeat I never knew a better man than Moore in *all* the relations of life; the best of God's creatures may take him as a model without going wrong; and those who adopt literature as a profession can accept him as an example, in proof that genius may pass unscathed through seductions so perilous as to seem irresistible. It is gratifying to record that the temptation (at that time scarcely regarded as a vice) to which he was peculiarly exposed was powerless to obtain influence over him.*

Let it be frankly confessed that some of his early poems were seductive incitements to folly, or even sin. May we not forgive the fault when we remember that they were written and published while he was still in early youth, and that up to the close of his life he deeply repented having written them. On this head it will suffice to quote the testimony of Rogers: "So heartily has Moore repented of having written 'Poems by Thomas Little,' that I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them."

* At the memorable dinner of "the Literary Fund," at which the "good Prince Albert" presided (on the 11th May, 1842), the two poets, Campbell and Moore, had to make speeches. The author of the "Pleasures of Hope," heedless of the duty that devolved upon him, had "confused his brain." Moore came, on the evening of that day, to our house; and I well remember the terms of deep sorrow in which he spoke of the lamentable impression that one of the great authors of the age and country must have left on the mind of the royal and most estimable Chairman,—then new among us.

A more devotedly attached, or more thoroughly faithful husband, the world has rarely known.

And a better, purer, and happier wife no man ever had. This is the tribute of Earl Russell: "The excellence of his wife's moral character, her energy and courage, her persevering economy, made her a better and even a richer partner to Moore than an heiress with ten thousand a year would have been with less devotion to her duty and less steadiness of conduct."

It was not merely as a poet that he wrote these lines:—

"That dear Home, that saving Ark,
Where love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark
And comfortless and stormy round."

Mrs. Hall wrote at some length a memoir of the estimable lady, and did justice to her memory, as I am striving now, and have striven elsewhere, to do to his.

On the 18th of September, 1879, Mrs. Hall and I had the happiness to discharge a very happy duty to the memory of the poet. He is buried in the churchyard of Bromham, adjacent to Sloperton, in Wiltshire, where he lived from the year 1817, and where he died in 1852.* Charles Murray, the nephew of Mrs. Moore (who inherited the little she had to leave), placed in the church a memorial window to the poet's widow. Mr. Murray was an excellent and accomplished gentleman, respected, regarded, indeed beloved, by all who knew

* The house at Sloperton is a small cottage, for which Moore paid originally the sum of £40 a-year, "furnished." Subsequently, however, he became its tenant under a repairing lease of £18 annual rent. He took possession of it in November, 1817. Bessy was "not only satisfied, but delighted with it, which shows the humility of her taste," writes Moore to his mother.

him. He had much ready dramatic talent inherited from his father, one of the lights of the early Scottish stage. He was a brilliant companion, sang sweetly, and occasionally gave marvellous effect to comic songs. He rightly considered that to the public belonged the duty of placing a "companion" window to the memory of the poet. But many years passed away and nothing had been done. In 1879 I set to work to raise a sufficient fund for the purpose, and succeeded.* On the day I have named, Mrs. S. C. Hall drew aside a curtain and the memorial window was exposed to public view. It is an excellent Art-work by Mr. W. H. Constable, the eminent glass painter of Cambridge.

A simple inscription records the fact that, "This window was placed in this church by the combined subscriptions of two hundred persons, who honour the memory of the 'Poet of all circles, and the Idol of his own,' THOMAS MOORE."

* The list was, on the whole, satisfactory. The highest rank is represented; it was headed by H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Lord Lansdowne and his brother, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice (grandson of Moore's attached and generous friend), Lord O'Hagan (Lord-Chancellor of Ireland), and several other peers. There are representatives of literature in the Poet Laureate, the Poet Longfellow, Sir Theodore Martin, Jean Ingelow, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Henry Wood, Samuel Smiles, John Francis Waller, Justin M'Carthy, M.P., A. M. Sullivan, M.P., and others. Several eminent lawyers and prominent physicians are contributors; so are many clergymen of various denominations; while the list included the names of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, the Attorney-General for Ireland, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, and a Member of Parliament for Dublin City. A contribution sent by the great American poet, William Cullen Bryant, was, I believe, the latest public act of his life.

The sum raised, however, would not have sufficed but for the liberality of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia (the proprietor of the *Public Ledger*), who generously offered to make up any deficiency, and sent a contribution of £50. Indeed, he offered to pay the whole of the cost, and so relieve me of all trouble and responsibility.

The window represents the Last Judgment, thus illustrating two of the sacred melodies. It is the west window; the "west" he dearly loved: often watching

The little Mrs. Moore had to leave she bequeathed to her nephew, who sent to us many memorials of the poet, as did his much loved widow when he died. Among them was a small model of an Irish harp, and a little plain deal table, that had during many years stood in the terrace-walk at Sloperton, and "on which he was accustomed to pencil down his thoughts." * On Mrs. Moore's death I was sent, by her request, "Crabbe's

the setting of the sun: and, moreover, it is the point nearest to Ireland. It is not mere fancy to think the poet would have preferred the west to the east window. A brief service was held in the church by the estimable Vicar, the Rev. J. B. Edgell, who was the Vicar when Moore lived at Sloperton; by whom he was buried in the churchyard; and who continued the friend of the widow until her removal from earth.

* This table I have bequeathed to George W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia. Moore's Bible was presented to me. On the fly-leaf is this entry—

"Anna Jane Barbara, our first child, born at twenty minutes after eleven o'clock at night, on Tuesday, the fourth of February, eighteen hundred and twelve, at Brompton. "T. M."

"Anastasia Mary, our second child, born five minutes before six o'clock in the morning, Tuesday, March sixteenth, eighteen hundred and thirteen, at Kegworth, Leicestershire. "T. M."

"Olivia Byron, our third child, was born five minutes after ten in the morning, August eighteenth, 1814, and died about five in the morning of Friday, March seventeenth, 1815, at Mayfield, Ashbourne. "T. M."

"Our dear child, Barbara, died at Hornsey, on Thursday, the eighteenth of September, 1817. "T. M."

"Our first little boy, and fourth child, born a quarter before four, on Saturday morning, October twenty-fourth, 1818, at Sloperton Cottage, Devizes. "T. M."

"Christened, Thomas Lansdowne Parr, December twelfth."

"John Russell, our second boy, and fifth child, born ten minutes before twelve in the day, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth of May, 1823, at Sloperton Cottage. "T. M."

"Our second-born child, Anastasia Mary, was taken away from us about twelve o'clock in the day, on the eighth of March, 1829. "T. M."

"Our beloved boy, Russell, was lost to us about three o'clock on Wednesday, the twenty-third of November, 1842, aged nineteen."

"Our dear Tom died in Africa on his way home, in 1846.

Inkstand"—the inkstand that had been presented to Moore by the sons of Crabbe on the death of their father—with it I was given the original copy of one of the most charming of Moore's poems—"Lines to Crabbe's Inkstand." The poem and the letter from Crabbe's sons I gave several years ago to the poet Longfellow, enclosing them in a small waste-paper basket that Moore generally used, promising that he should have the inkstand also, when I died: but in 1881, on the death of Mrs. Hall, I sent it to him enclosed in a carved oak box in which she used to place the most loved of her correspondence. I received a most sweetly grateful letter of thanks from Longfellow not long before he died. To this incident I have alluded elsewhere.

Among the relics of Moore in my possession were two medals which I subsequently presented to the Royal Irish Academy: one was from the College Historical Society, for composition in 1798; and the other was awarded to him while at the Classical English School of J. D. Malone, for reading history, 1785. If the date 1785 is correct, Moore must have been only six years of age when he received the silver medal for reading history. I presented also to the Academy his diploma as an honorary member.

It was my happy task to place a marble tablet over the door of the house in Aungier Street. It simply said: "In this house, on the 28th May, 1779, the poet Thomas Moore was born." I also placed a marble tablet over the door of the house in Wexford where the parents of Moore lived till within a few weeks of his birth. It contained this inscription :—

"In this house was born, and lived to within a few weeks of the birth of her illustrious son, ANASTASIA CODD, the wife of John Moore, and mother of the poet Thomas Moore; and to this house on the 26th of August, 1835, came the poet in the zenith of his fame, to offer homage to the memory of the mother he honoured, venerated, and loved. These are his words: 'One of the noblest-minded, as well as the most warm-hearted, of all God's creatures, was born under this lowly roof.'"

Among some of Moore's manuscripts in my possession I found the following "fragments," still unprinted, but not unworthy to be introduced among his works. They are thus headed:—

"Fragments of a work which I began many, many years ago, giving an account of all the most celebrated and pious women that have appeared in different countries."

"Be thou the dove that flies alone
To quiet woods and haunts unknown,
And there beside the river's spring,
Reposing droops her timid wing—
Then if the hovering hawk be near,
The mirror of the fountain clear
Reflects him ere he finds his prey,
And warns the trembling bird away!
Oh sister dear! be thou the dove,
And fly this world of impious love:
The page of God's immortal book,
Shall be the spring, th' eternal brook,
Within whose current night and day,
Thou'lt study heaven's reflected ray;
And if the foes of virtue dare
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
Thou'lt see how dark their shadows lie
'Twixt heaven and thee, and trembling fly."

"Oh! lost for ever—where is now
The bland reserve, the chasten'd air
That hung upon thy angel-brow,
And made thee look as pure as fair?

Whither are all the blushes fled,
That gave thy cheek a veil so bright,
And on its sacred paleness shed
Such delicate and vestal light?

All, all are gone—that paleness too!
Oh! 'twas a charm more heavenly meek,
More touching than the rosiest hue
That ever burned on rapture's cheek!"

"Those eyes in shadow almost hid,
Should never learn to stray,
But calm within each snowy lid,
Like virgins in their chamber stay.
Those sealed lips should ne'er be won
To yield a thought that warms thy breast,
But like May-buds that fear the sun,
In rosy chains of silence rest."

I have devoted some space to this memory of a man I esteemed, respected, and revered, honoured and loved in common with all who knew him. Of "authorities" better entitled to confidence than I can be, I shall quote in conclusion but one—Dr. Parr, who presented a ring "to one who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity."

MARIA EDGEWORTH.—I write the name with respectful homage, no less than devoted affection. It was not an evening, but a week, that we spent at her house. The following note she placed in Mrs. Hall's album preserves the date:—

"June 18th, 1842.

"I rejoice to have this day the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Hall at my own home at Edgeworthstown—and I the more rejoice

as I know they are on a tour through Ireland, which they will illustrate by their various talents—and truly represent, setting down naught in malice—and if nothing extenuating, nothing exaggerating.

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

In our work, "Ireland, its Scenery and Character," we fully described our visit to Edgeworthstown. It was not a little gratifying to receive on that head a letter from the estimable lady, in which she wrote, "You are, I think, the only persons who have ever visited me who have not written a line I should desire not to read." A chapter concerning her will be found in the "Book of Memories," and also one in Mrs. Hall's "Pilgrimages to English Shrines." Mrs. Wilson, Miss Edgeworth's sister, also wrote to us her "grateful thanks" for the delicacy with which we had avoided saying anything that could "violate the privacy of the domestic life in which my sister delights."

We had known Maria Edgeworth previously, in London, when she was a visitor to her sister, Mrs. Wilson, at whose house we met also the very élite of literary society, who had gladly seized the opportunity to meet one whose celebrity had commenced before most of them were born: for in 1830, though she had still many years before her, she was more than sixty years old. Her personal appearance was that of a woman plain of dress, sedate in manners, and remarkably small of person. She told us an anecdote on that head. Travelling in a mail coach, there was a little boy, also a passenger, who wanting to take something from the seat, asked her if she

would be so kind as to stand up. "Why, I am standing up," she answered. The lad looked at her with astonishment, and then, realising the verity of her declaration, broke out with, "Well, you are the very littlest lady I ever did see!"

I recall to memory one of the evenings at Mrs. Wilson's, when among the guests were Hallam, Sydney Smith, and Milman. I seem to see the stately form of Hallam—"classic Hallam"—towering beside that of a man whose personal appearance was anything but stately, Sydney Smith. The one a grandly-shapen image of majestic man; the other portly and obese. The one saying little, the lips of the other dropping sparkling diamonds of wit every now and then, attention to which was demanded by the speaker's own boisterous laugh. Milman again, bent almost double, not by age but some spinal ailment, was a contrast to both. Especially was he so to his brother clergyman, the witty Canon, for he seemed to think *hauteur* an essential feature of the clerical office, and impressed, not agreeably, on the beholder, the text, "I am holier than thou," an assertion that Sydney Smith was entirely void of. Bowed and stooping though he then was, there had been a time when the assumption of dignity inseparable from the Rev. Henry Hart Milman was made imposing by an upright bearing and a graceful, if not stately, form. I had seen him in those days, in his rooms at Oxford, so long ago as 1829, when, absorbed in his task, he was preparing for the Triennial Commemoration of that year, in which I heard as well as saw him take a striking part.

I return to the theme of Miss Edgeworth. There was a charm in all she looked and said and did. Incessant and yet genial activity was a marked feature of her nature. She seemed to be as nearly ubiquitous as a human creature can be, and always busy; not only as a teacher of her younger brothers and sisters (she was nearly fifty years older than one of them), but as the director and controller of the household. We could but liken her to the benevolent fairy from whose lips were perpetually dropping diamonds; there was so much of kindly wisdom in every sentence she uttered. She was born on the 1st of January, 1767, "a God-given New Year's gift" (as, in a letter to Mrs. Hall, she calls herself) to her almost boy-father: for although she was his second-born (he was barely twenty-two years old when she was placed in his arms) ultimately she was one of twenty-two children born to Richard Lovell Edgeworth by four wives. Among Irish writers she continues to be *facile princeps*, the foremost and the best, as well as the earliest. The debt of mankind to her would have been large if her labours had had no other result than to stimulate Scott to do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland.*

From the day we arrived at Edgeworthstown, to find a nosegay of fair flowers on our dressing-table, to

* His tribute to the admirable lady says all that need be said of her works:—"Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact, which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles."

the day we left it, there was not an hour that yielded nothing of delight. A wet day was especially a "god-send" to us, for then Miss Edgeworth was more at leisure to converse. She did all her work in her library, household work and all; seated at a small desk, made for her by her father's hands, and on which he had placed an inscription—that there her various works for old and young were written, "never attacking the personal character of any human being, or interfering with the opinions of any sect or party, religious or political."

That eulogy she continued to merit during the whole of her long, happy and prosperous life. She died at Edgeworthstown on the 22nd of May, 1849, in the eighty-third year of her age. If ever there was "even tenor" in any life it was in hers. Her writings have been objected to on the ground that religion was kept too much apart from them; certainly the theme is not often advanced, and is never intruded. But that they were rightly toned on that sacred theme, who that reads them can doubt? Her first and latest teacher, her father, affirmed his conviction that "religious obligation is indispensably necessary in the education of all descriptions of people, in every part of the world," and considered "religion in the large sense of the word, to be the only certain bond of society;" while his daughter, whose mind he must naturally be considered to have, to a great extent, formed, protested against the idea that he designed to "lay down a system of education founded upon morality, exclusive of religion." A similar protest will those who truly appreciate Miss Edgeworth be ready to enter on her behalf. I may note here that

family prayer always commenced the day at Edgeworthstown.

It seems to me that I might write a volume, and that I ought to do so, without exhausting this happy subject; for a memory of Maria Edgeworth is suggestive of happiness only. Forty years have gone into the past; yet Edgeworthstown is as fresh in my remembrance as it was in 1842; and the good woman who was its blessing, and the blessing of all humankind who can be influenced by holy example and holy teaching, is before me now as vividly as if in actual presence. It is indeed a privilege to render homage to the memory of this admirable woman. Trite as are the famous words that have been applied to so many, I venture to quote them in reference to her, and to declare of her works that they are "not of an age, but for all time." They came almost as a miraculous revelation of what fiction might be rendered, in the hands of an author as pure-minded as gifted, on the readers of her day—a day removed by more than two-thirds of a century from our own. The circulating library was then too truly what Sheridan made "Sir Anthony Absolute" describe it as being, "an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge," and frivolity or coarseness were the chief characteristics of the writers who catered for it. Miss Edgeworth was the pioneer of Sir Walter Scott in bringing about a great reform.

Though her affection for Ireland was fervent and earnest, she was of no party, even in that epoch of its history when party spirit ran so furiously high. She had enlarged sympathies and views for its advancement; neither prejudice nor bigotry tainted her mind or heart.

Her religious and political faith was *Christian*, in the most extended sense of that holy word; though a literary woman, she was without vanity, affectation, or jealousy: in short, a perfect woman.

> "Not too bright nor good
> For human nature's daily food."

Studious of all home duties, careful for all home requirements, ever actively thoughtful of all the offices of love and kindness which sanctify domestic life, the genius that inspired her pen never interfered with her active practice of domestic duties from early childhood up to the close of her lengthened life. Her life was indeed a practical illustration of Milton's lines.

> "To know
> That which about us lies in daily life,
> Is the prime wisdom."

Alas! the memorials of her earth-life are very scanty. She once said to Mrs. Hall, "My only 'Remains' shall be in the church at Edgeworthstown," and she left a letter of request that no life of her might be written, nor any of her correspondence published. She lives, and will live for ever, in her imperishable works.*

Frances Anne Beaufort, the fourth wife of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, was married to that admirable gentleman in May, 1798, and died at Edgeworthstown in

* From the very earliest of their intercourse, Mrs. Hall received the warmest encouragement from Maria Edgeworth.

When Mrs. Hall published her "Sketches of Irish Character" she ventured (I well remember) to send a copy to her renowned countrywoman: she received in reply a thorough analysis of the book, a note upon each and all of the stories with very warm praise of the whole. There was not only no tone of jealousy, there was a strongly expressed joy that another author was rising to continue in a safe, right, and holy spirit the work Maria Edgeworth had done for Ireland.

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February, 1865, surviving her renowned step-daughter by sixteen years; having attained the patriarchal age of ninety-five. From a little *brochure* privately printed, sent to Mrs. Hall soon after her death, I extract two passages.

"Mrs. Edgeworth became the head of a large family which consisted of the two sisters of the late Mrs. Edgeworth, and the children of three previous marriages, with all of whom she lived in perfect harmony. She inherited a gentle cheerfulness and equanimity of temper, which with her never-failing kind-heartedness made all who came within her sphere happy and contented. She had six children of her own, but they never biassed or lessened her affection for their brothers and sisters; nor did she in the multifarious business, and complicated accounts, which fell to her share in her new position, neglect her accomplishments.

"Her funeral was attended by a vast multitude, without a word or a crush, all in silent sorrow for their friend. Her charity had been ceaseless for the sixty-seven years she had resided at Edgeworthstown; at the time of the famine in 1846, she employed a great number of poor spinners and knitters and work-women, many of whom continued in her pay to the day of her death, industrious and happy under her care. In the long years in which she had lived there she never spoke or thought of any one, nor did any one ever speak or think of her, but with kindness and regard."

It is to me a happy memory, that which associates the name of Anna Maria Hall with the name of Maria Edgeworth. Well I know the one would have gloried in the belief that she had done for her country a tithe of what had been done for it by the other, the illustrious lady she admired, honoured, and loved—that the prophecy of the one when "making up her books" for the final closing had been realised, even in a degree, by the other who was still trembling on the threshold of fame.

It is a memory that carries me back forty years, and

which is associated with one who was born more than one hundred and fifteen years ago, thirty-three years before the nineteenth century commenced.

THOMAS CARLYLE.—I call to remembrance, as the happiest memory I preserve of that great man, Thomas Carlyle, his appearance as I saw him often presiding at meetings in defence of "Governor Eyre," the question of whose deeds in Jamaica was very prominent in 1865. Carlyle had no pretension to eloquence, in the ordinary sense of the term; but in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" he was a leader and a guide whenever and wherever he spoke—ardent, vehement, bitter; his tongue retaining to the last a marked Scottish accent, that naturally became broader and more noticeable when the speaker was under the influence of excitement, which he did not control, or attempt to control. Far from doing so, he gave way rapidly and unrestrainedly to the impulse of the moment; and, shaking his long locks as an enraged lion might have shaken his mane as he sprung upon his prey, would suffer himself to be carried away in a torrent of fiery talk.

It was said of the elder Kean that his stage combats were "terribly in earnest," those who encountered him in mimic strife perpetually dreading that deadly wounds would follow what should have been mock encounters. So it was with Carlyle. He addressed his audience as if in its midst had been seated his mortal foe, pouring out execrations without stint, *imagining* an opponent he was bound to crush, and so "threw his blood-stained

sword in thunder down"—as a challenge to fresh strife. He had entered—warmly is too weak a word—into the cause of Governor Eyre, that "a blind and disgraceful act of public injustice might be prevented." His example was followed by some of the leading men of England, among them the Poet Laureate, John Ruskin, and Henry Kingsley. They protested against "hunting down a man who had preserved to the British Crown the island of Jamaica and the lives of all its white inhabitants."

The event has now passed into the oblivion awaiting the side issues that lie apart from those main events of history whose decision convulses the world, and is forgotten by nine-tenths of ordinary readers; but it was productive of intense excitement in England at the time. Some reference to it will not be out of place. A Grand Jury had ignored the Bill by which it was sought to indict Governor Eyre for murder. A Jamaica committee was formed consisting of some eminent men and prominent philanthropists, who combined to avenge an accused and punished man, whom, it cannot be doubted, they considered unjustly done to death. They sent a deputation of inquirers to Jamaica, who brought over a large number of witnesses.* To oppose that movement a society was inaugurated, entitled "The Eyre Defence and Aid Fund." The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot was president of the Committee; Carlyle was one of its vice-presidents.

*Their programme was thus introduced.—"The Jamaica Committee have resolved to undertake the duty, now finally declined by the Government, of prosecuting Mr. Eyre and his subordinates for acts committed by them in the so-called rebellion, and especially for the illegal execution of Mr. Gordon."

Governor Eyre is living in retirement or seclusion. If he was—nearly twenty years ago—exposed to persecution unmitigated—unreasoning hatred, indeed—and was sacrificed, as he undoubtedly was, to the clamour of party, he took with him, and has kept, that which is of infinitely greater value than would have been the applause of listening senates—the approval of his conscience. But that was not his sole consolation. Some of the most enlightened, upright, and benevolent men of the age, the loftiest minds, and the most righteous men of his country—and not of his own country alone—sustained the verdict of honourable acquittal delivered in the West Indies by impartial inquirers and witnesses whose intelligence was obtained on the spot, a verdict which pronounced that he saved Jamaica from the horrors witnessed in St. Domingo, and prevented the massacre of all the white population of Jamaica, and, for a time at all events, the loss of that island to the British Crown. But he obtained a monstrous reward for his great services to the State—he was deprived of office and all hope of restoration to office, had to sustain his defence out of his own funds, and was rendered, in fact, a man utterly ruined.

Many men well competent to speak deposed to the antecedents of Governor Eyre in New South Wales and New Zealand—as "a great traveller, a philanthropist, a protector of the aborigines in Australia, and as having through life maintained a high and spotless character." Such is the testimony of his friend Sir Roderick Murchison; it was borne out by that of other authorities equally reliable.

John Ruskin, who contributed £100 to the fund, thus spoke of him—

"From all that I have heard of Mr. Eyre's career, I believe that his humanity and kindness of heart, his love of justice and mercy, and his eminently Christian principles, qualified him in a very high degree for the discharge of his arduous and painful duties at a most critical period of the history of the colony, whose government he had to administer."

Carlyle said—

"For my own part, all the light that has yet reached me on Mr. Eyre and his history in the world goes steadily to establish the conclusion that he is a just, humane, and valiant man, faithful to his trusts everywhere, and with no ordinary faculty of executing them; that his late services in Jamaica were of great, perhaps of incalculable value, as certainly they were of perilous and appalling difficulty—something like the case of 'fire,' suddenly reported, 'in the ship's powder room' in mid ocean, where the moments mean the ages, and life and death hang on your use or your misuse of moments."

The Bishop of Jamaica, in speaking about him, said—

"I firmly believe that the speedy suppression of the murderous insurrections in Jamaica is attributable, under God's providence, to the promptitude, courage, and judgment with which he acted under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and danger."

The Poet Laureate subscribed to the fund, "as a protest against the spirit in which a servant of the State, who had saved to us one of the islands of the empire and many English lives, seemed to be hunted down."

The negroes had shown of what metal they were made by atrocities that were considered, and rightly, as the foreshadowings of a gigantic and indiscriminate massacre: the bygone horrors of past revolts loomed out of the distance of years. The extermination of the whites in St. Domingo was remembered by some, and the terror it

had excited remained an inherited memory with many. In Jamaica at that time the blacks numbered forty to one as compared with the whites; they were sheltered by thick forests, inaccessible mountains, and almost impassable rivers; they had been encouraged by ferocious leaders, and supplied with arms that would be sufficiently effective in such hands.

Under these circumstances, a mulatto named Gordon, a member of the Legislature, who, beyond all doubt, led the "rebellion," was taken, tried by court-martial, and hanged at Morant Bay. Ample proof was obtained that he was the "Obeah Man," to whom the mass of the negroes looked up as at once their priest and leader. He was clearly proved to be "chief cause and origin of the whole rebellion;" to quote the words of Professor Tyndall, "the tap root from which the insurrection drew its main sustenance."

He made no secret of his intentions. They were that the negroes should be the possessors of the island, from which the whites were to be expelled. How that object was to be accomplished was clearly shown. A ruthless band of fiends commenced the work at Morant Bay. The news of the massacre—the men butchered, the children slaughtered, and the women worse than dead—was communicated to Kingston, and Governor Eyre was called upon to act. These few facts will suffice as a record of the proceedings of the Committee of "The Eyre Defence and Aid Fund," in which Carlyle took so eminent a part.

It seemed to me, then, that if the negroes of Jamaica had been dealt with by this fierce man of letters instead

of the meekly brave and considerately resolute Governor, how much stronger would have been their protest against the fate to which they had been subjected. Assuredly Governor Eyre looked what he was—a merciful man who could never either deliberately or heedlessly commit a cruel act, in whom wrath was bridled by conscience, and to whom the duty of punishing could never be other than a dismal and revolting necessity. He seemed to be, what then—as now—I believe him to have been, a man to whom the approval of his conscience was necessary in committing himself to any course of action, and who did what he and many more believed to have been his simple duty—and no more.

Of the Philosopher of Chelsea I knew but little apart from our meetings on the Committee of the Eyre Defence Fund, and, I think, I visited him but once from the time when, in 1834, "a poor pair of emigrants" settled in Cheyne Row, in a house (No. 24) which they never quitted until their removal to the churchyard.*

I humbly think his "Reminiscences" as given to the world by his executor, Mr. Froude, is a very unsatisfactory book, and does not show the sunny side of his character—that society would have lost very little if it had been suppressed; indeed, the writer himself seems haunted by a suspicion that it would have been "so best." It inculcates no sentiment akin to religion, impresses no feeling of loyalty, and if any of the virtues are advocated it is so rather in the manner of

* Carlyle is buried in the ancient burying-ground of Ecclefechan. The stone bears the following inscription:—"Here rests Thomas Carlyle, who was born at Ecclefechan 4th December, 1795, and died at 24, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, on Saturday, February 4, 1881.

a lawyer who finds a few words concerning them in his brief. His domestic relations, I have reason to know, were not healthful, and his frequent allusions to his wife, whom he here calls his "darling," and concerning whom he writes much, but says little, I fear are to be regarded rather as a confession that requires absolution than the outpouring of a loving soul that perpetually mourns separation, while not a solitary word occurs to intimate the hope of a reunion hereafter. If "truth will be cheaply bought at any price," so well; but I greatly fear the book teaches more of what should be avoided than of what it would be wise to imitate and copy.

Posthumous honours were lavished on him when he died; the wreaths of his admirers were thickly strewn on his tomb. If he had earned, he received, homage from all humankind, and perhaps no man of letters ever went to the grave with a larger gathering of worshippers. He had long passed fourscore years of life; the books he produced make a library, and surely no man ever had so large or so grand a "following."

Lady Blessington, when I saw her first, was residing at Seamore Place, Park Lane. That was in 1831. She had written to Colburn tendering her services as a contributor to the *New Monthly;* in consequence of which I waited upon her. She received me with kindness and courtesy, and conversed with me regarding the writings of her countrywoman Mrs. S. C. Hall, with which I found her well acquainted. But the subjects she suggested for the magazine were not promising. Some

objects in her charmingly furnished drawing-room led to remarks concerning Byron, of whom she related to me some striking anecdotes. It was natural to say, as I did say, "If you desire to write for the *New Monthly* why not put on paper the stories you are telling me about the great poet?" Out of that simple incident arose the "Conversations with Lord Byron," which infinitely more than all her other works put together associates her name with literature. Not long afterwards she removed to Kensington Gore, and I had a general invitation to her "evenings."

At that period she was past her prime no doubt, but she was still remarkably handsome; not so perhaps if tried by the established canons of beauty; but there was a fascination about her look and manner that greatly augmented her personal charms. Her face and features were essentially Irish; and that is the highest compliment I can pay them. Although I knew her history sufficiently well, I attributed to this particular daughter of Erin her share of the "wild sweet briary fence that round the flowers of Erin dwells," and felt conviction that for the unhappy circumstances of Lady Blessington's early life, the sins of others, far more than her own, were responsible, and that she had been to a great extent the victim of circumstances. To that opinion I still hold—some thirty years after her death, and more than fifty since I first saw her.

Her "evenings" were very brilliant. Her guests were the leading men of mark of the age, and of all countries. There was certainty of meeting some one who was thenceforward never to be forgotten. The

sometime Emperor of the French was seldom absent. Prince Louis Napoleon looked and talked in those days as if oppressed by a heavy dread of the future, rather than sustained by an unquenchable flame of hope, and gave one the idea of a man whose omens of his after career were far more gloomy than sanguine. He seldom spoke, except on trivial matters of the day; and of a surety few who met him there had the faith which it is said her ladyship held, that he was destined to be—

"Great hereafter."

It was a dark day for him that time of exile, and destined to be followed by an astonishing blaze of prosperity; and then—by darkest night! Many who often saw him at Gore House, condemned to an apparently hopeless exile, the much-ridiculed knight-errant of a fallen cause, lived to behold him in "glory and in state," reigning at the Tuileries the third emperor of his name; and some encountered him yet again a wanderer, humbled, deserted, and expatriated, dwelling in lonely solitude at Chiselhurst. It was affirmed that he had been ungrateful to Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay, who "believed in him" when few others did; but ingratitude was not one of the Emperor's vices. It is certain that both expected too much; that after the events of 1848 her ladyship demanded from the Prince-President social recognition and admission to his private parties, the inevitable consequence of granting which must have been that from receptions where Lady Blessington was present, Lady Cowley, the wife of the English Ambassador, would have been absent.

The old road of a disproportion between income and

expenditure conducted Lady Blessington in 1849 to a disastrous termination of her brilliant career. Gore House was deserted, its treasures were brought to the hammer, and, to escape her creditors, its mistress became that which her ancient guest had recently ceased to be —an exile, and, retiring to the Continent, died at Paris June 4th, 1849. Her friend, Count D'Orsay, that once "glass of fashion and mould of form," had preceded her to the Continent—like herself, encompassed by debt, and he followed her to the grave in 1852. Before his death he had erected a huge monument over the grave of Lady Blessington in the burial-ground of Chambourcy. His own remains were laid beside hers, and under that monumental pyramid, in massive sarcophagi, the two bodies moulder into dust. Among those who attended the burial of the count was his sometime friend, the Emperor of the French.

Gore House is now obliterated. It may be said without exaggeration that the downfall of that splendid and famous mansion broke Lady Blessington's heart. To see all her household gods, that were endeared to her by a thousand brilliant associations, made the prey of the auctioneer—to be driven from England a hopeless fugitive, was more than her sensitive nature could bear.

Whatever the faults and errors of her life, I am sure that, as Mrs. Hall said in a letter written in 1854 to Lady Blessington's biographer, Dr. Madden, "God intended her to be good." She was inherently generous, sympathetic, and benevolent: with much of the charity that "covereth a multitude of sins." Her name will not live by reason of her many published books. They

are forgotten, and perhaps it is as well they should be. I believe none of her family live; her niece and namesake, who wrote two or three novels, died young; she was a sweet and handsome girl, but it was evident that the shadow of early death was over her youth. Lady Canterbury, sister of Lady Blessington, also a beautiful woman, left no children.

Count D'Orsay, who married Lady Harriet Gardiner, the daughter of Lord Blessington by a former wife, was in person what readers may imagine "the Admirable Crichton" to have been—tall, remarkably well formed, handsome, yet with features inclining to the effeminacy that was conspicuous in his character. Stories are recorded in abundance of his reckless extravagance and utter want of principle; yet perhaps as many are told that indicate generous sympathy, a warm heart, and a liberal hand.* It was said that his tailor never asked him to pay a bill; he was very largely recompensed by the circulated report that he was the fashioner of the glass of fashion. So it was with other tradesmen. And at bottom D'Orsay was not a mere fop; he was an accomplished gentleman, who led, if he did not make, the fashion; accomplished in many ways, for nature had endowed him with other gifts than his remarkable ones of form and feature. He was a good artist—painter and

* I know an anecdote of D'Orsay which, as admirably illustrative of the man, it is right to record. A major, hampered by debts, came to London to pay them by selling his commission. D'Orsay strongly urged him against such a course. The answer was, "I *must* either do so or lose my honour." D'Orsay surprised him by asking the major to lend him ten pounds. It was lent, though reluctantly. The next morning D'Orsay handed to him £750. He said, "It is yours. I took your ten pounds to Crockford's, staked it, and won that money. It is justly yours; for if I had lost, *you would not have had your ten pounds returned.*"

sculptor. Mitchell published from time to time, I think, as many as one hundred and fifty outline portraits by him of his personal friends, free in treatment and striking as likenesses. He spoke several languages. It was rarely that he greeted a visitor without conversing with him in his own tongue.

Of the many persons eminent in letters and in art who were frequent attendants at the receptions of the Countess of Blessington I cannot name one who is now living. Her visitors were all, or nearly all, men. Ladies were rarely seen at her receptions. Mrs. Hall never accompanied me to her evenings, although she was a frequent day-caller. We were not of rank high enough to be indifferent to public opinion; for, putting aside the knowledge that slander was busy with her fame, there was no doubting the fact that she had been the mistress, before she became the wife, of the Earl of Blessington. And Count D'Orsay was so little guided by principle that he could not expect general credit for the purity of his relations with Lady Blessington; yet, I think, he might honestly have claimed it.

I believe man may feel for woman an affection as free from sensuality as any affection he can feel for man—that a friendship may exist between man and woman such as God, who knows all things, from whom no secrets can be hid, does approve, and which the world would sanction if it could see into the heart and mind. It is not enough for a woman to *be* pure; she must *seem* pure to be so; her conscience may be as white as snow, but if she give scope to slander and weight to calumny her offence is great. She taints those who are influenced

by example, and renders vice excusable in the estimate of those whose dispositions incline to evil.

It would occupy large space to describe the gatherings at her *salons* on the evenings when she "received." The very highest in rank and the loftiest in genius were there. Yet amid the reflected light that still shines on me, in memory, from the many stars whose glitter then dazzled me—some of them stars in a less-figurative sense—I seem to recall most vividly the gout-worried author of "Rejected Addresses," JAMES SMITH. He found at these evenings an anodyne as well as a cordial, and seldom failed to roll in, in a sort of carriage-chair, which left him in one of the corners of the room where he had always something pointed and witty to say to all who approached him. His face gave no token of the disease under the effects of which he suffered, so as to be always enduring physical pain. His wit was never ill-natured; there was no sarcasm in anything he said; indeed, a desire to give pleasure seemed ever uppermost in his mind. Cheerfulness was a part of his nature that suffering could not drive out. His younger brother, Horace, was perhaps a loftier character if less genial. He had taken the wiser course, and was a happy husband and father, while James lived and died a bachelor. I have known few better men than HORACE SMITH. It would be easy to supply a long list of recipients of his well-administered bounty—more especially to needy men of letters.

The world knows that one morning the brothers woke and found themselves famous—through the success of their poems in imitation of renowned poets, "Rejected

Addresses." "Rejected," indeed, had the "Addresses" been at first, for Murray, when the work was offered to him for the modest sum of £20, declined to purchase. Years afterwards, when the brilliant *jeu d'esprit* had gone through fifteen editions, Mr. Murray bought the copyright for £131; and, although published so long ago as 1812, "Rejected Addresses" is still high in favour with all readers who can appreciate the gentle, genial wit that always delights and never wounds. Nor can it be said of the novels of Horace Smith that they have ceased to be read, and lie, covered with dust, on the shelves of circulating libraries.

SAMUEL ROGERS.—What a contrast to the poets I have named was Rogers, the banker-poet of whom the past generation heard so much! He was born at Stoke Newington in 1763—one hundred and twenty years ago!—yet, until the year 1855, when he died, he was more frequently seen in society than any other man of renown. You could not fancy, when you looked upon him, that you saw a good man. It was a repulsive countenance; to say it was ugly would be to pay it a compliment,* and I verily believe it was indicative of a naturally shrivelled heart and contracted soul. What we might have done is surely recorded as well as what we have done, and God will call us to account for the

* Rogers' cadaverous countenance was the theme of continual jokes. Lord Alvanley once asked him why, now that he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and Sydney Smith, it is said, gave him mortal offence by recommending him, "when he sat for his portrait, to be drawn saying his prayers, with his face hidden by his hands."

good we have omitted to do, as well as the evil we have committed. Such is the teaching of the New Testament. With enormous power to do good, how did Rogers use it? If he lent—and it was seldom he did—to a distressed brother of the pen, he required the return of the loan with interest—when it could be had; if he gave, it was grudgingly and with a shrug. He was prudence personified; some one said of him, "I am sure that as a baby he never fell down unless he was pushed, but walked from chair to chair in the drawing-room, steadily and quietly, till he reached a place where the sunbeams fell on the carpet."

In all I have heard and read concerning him I cannot find that he had at any time in his long life "learned the *luxury* of doing good." Yet his means of increasing the happiness, or alleviating the misery, of others were large, and his opportunities immense.

He himself records that, when Madame de Staël once said to him, "How very sorry I am for Campbell! his poverty so unsettles his mind that he cannot write," his reply was, "Why does he not take the situation of a clerk? He could then compose verses during his leisure hours." In this cold, unsympathizing fashion the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" continued to look on the troubles of others to the last.

FREDERIKA BREMER.—Among the most esteemed and honoured of our guests, when we resided in Surrey, was Frederika Bremer. A little, plain, simple woman she was, who conveyed no idea that she had been in countries

rarely visited, travelling and encountering many perils—alone. Her avidity to "inquire" was great, and as great was her power to obtain information; the smallest hint seemed to lead to acquisition of knowledge: her books evidence that quality of mind. She seemed always striving to see something she had not before seen, something that might be useful to her to talk about and write about when she went back to her home in Stockholm. We gave her much insight into some things that, but for her visit to us, might have continued strange to her, especially as regarded the interior habits of English cottage homes, and more especially as to English farms—a gentleman farmer in our neighbourhood being her instructor. We took her to many country churches, some of them very old, and, above all, we showed her over royal Windsor. Although not one of her Majesty's subjects, the Queen would not have found in her realm a more devoted lover than that simple Swedish lady. We heard from her very often after her return to Sweden, and there was no one of her letters that did not contain some allusion, some words of respectful and affectionate homage for her most gracious Majesty. There was some personal feeling mixed with her admiration; for as she was driving home with us from Windsor, in deep regret that she had not seen the Queen—suddenly the royal carriage came in sight; we, of course, drew up to let it pass. In her eagerness, Miss Bremer dropped from the window a venerable parasol, that had been her travelling companion in many lands. In impulsive alarm, she opened the carriage door to reach it; the good Prince Albert saw the movement, guessed its

cause, pulled the check-string, and sent a footman to pick it up and hand it to her. It was a gracious act; little did the Royal Lady and her illustrious husband know whom they had thus befriended. At all events she had what she earnestly longed for—a sight of the QUEEN; and there can be little doubt that an incident at once small and great bore fruit in her heart and mind.

REV. C. C. COLTON.—It was somewhere about 1825 that I knew the Rev. Charles Caleb Colton, the author of a work that obtained much celebrity, and passed rapidly through eight editions—"Lacon; or Many Things in few Words." I do not suppose there are a dozen persons now living who have read the book.* It was full of judicious counsel and wise thought; but unhappily he did not carry his theories into practice. Though a clergyman—he was vicar of Kew—he courted the company of the vicious; he chose his associates from among the lowest class; he was a professed gambler, and ended his life by suicide, to avoid the pain of a surgical operation his medical advisers had informed him he must undergo:—

> "When all the blandishments of life are gone,
> The coward slinks to death, the brave live on."

JOHN KITTO.—Till very recently there was standing in Seven Stars Lane, Plymouth, the humble dwelling in which the deaf traveller was born. Seven Stars Lane,

* He had also published, in 1810, "A plain and authentic Narrative of the Stamford Ghost," and offered £100 (which he certainly could not have paid) to any one who would explain the cause of the phenomenon.

now a portion of Stillman Street, is one of the very oldest by-ways in time-honoured Plymouth. I visited it in the summer of 1882. The birth-place of Kitto had been swept away to give place to a factory; but the worthy owner of the latter, desirous to pay fitting honour to the memory of one of the most remarkable among Devon worthies, has caused to be placed over the main entrance a tablet, whereon is recorded in suitable terms the fact that in the house that formerly stood there the great traveller and Biblical scholar was born.

Kitto's was, indeed, a noteworthy career. The son of a labourer, he owed to the loving care of an aged grandmother what imperfect education he received in his childhood. John's love of books was intense from a very early age. He was soon set to work, however, to assist his father in his trade of a mason; and one day, while carrying a load of slates up a ladder, slipped in the act of stepping on the roof they were meant for, fell some thirty-five feet, and was taken up fearfully injured. When he at last rose from his sick-bed, it was to find that the accident had left him deaf for life. The poor boy was then only thirteen. His only friend, his aged grandmother, had become too poor and decrepit to assist him, and after trying every means to earn a living, he was compelled to find a melancholy asylum in Plymouth workhouse.

Yet from that unpromising shelter he emerged to journey into the remote East; and after years of fruitful labour and diligent study in Syria and Persia, to return home and impart the mental riches he had acquired to a wide public, in the forms of some of the most valuable

contributions that have been made during the present century to Biblical literature. That well-known publisher and most excellent man, CHARLES KNIGHT, became his liberal and discerning patron, and by his encouragement Kitto wrote for the *Penny Magazine* and *Penny Cyclopædia*—afterwards producing the "Pictorial Bible," a "Pictorial History of Palestine," &c. It was at this period of his career that it was my privilege to know him.

About 1850 one of the Crown pensions of £100 a year was granted by Lord John Russell to the deaf scholar, whom neither that painful infirmity nor the apparently insurmountable obstacles that barred his path had prevented from winning his way to a manhood of earnest, excellent, and profitable missionary and literary labour. The grant was made in consideration of Dr. Kitto's "useful and meritorious literary work." Some time before, the degree of D.D. had been conferred on him by the University of Giessen. He was also a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

He died in 1854 at Caastadt, on the Neckar, to which place he had been sent for the benefit of the waters there. A monument is placed over his remains: surely it is a pleasure to record that it was erected by the publisher of his latest books, Mr. Oliphant, of Edinburgh. The good man has made his mark in the literary history of his age and country.*

* A neat little brochure was recently printed at Plymouth, recording the principal events and incidents in the life of Kitto. It was written by Mr. W. H. K. Wright, the able and energetic secretary of the Plymouth Free Library. Mr. Wright is also the editor of a very interesting and valuable publication, *The Western Antiquary*, issued monthly, but previously published weekly in the *Western Morning News*.

To this brief sketch of the celebrated deaf traveller, I may fittingly annex some reference to a man in some respects even more remarkable than Kitto, as pursuing his journeys under the weight of an affliction that might well have rendered them impossible, or at least fruitless. I refer to HOLMAN, the "blind traveller," whom I met frequently at the evening receptions of the painter, JOHN MARTIN. He had walked over most of the countries and states of Europe, and described with amazing accuracy places he had visited—but had never seen. It was at once a delight and a marvel to converse with him on the subject of his travels.

EDWARD WILLIAM COX.—I knew him so long ago as 1829, when he wrote a poem for the *Amulet*. Even so early in life he had published a volume—poetry, of course—"The Opening of the Sixth Seal." He was a prominent member of the Bar, and became a judge, though of a minor court. Like Judge Edmonds, of the United States, he had been more than once questioned as to his capability of "judging" rightly—being a believer in Spiritualism.

That Cox was a Spiritualist in all senses of the term it is hardly necessary for me to say: in platform speeches and in published books his opinions were made known. Though he guarded the expression of them somewhat—on the ground that prejudice might weaken his decisions delivered in a court of justice—he never hesitated to declare his conviction as to the verity of the phenomena he had witnessed. Nor was he in doubt as to their

cause—having obtained and accepted sufficient evidence that those who are called the "dead" do appear and converse with those who are termed the "living." Frequently, in his own house and in mine, sometimes in one company, sometimes in another, the marvels of spiritualism were opened out to him. A few weeks before his removal from earth I was standing with him on the platform of the Great Western Railway. He used these words—I little thought I should have had to record and recall them thus—"I am as sure and convinced that I have seen and conversed with friends I have known and loved in life, who are in the ordinary phrase *dead*, as I am that these are railway carriages I see before me; and if I did not so believe, I could credit nothing for which the evidence was only my senses and my intelligence."

Exactly, or as nearly as possible, such words were said to me by Robert Chambers and by William Howitt. It would be hard to find three men whose testimony would be more readily received in any court of law or equity; men of larger experience, sounder judgment, more enlightened integrity, less likely to be deceived, less subject to be affected by imposture or influenced by delusion, could not anywhere be found in the ranks of intellectual Englishmen.

I have rarely known so fortunate a man as Serjeant Cox. He commenced life with no commercial, and with little intellectual, capital—with, in fact, so few prospects of success, that he who had prophesied his marvellous "luck" in life would have found few to credit him. His personal advantages were small; his voice was not

calculated to arrest the attention of any assembly; his manners were by no means impressive or refined; there was no evidence of force of character; he had received but an indifferent education—hence his acquirements were limited; he had failed in his efforts to enter Parliament, his native town (Taunton) having twice rejected him; his legal knowledge could never have been large, for he had given no time to study, and his earlier necessities had forbidden him to "take in" in order that he might "give out." In short, if his career had been merely respectable, and he had filled a third-rate place in his profession, he would have seemed to do all that nature, opportunity, fair industry, and moderate application, intended him to do. "Genius" is a term not in the remotest degree applicable to him from the commencement to the close of his career.

Moral courage he lacked, or he would have boldly and bravely resigned his office as Junior Judge of Sessions (the salary being no object to him), and have avowed the opinions he was known to hold, which in private he did not disavow—on the contrary, which he maintained and upheld, although their open and declared advocacy would have, in the estimation of many, so invalidated his decisions as a judge, by calling in question the soundness of his intellect, as to have rendered his withdrawal a duty, if not a necessity.* As it was, he

* Judge Edmonds of New York was placed in a precisely similar position. He did not resign, but he did plainly, boldly, and emphatically avow his belief and defend it. I quote this passage from his avowal and defence :—

"It is now over fifteen years since I made a public avowal of my belief in spiritual intercourse. I was then so situated that the soundness of my intellect was a matter of public interest. I had just retired from serving my term in our Court of Appeals—the court of last resort in this State. I was then the presiding Justice of the Supreme Court in this city, with the power of wielding immense

has gone down to the grave as one to whom the world owes but a small debt for benefits conferred. Yet he died in possession of enormous wealth, computed to be between a quarter and half a million sterling. In view of this fact it is mournful to have to add that whilst he lived he made little, and at his death no effort, "to do good and distribute," omitting the "sacrifices" with which God is "well pleased." In the way of hospitality I think he spent little: his dinner parties were plain; he certainly could not be accused of any show of extravagance. I dined at his table often, in Russell Square; there was commonly but a poor gathering of men of note, and never any women of distinction. I cannot recall many representative men among the guests I met there; certainly there were none who were prominent in the good works that glorify names—that nature and all humanity hold in honour. Nor was he—I believe I am safe in saying—a foremost upholder of any institution that was calculated and intended to advance the cause of religion, morality, social progress, or charity. I do not think there is one such that owes its foundation or advancement to direct aid from Mr. Serjeant Cox.

At his death he left behind him a sum of probably £400,000—gained without wrong-doing certainly; no

influence over the lives, liberty, property, and reputation of thousands of people. The soundness as well as the integrity of the administration of public justice was involved, and all had an interest in watching it. The cry of insanity and delusion was raised then as now. I remained on the Bench long enough, after such avowal, to enable people to judge how well founded the clamour was; and for the fifteen years that have since elapsed I have been somewhat before the world as a lawyer in full practice, as a politician, active in the organization of the Republican party, in a literary aspect as the author and publisher of several works, professional and otherwise, and as a public speaker, thus affording to all an abundant opportunity of detecting any mental aberration if there was any in me."

foul work can be charged against him; I do not believe he ever added a penny to his store by a dishonest or dishonourable action, and I fully and entirely acquit him of aught that was injustice to friend or "neighbour:" an unjust judge he assuredly never was. But the condemnation of him "who hid his lord's money," and neither misused nor abused it, is emphatic; his sentence to go where there is "weeping and gnashing of teeth" is pronounced by One to whom the secrets of all hearts are known, and the abstaining from doing good with wealth is as strongly condemned as the will to do evil with it.

His death made no mourners (excepting his own immediate family), and no Institution was the better because he had lived. He was a man of letters, yet he bequeathed nothing to the Literary Fund—to aid hereafter his suffering sisters and brothers in their struggle through the Slough of Despond. He was a member of the Press—he gave nothing to the "Newspaper Press Fund"—a most excellent society—with a long list of suffering widows and children, the needy families left by men who had lived laborious days as ministers to public knowledge. He was a member of a learned profession that provides generously for unfortunate members—he left them no contribution in aid. He was, in a degree, an art lover—the Artists' Benevolent Fund was no richer for his demise. He was a spiritualist, printing books (never issued gratis) concerning the phenomena, but he left us nothing that could further or guide "inquiry," and possibly lead to a discovery or development of truth, on which he well knew—none better—that mighty

issues depended. In fact, there are a hundred fields for the liberal and useful expenditure of wealth, with whose existence he was, better than are most men, acquainted—yet to no one of which, out of his enormous wealth, has he bequeathed a farthing; while to no personal friend—not even to those in his employ, and who must have largely contributed to make his fortune, did he leave the value of a shilling sterling.

This long and prosperous career has its lesson; there are practical lessons that warn and scare, as well as others that stimulate and encourage, and the biography that teaches by example does so often by the force of an example that is to be shunned. Some one has said, if hell is paved with good intentions, it is roofed with lost opportunities. That Serjeant Cox now deeply laments over "lost opportunities" I no more doubt than I do his now existing in some new state of being, with memory strong upon him—no more than he, when on earth, doubted that life continues after this life.

WILLIAM HOWITT.—A devoted champion of honour, virtue, temperance, rectitude, humanity, truth, was lost to earth when on the 3rd of March, 1879, William Howitt "died," if that must be called "death" which only infers the removal from one sphere of usefulness to another. Although fourscore and five years old, in physical and mental vigour he surpassed many who were half his age; labouring to the last in the service of God, for the good of all humankind and the humbler creatures He has made. I do not here seek to write a memoir of this

most estimable man; that duty must be discharged by one who has at command better means than I have.* He has, however, left behind him an autobiography that will in due course be published.

More than sixty years ago, his name, linked with that of his honoured and beloved wife, became famous. The writings of "William and Mary Howitt" were familiar in youth to many who are now grandfathers and grandmothers; and it may safely be declared that if there is one of them who did not profit by the teachings of this husband and wife, the fault did not lie with the authors. Theirs—for I will not divide them, although one lives and the other is "gone before"—was a singularly full life; active, energetic, upright, useful from its commencement to its close. Within a few weeks of his death, William Howitt wrote for *Social Notes*, which I then edited, three grand articles, one concerning the accursed practice of vivisection, one exposing the danger of the habit of smoking—in the young more especially, and one denouncing cruelty to animals. These articles had all the fire of his manhood and the

* His daughter, Anna Mary Watts, is engaged on that holy work; it is publishing, monthly, in the *Psychological Review*, a most excellent periodical: no doubt the several chapters will be issued as a volume. Mrs. Watts has made an enduring and an honourable reputation as author of several excellent and useful works; she is the wife of Mr. A. A. Watts, who is the son of Alaric Watts, well known and highly esteemed as nearly sixty years ago editor of the *Literary Souvenir*—certainly, the best of the annuals; many of his poems, of great beauty and power, may be found scattered among books of examples of the best productions of the century. His wife, Mrs. Alaric Watts, was also an author of some valuable books for the young: she was the sister of Wiffen, a Quaker, and a poet of great ability. Mrs. Anna Mary Howitt Watts has found fame by the publications of serial works, but it rests mainly on a volume that has passed through several editions—The Art-work of Munich. It is happy knowledge to know that the renown obtained by William and Mary Howitt is continued into another generation.

enthusiasm of his youth. It was difficult in reading them to believe they had emanated from the mind and pen of a writer long past fourscore. They were the last warnings uttered by the great and good old man, who is gone to his rest. Yes, there was another addition to the hierarchy of heaven when William Howitt was called from earth!

Thus another link drops from the chain that unites the present with the past. He was almost the last of the glorious galaxy of authors who, early in the century, glorified the intellectual world—almost the very last. He was the acquaintance of all, the friend of many of them, and of a right assumed a high place amongst the best, if not the loftiest. His was, at least, a more useful life than were the lives of most of his contemporaries.

Nearly sixty wedded years fell to the lot of William and Mary Howitt. They celebrated their golden wedding ten years ago. They were then dwellers in the Eternal City, and in Rome, William, some years later, died. By his bedside were his two daughters and his son-in-law, Mr. A. A. Watts. One may be sure the retrospect of his long life made him happy—that the prospect of a longer life, "even a life for ever and ever," made him yet happier; for the faith of William Howitt was the faith of a Christian, and his trust was in the Rock of Ages.

Some years have passed since I saw them last; much more than half a century since I knew them first. Honoured, esteemed, respected were they then, and so have they remained from that time to this. William Howitt's grave in the Protestant cemetery at Rome con-

tains all that was mortal of the useful labourer in a wide and broad field where the seed he planted will bear fruit for all time.

In 1881 I visited the house at Esher where the Howitts some time resided. It still contains many memorials of their long and useful work—books, portraits, domestic adornments, gifts, many things associated with a life-history that suggests only matter for thankfulness and joy.

The "mingled life" of William and Mary Howitt teaches one especial lesson that cannot in the nature of things be often taught. It is, that two persons, man and wife, can follow the same pursuit, and that pursuit the one that is above all others supposed most to excite jealousy — not only without diminishing confidence, mutual dependence, affection, and love, but so as to augment each of them, and all. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt will in time to come be named whenever question arises as to "compatibility of temper" in husband and wife, to be not only life-helpers, but labourers, in the same field—the vineyard of the Lord.

> "A wretched faith is their faith who believe
> The vineyard workers small rewards receive;
> That God neglects the servants He engages,
> To do His work—and grudges them their wages."

I should but ill discharge my task if I made no reference to William Howitt's ever-brave defence of Spiritualism against mocking, incredulous, scientific, and "religious" assailants. Few books have been produced so exhaustive of a subject as his "History of the Supernatural in all Ages." But in all possible ways he

stood foremost in the van, and was the champion of the new-old faith against all sceptics, no matter on what ground they took their stand. We know he was so to the last; although, like many others, he retired from a contest, the leading fighters in which had ceased, as he thought (and as I think), to struggle for the truth, while many of them excused, if they did not sanction deception and fraud.

It was in the house of William and Mary Howitt, at Highgate, that I became assured there was more than I had hitherto "dreamt" of in the mysteries of spiritualism, and was convinced of their truth. It was there Mrs. Hall and I first heard and saw things that could be accounted for in no other way than by admitting the presence of those we had known "in the flesh," and that we had, aforetime, believed were existing after death in some other state; in a word, whose souls had not ceased to exist when their bodies died. It was there I first heard what I could by no possibility have heard unless the spirit of one I had dearly loved, respected, and honoured, was in actual communication with me.

To suppose that William and Mary Howitt would have lent themselves to a blasphemous fraud was out of the question. We were convinced; and the conviction, arrived at five-and-twenty years ago, never left us or lessened from that day to this.

All I desire here to do is to accord honour and homage to a good and great man; and as regards his venerated wife, to give to her a full moiety of my tribute to high worth and my testimony of strong affection and respect.

I am nearing his age, and shall, I trust, meet him ere

long. Who shall say that we may not together be summoned by a beneficent and merciful Master to labour for this earth in the sphere to which we shall have been removed—to extend the blessings of Spiritualism far more effectually than all our toil has enabled us to do here?

I close this brief notice by extracting a passage from one of the many writings of William Howitt. It is memorable, cannot be read too often, and should be accepted as the Shibboleth of all Spiritualists who desire to learn from angels—the just made perfect, those nearest to the God Christ himself—instead of spirits frivolous, misleading, wicked, or altogether evil.

"The true mission of Spiritualism, and it is a great and magnificent mission, is to recall to the knowledge, and to restore to the consciousness of mankind, the Christian faith with all its divine and supernatural power. Its business is to exhibit the reality of its connection with God and His angels—with the life and spirit of the Divine Word—and to open our earth-dimmed eyes to perceive all the wealth of celestial wisdom in the Christian revelation!"

SAMUEL LOVER.—A pleasant companion, an excellent man, and a poet of no mean capacity was Samuel Lover. I knew him soon after he settled in London. He brought with him high reputation as a *raconteur*, evidence of skill and power as a miniature-painter (for that was his profession), and a certain amount of renown acquired by the production of songs, serious and comic. His first wife was then living, so were two lovely little girls, their daughters. The mother died, and he again married. Both marriages were auspicious. His first

wife helped him up the steep, cheered him on the way, and appreciated his efforts to obtain distinction; his second comforted and consoled him in his decline, and made happy the close of a career not greatly chequered. His life, therefore, was eminently fortunate. In another way he was happy also; for, although he did not marry until he was thirty years old, he avoided the pitfalls, then more than now, strewn in the path of all young Irishmen seeking fame, and especially so in the path of one with peculiar talent for "Society," who not only wrote but sang melodies, pleasant or pathetic, that were certain either to set the table in a roar, or to touch the hearts of sympathetic listeners.

Surely, it was fame that Lover had achieved when every street hurdy-gurdy made the listener recall his name—when "Rory O'More" was the stock piece of the popular *repertoire*,* and there was not a mechanic who could catch up a tune who did not hum it to lighten his labour or by his fireside at home. But not only that, in every drawing-room throughout the kingdom, in the colonies, in America, wherever was known the language in which it was written, the sweet and touching song "Angel Whispers" made its way—to every heart through every ear, for to feel and appreciate it no educated musical taste or knowledge was needed; the strain was the voice of nature—I should say *is*, for it keeps its place among the choicest of British melodies, although one seldom hears it now. Young ladies nowadays possess loftier power than it demands, and do not often con-

* Driving in a stage-coach, from Brussels to Waterloo, I was surprised and not a little gratified, by hearing the guard play Rory O'More on his key-bugle.

descend to sweet and simple ballad melodies, preferring so to discourse as to "enchant the ear" in place of touching the heart!

That is, alas! not only true as regards the songs of Lover; the lament applies with almost equal force to those of Moore. Their melodies are not often the delights of the drawing-room now. Many ladies would consider themselves insulted if asked to play and sing the "Mother dear," or "As a Beam o'er the Face of the Water may glow," of the two lyric poets to whom Ireland and the world owe so much. Indeed, in most cases such young ladies generally carry their music with them, in order, one is tempted to think, that if they do not delight an audience, they may, at least, be sure of gratifying themselves. But we of the old world found deeper and tenderer chords respond in our hearts to the once-familiar "Melodies," and the undying lyrics wedded to them, than are ever reached by the most brilliantly "difficult" music of to-day.

Whenever Lover was our guest (which he was very often) he seldom failed to sing some song he had not then sung in public, and frequently it was in our circle it was heard for the first time. To hear him sing one of his songs was the next best thing to hearing Moore sing one of his.

He reminded me much of his great prototype: in voice they were not unlike; in singing both moved restlessly, as if they went with the words; they were both small, yet not ungraceful of form; both now and then affected Irish intonation, and both had round faces of the Irish type.

It was not uncommon to hear Lover described as "a Brummagem Tom Moore." That he certainly was not. Far from it. The one was as original as the other, but each in his own way. He was neither copyist nor imitator, and if he had less of the inventive faculty than Moore, he had the art of making his own the thoughts for which there was no other owner. But it was as a teller of Irish stories Lover most delighted an audience. Few who heard him will forget the inimitable humour, the rich oily brogue, and the perfect ideal, he conveyed into the character when relating "New Pettaties" and "Will ye lend me the loan of a gridiron?" The only man I knew who surpassed him in that faculty was a contemporary of his, an Irishman named Jones, an architect who became a sculptor, and was mediocre as both.

A dangerous illness, hæmorrhage of the lungs, having necessitated a milder climate, Lover settled at St. Helier's, Jersey: there he died* on the 6th June, 1868, mourned by many friends, and respected by all who knew him.

It is not the least of his merits that in his songs and stories he avoided political discussions—even allusions. He was a generous sympathiser with all parties, but ranked himself with none; and, although by no means wavering in his religious views—as a Protestant—there was rarely evidence of preference given to any creed.

In his seventy-second year he became deaf and almost blind, but he continued cheerful and comparatively

* "You know how, in our dear old native Ireland, every disease is called by the peasantry an "impression of the heart," and I really think that is the very disease I've got—that is if I have any heart left at all."—*Lover in a letter to Mrs. Hall.*

happy, amply meriting the words in which his good wife described him, writing to Mr. Symington on the 1st June, 1868, "He is all love, gentleness, and patience." The following are nearly the last lines he wrote: "May Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me through the valley of the shadow of death." *

I knew intimately FRANK MAHONEY, a Roman Catholic priest, known in literary circles as "Father Prout." It is said, I believe truly, that he was a Jesuit. It was rumoured that he was a Jesuit spy; perhaps he was, in the sense that all of his Order are so. His father was a respected merchant of Cork, and Mahoney inherited from him independence in the monetary sense of the term. In 1835, or thereabouts, he took up his residence in London, and soon became closely associated with the band of literary free-lances that for some years made *Fraser's Magazine* a name of terror. Most of them were able men undoubtedly; but self-indulgence was the principle that mainly guided the lives of them all. Mahoney took me to one of their "symposiums" on an evening when he was in the chair. "Father Prout" spent most of his latter years in Paris, living the life of a mingled anchorite and sensualist. He occupied an attic there, where I once saw him, toasting a mutton chop on which he

* Two volumes of a life of Samuel Lover were published in 1874 by Bayle Barnard, who has since died. Barnard was a playwright, and it was not a fortunate chance that made him Lover's biographer. A much better work is "Samuel Lover, a biographical sketch with selections from his writings and his correspondence, by Andrew James Symington." Publishers, Blackie and Son. The author of this charming work has done full justice to the memory of his friend the Irish poet. It is a little book, but sufficiently full and comprehensive.

was about to dine, while on a corner of his table, among letters and MSS., was laid a not very clean *serviette*—his table-cloth. But in these later years of Mahoney's life his room of reception was the reading-room at Galignani's, where, however, he seldom held any intercourse with his kind, usually entering, remaining for an hour or two, and departing without exchanging a word with any one; and if earth gave him any sources of enjoyment they were not those to which the good, the generous, the sympathetic resort for happiness. He was not often a visitor to London; but I believe he was rarely in the metropolis without paying a visit to us. Yet he never came with any apparent motive in view, and sometimes his conversation as to past, present, and future was limited to half-a-dozen sentences. Occasionally he would enter our drawing-room, keep his hands in his pockets, look all about him, make some such observation as, "You have changed your curtains since I was here last," bid us good morning, and retire, his visit, from first to last, having perhaps occupied some three minutes.

Few, I imagine, looked on Mahoney with regard—none, probably, with respect. His was an unlovely as well as a lonely life. Without a home, cut off from domestic ties, and dwelling apart from his kind, he may have "lived laborious days" indeed; but his recompense for them was very different from such as the poet anticipates for those who toil—stimulated by love of God and love of man.

An attempt was made some years ago to erect a monument of some sort to his memory in his native city. It fell through, however, the subscriptions raised being

insufficient for the purpose contemplated. Mr. Dillon Croker, who suggested the effort, wrote (as Honorary Treasurer of the Prout Memorial Fund)—

"For reasons which it is not necessary to discuss, the simple addition of Prout's name does not appear on the vault of the Mahoney family, which is situated immediately under the shadow of Shandon steeple."

His poem on the "Bells of Shandon" is, I suppose, the best known of all his songs.

JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU.—I knew the brothers Joseph and William Le Fanu when they were youths at Castle Connell, on the Shannon; both became famous—one as an author, the other as a civil engineer. They were the sons of Dean Le Fanu, a most estimable clergyman, whose mother was a niece of Richard Brinsley Sheridan—a descent of which the family was justly proud. They were my guides throughout the beautiful district around Castle Connell, and I found them full of anecdote and rich in antiquarian lore, with thorough knowledge of Irish peculiarities. They aided us largely in the preparation of our book—"Ireland, its Scenery and Character." William flourishes in active and useful life. Joseph died comparatively young, at his residence, Merrion Square, in February, 1873, having obtained renown as a novelist, and bequeathing to his family a name of which his sons and daughters may be as justly proud as their father was of that he inherited on both sides—for his not very remote ancestors were Hugue-

nots who settled in Ireland after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.*

Both the brothers were men of marked personal advantages. Joseph had taken honours at Trinity College, became a political writer, purchased and edited the *Warder* newspaper, subsequently *The Mail.* On the death of his wife in 1858 Le Fanu, in a great measure, retired from the society of which he had been an ornament, was seen (and that not often) only in his study at work, and died comparatively young. I never went to Dublin without visiting him. But for the domestic affliction that darkened the later years of his life, he might have taken a far more prominent place than he occupies in Irish history, for he had extensive knowledge based on solid education, was a reader and thinker, and in many ways fitted to shine either at the bar or in Parliament.

I endorse the opinion of a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine:* "To those who knew him he was very dear; they admired him for his learning, his sparkling wit and pleasant conversation, and loved him for his manly virtues, for his noble and generous qualities, his gentleness, and his loving, affectionate, nature."

So long ago as the year 1821 I knew the REV. CHARLES MATURIN, the author of some novels that are forgotten, and of two successful tragedies—indebted mainly for their

* Alicia, elder daughter of Thomas Sheridan, and favourite sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, married Joseph Le Fanu. She wrote numerous works. She was buried in St. Peter's grave-yard, Dublin, where many members of the Le Fanu family have been interred.

success to the acting of the elder Kean. He died in 1824. A debt of gratitude is due from me to him. He it was who introduced me to Dublin society, and to him I owe much of the comparative ease with which my first steps in the profession of literature were made. I had printed a book, to which I refer elsewhere—on the King's visit to Ireland. I was in the shop of Martin Keene (a well-known bookseller who lent money, and was paid interest by borrowers, who purchased *old* books at fancy prices), when Maturin entered, took up my poem, read a stanza, and put the copy down, merely saying, "That's a bad stanza." It was certainly mortifying; but, resolving he should have the chance of reading it all, I took a copy to his house. A dirty, slipshod girl-of-all-work bawled at me from the area, "What do ye want?" I threw down the book and departed. Maturin did read it, found me out, and the result was his "patronage"—not a small matter to me then. Tradition has preserved many of his singularities. When he was composing, it was perilous to interrupt the thought that might "enlighten" the world. On such occasions he walked up and down from parlour to attic, with a red wafer stuck on his forehead to "warn off" all who drew near him. Lady Morgan tells us that once, when he was in difficulties (he was seldom out of them), Sir Charles Morgan raised for his relief £50. It was spent in giving an entertainment to a large party of guests—who were welcomed to a reception-room somewhat barren of furniture; but at one end an old theatrical property-throne had been set up, and on it, under a canopy of crimson velvet, sat Mr. and Mrs. Maturin! Whatever his peculiarities, Maturin

was undoubtedly a man of genius, and of very kindly nature.

Of very different character was CHARLES PHILLIPS, who obtained reputation in Dublin by the publication of certain poems, and by orations at the bar, notably in a case of seduction, "Guthrie *versus* Sterne," his flowery eloquence obtaining large damages. He became the Irish bar-orator *par excellence*. He brought with him to London all his alliteration and flowers of rhetoric, and became a famous pleader at the Old Bailey. He afterwards obtained one of the Commissionerships in Bankruptcy, and was a prosperous absentee—no very great loss to his country. He was one of the assailants of Moore, *when the poet was dead*. Concerning that attack I wrote a strong comment in the *St. James's Magazine*, then edited by Mrs. Hall; Phillips threatened an action for libel—which, however, he thought better of.

REV. GEORGE CROLY was a somewhat severe and bitter political Tory partisan; but as the author of two enduring novels, a successful play, and a work that professes to interpret the Apocalypse of St. John, he holds higher rank as an author than he did as a clergyman of the Established Church—first, as curate of a parish on barren, beautiful Dartmoor, then as, for a time, Chaplain to the Foundling Hospital, and subsequently as rector of one of the City churches—St. Stephen, Walbrook. During the mayoralty of his friend Sir Francis Graham Moon his parishioners presented him with a

testimonial—a marble bust of himself. His was not a pleasant face to perpetuate, neither was his a genial nature to commemorate; a fierce politician, he hated his opponents with a hatred at once irrational and unchristian.*

WILLIAM CARLETON.—I have not much to say of Carleton, and very little that is good. Undoubtedly he was a powerful writer, a marvellous delineator of Irish character—seen, however, not from its best side. He was essentially of the people he describes, peasant-born and peasant-bred, and most at home in a mud cabin or shebeen shop. Of the Irish gentry he knew none beyond the "squireens;" his occasional attempts to picture them are absurdities. To him was accorded one of the Crown pensions—£200. It is to be feared the greater portion was spent in low dissipation. At all events he never obtained, never earned, the applause of his country or the respect of those whose respect was worth having in Dublin, the city where he dwelt. He was a Catholic to-day and a Protestant to-morrow, turning from one religion to the other as occasion served or invited.

* I have a letter from Croly, so curious that I print it: it arose out of an application I made to him for some notes to aid me in compiling a biography for the *New Monthly Magazine*.

"In reply to your note relative to notes for my biography, I must protest against the idea altogether. When I am dead, the world may, of course, do what it pleases with me. But until then I shall not permit any biography of mine to be at its mercy. I must request that nothing shall be said about me in any work where you may have any influence. I should regard it as *the last personal offence*. There is, therefore, an end of the matter."

Notwithstanding this very decided expression of opinion, he did, however, some years afterwards, supply me with material for a biography, which I published in the "Book of Gems."

Croly wrote weekly, from 1839 to 1846, the leading articles for the *Britannia* newspaper, of which I was for some years the directing editor.

It is requisite to name him here, among the many Irish authors I have known; but I did not feel for him while he lived, nor can I feel for him now, any respect.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.—It seems but yesterday—it is not so very long ago certainly—that I saw for the last time the Hon. Mrs. Norton.* Her radiant beauty was then faded, but her stately form had been little impaired by years, and she had retained much of the grace that made her early womanhood so surpassingly attractive. She combined in a singular degree feminine delicacy with masculine vigour; though essentially womanly, she seemed to have the force of character of man. Remarkably handsome, she, perhaps, excited admiration rather than affection. I can easily imagine greater love to be given to a far plainer woman. She had, in more than full measure, the traditional beauty of her family, and no doubt inherited with it some of the waywardness that is associated with the name of Sheridan.

All who are acquainted with our literary annals know that she was the daughter of Tom Sheridan, and the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Early in life she married the Hon. George C. Norton, a brother of Lord Grantley; in 1875 she became a widow, and in 1876 married a second time—Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart. Her grandson is now Lord Grantley.

In 1840 Mrs. Norton furnished me with materials for a memoir in the "Book of Gems;" from that memoir I extract a passage.

* Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan.

"At the age of nineteen, Miss Sheridan was married to the Honourable George Chapple Norton, brother to the present Lord Grantley. He had proposed for her three years previously, but her mother had postponed the contract until the daughter was better qualified to fix her choice. These years had enabled her to make acquaintance with one whose early death prevented a union more consonant to her feelings. When Mr. Norton again sought her hand he received it. It is unnecessary to add that the marriage has not been a happy one; the world has heard the slanders to which she has been exposed, and a verdict of acquittal from all who for a moment listened to them, can scarcely have atoned for the cruel and baseless suspicions to which she has been subjected."

The dark cloud thus early cast on her life continued to overshadow it for many years; if it vanished, as I believe it did, when her husband died and left her free to enter into new bonds with an estimable gentleman in all ways worthy of her, it was but a brief gleam of sunshine, for her own life soon afterwards closed. Her second marriage was one of compensating happiness; but it formed only the serene "finis" to a weary pilgrimage—weary, in spite of her literary triumphs and the homage that beauty had made hers, without effort, wherever she appeared.

JANE PORTER.—I had promised Jane Porter that, whenever I visited Esher, I would place a flower on the grave-stone that covers the remains of her mother and sister in the churchyard of that pretty rural village of Surrey. I have done so more than once; for the last time in the month of March, 1881, having previously visited the house in which the sisters had lived;* for the

* It is not likely I shall ever again discharge that happy duty. May I delegate it to some kind and sympathizing reader: to whom they, and I, and their friend, my beloved wife, may owe, though in our graves, a debt of gratitude—and, perhaps, be able to pay it?

pretty cottage-home is still there, inhabited by a most kindly lady, always willing to show the small low rooms consecrated to a glorious memory.

There, during several years, lived and wrote the sisters Jane and Anna Maria Porter, authors of many novels, which, though now forgotten, obtained when they were written—the greater part of a century ago—more than renown—popularity of most extended order. The one was born in 1776, the other in 1780. Though children of the same parents, they were strangely dissimilar—the one was a brunette, the other a blonde; yet they were handsome women both. The one being sombre, the other gay, we used to speak of them as L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. Maria was an author in 1793; Jane not till 1803. The "Scottish Chiefs" was Jane Porter's most famous work. Who reads it now? Who knows even by name "Thaddeus of Warsaw?" or who can talk about "The Pastor's Fireside?" Yet seventy years ago those works were of such account that the first Napoleon, on political grounds, paid Jane Porter the high compliment of prohibiting the circulation of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" in France.

I remember talking with Jane Porter on the subject of her then lately printed book, "The Adventures of Sir Edward Seaward." It is a kind of copy of "Robinson Crusoe"—the story of a shipwrecked mariner, cast with a young maiden upon an uninhabited island, which they converted into a paradise. I mention the romance because it was so like truth that (as I was told by one of the Admiralty clerks) three intelligent members of the staff were employed for several days searching for

evidence whether the island did or did not actually exist, whether any proofs of the history given of the castaways were traceable, and whether, of the many persons named, any had places in veritable history!

The sisters were admirable and good women, "lovely in their lives," acting, through a long career of success and honour, upon the principle which suggested the record placed by them on the grave of their good mother, who died aged eighty-six, and that declared them to "mourn in hope, humbly trusting to be born again with her into the blessed kingdom of their Lord and Saviour."

We met once, with his sisters, their brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, who had obtained renown in Russia and fame in England, by the production of huge panoramas. He had been educated as an artist, and was, in 1790, a student of the Royal Academy—the President being Benjamin West. His famous pictures are "The Battle of Agincourt" and "The Storming of Seringapatam;" but he painted both from descriptions and fancy, and was present at neither. He was, however, with Sir John Moore at the siege of Corunna, and probably took part in the "burial" of the general when they

> "Buried him darkly at dead of night,
> The sods with their bayonets turning."

He had been appointed historical painter to the Emperor of Russia, and married a Russian princess. He died at St. Petersburg of apoplexy in 1842.*

* A nephew of excellent John Britton, the renowned antiquary (one of Sir Robert's best and most valued friends), wrote, in 1880, a description of the two great pictures. "The Storming of Seringapatam" was 200 feet long: it is said

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—Poor Sherry! the last time I saw him was at a dinner given by a gentleman, who may surely claim a line in this assemblage of memories, Dr. ANDREW URE, a man to whom the world is indebted for a work of great value—"A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines." Though Sheridan Knowles was then already failing, it was before he became a Baptist minister, which he did in 1852, but after his second marriage—an incident that all his friends lamented. Well I remember his acting the part of Master Walter in his play of *The Hunchback* in 1832. It was a great success—the play, I mean, not the impersonation, for an actor Sheridan Knowles was not. He lived a long life, and did not waste it. Up to a good old age he was

to have been painted in six weeks! As regards the "Battle of Agincourt," Mr. Britton printed the following statement:—

"Regarding the history of the immense painting of Agincourt in the possession of the Corporation, it appears, by minutes of the Court of Common Council so far back as September 22nd, 1808, that a letter was read from Robert Ker Porter, Esq., dated Stockholm, May 19th, addressed to Lord Mayor Ansley, requesting his Lordship to present 'the large picture of the Battle of Agincourt, my *last*, and I think best, work to the City of London. The subject is so grateful to the patriotic breast of every Briton that I need not comment on its propriety as a recommendation rendering it worthy a place either in the Mansion House or the Guildhall. To know that the capital of my native country possesses the *last* of my productions will be an ample and valuable recompense for my exertions in having produced it.' Thanks were ordered to be returned, by the Lord Mayor, and the Committee for Letting the City Lands was requested to 'consider the best place to display the picture.' It was hung up in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, but removed to enable certain alterations to be made in that room, and consigned to oblivion for about twelve years. It was then disentombed, in 1823, and hung up at Guildhall, crowds of people flocking thither to see it. Then, although its preservation and public display were advocated by members of the Corporation, it was rolled up and again committed to its former sepulchre under the Hall. It seems afterwards to have been taken out, unrolled, and hung up for a week or two every three or four years to 'keep it from perishing!' This brings its history down to about 1850. In a letter to the late John Britton, May 15th, 1851, Mr. John Sewell says: 'It is a fine performance, fit to be exhibited as a panoramic painting, and I think it is a pity it should remain lost to the public.'

"Where the picture now is, it will be for others to find out."

healthy and hearty. Macready described to me their first interview, when the actor received the dramatist in the green-room. Sheridan Knowles presented himself—a jolly-looking fellow, with red cheeks, a man obviously full of buoyancy and good-humour—and read to the great manager his tragedy of *Virginius*. "What!" cried Macready, half-pleasantly, half-seriously, when the reading was over, "You the author of that tragedy—you? Why, you look more like the captain of a Leith smack!"

Nature had endowed Sheridan Knowles with a rare gift, but it was not improved by learning or study, and he owed little, if anything, to his great predecessors in dramatic art.

In his later days, as I have remarked, the celebrated dramatist became a Baptist minister. I regret now that I never heard him preach, although I am told it was a performance that one might have been satisfied to witness only once. But I am sure that, whatever and wherever he was, in the pulpit or on the stage, Sheridan Knowles was in earnest—simple, honest, and hearty always. His was a nature that remained thoroughly unspoiled by extraordinary success. He was born at Cork in 1784, and died at Torquay in 1862.

THE SISTERS JEWSBURY.—In September, 1880, I was present at the burial of Geraldine Jewsbury in the cemetery at Brompton. Her grave is adjacent to that of her friend, Lady Morgan. Geraldine had attained the age of sixty-eight. Her many published works

bear witness to her industry as well as ability. We knew her when she was little more than a child, and had much affection for her during the whole of her long life. Her health was never good; it would have surprised none of her friends to have heard of her death much earlier than it occurred. She lived in her latter years at a pretty cottage at Sevenoaks, but died at an excellent institution for invalid ladies in Burwood Place, where we frequently visited her. Her mind was not weakened by illness, and it was in a happy state of preparation for the change that was inevitable. Among the very earliest of our literary friends was her sister Mary Jane, whose signature, M. J. J., obtained wide celebrity between the years 1825 and 1830. In 1832 she was married, in a little church among the Welsh mountains, to the Rev. W. K. Fletcher, one of the chaplains of the Hon. East India Company. She accompanied him to India, and fourteen months after her marriage she was laid in the grave at Poonah, a victim to cholera.

It was a brief life, but not inglorious; she has left much that is calculated to do good, and merit, if not obtain, fame. Mrs. Hemans much loved her, and wore mourning for her; and great Wordsworth was proud to call himself her friend.*

* Soon after her death Mrs. Hemans conveyed this message to Wordsworth: "Will you tell Mr. Wordsworth this anecdote of poor Mrs. Fletcher? I am sure it will interest him. During the time that the famine in the Deccan was raging, she heard that a poor Hindoo had been found lying dead in one of the temples at the foot of an idol, and with a female child, still living, in his arms. She and her husband immediately repaired to the spot, took the poor little orphan away with them, and conveyed it to their own home. She tended it assiduously, and one of her last cares was to have it placed at a female missionary school, to be brought up as a Christian."

She had a foreboding of early death. In one of her latest letters before leaving England she wrote :—

"In the best of everything I have done you will find one leading idea—*Death;* all thoughts, all images, all contrasts of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow."

One of her letters to Mrs. Hall contains this passage: "I am melancholy by nature; cheerful on principle."

Mary Jane Jewsbury was thus one of the earliest friends we lost, as her sister Geraldine was one of the latest—nearly half a century having elapsed between the death of the one and the death of the other.

LEIGH HUNT.—Some fifteen years ago, I ascertained that the grave of my old friend Leigh Hunt was without a memorial stone to mark his resting-place in the cemetery at Kensal Green. It was a reproach to all who knew him, and hardly less so to those who were familiar with his books. I desired to remove it, set to work, and after some delay and difficulty the movement took satisfactory shape, and it was done.* Less useful men of letters have their stately monuments in Westminster

* The Committee was not large, but it contained the names of Carlyle, Dickens, George Godwin, Macready, Sir Percy Shelley, Procter, Robert Chambers, and Sir Frederick Pollock. There were one hundred and twenty-two subscribers, among whom were Lord Lytton, Mr. (now Sir Theodore) Martin, Earl Russell, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward, Edmund Yates, W. H. Russell, John Bright, Martin Tupper, Blanchard Jerrold, J. R. Planché, Edwin Arnold, Tom Hood, junr., Alexander Ireland, Charles Knight, Albany Fonblanque, John Forster, Sir Charles Dilke, Wilkie Collins, Sir Rowland Hill, &c. The sum collected amounted to £218 13s. 8d., which sufficed. George W. Childs, of the *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, offered to furnish the *whole* estimated sum: that generous offer I declined: but I accepted from him a large subscription in aid.

Abbey. At all events those who seek for Leigh Hunt's grave among the many illustrious dead who lie in Kensal Green Cemetery may now be assured of finding it. A pillar, surmounted by a bust, the production of the sculptor, Joseph Durham, marks the spot, and on it is inscribed the memorable line from the most famous and beautiful of all his poems, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men," and also a line written concerning him by Lord Lytton, "He had that chief requisite of a good critic—a good heart."

It was a bright day when the monument at Kensal Green was uncovered, and a touching and eloquent address was delivered at the grave by Lord Houghton. The reproach that had endured from 1859, the year when he died (in High Street, Putney)—two months before he had completed his seventy-fifth year—was removed by the erection of the monument on the 19th of October, 1869 (his birthday).

He was born at Southgate in 1784, and, like Coleridge and Lamb, was educated at Christ's Hospital.

I did not know Leigh Hunt in his prime; but I knew him well when he lived at Edwardes Square, Kensington. He was then yielding gradually to the universal conqueror. His son tells us "he was usually seen in a dressing-gown, bending his head over a book or over a desk." Tall and upright still, his hair white and straggling, scattered over a brow of manly intelligence, his eyes retaining much of their old brilliancy combined with gentleness, his conversation still sparkling, though by fits and starts—he gave me the idea of a sturdy ruin that, in donning the mossy vest of time, had been

recompensed for gradual decay of strength by gaining ever more and more of the picturesque.

One of the latest passages of his autobiography is this: "I seem—and it has become a consolation to me—to belong as much to the next world as to this."

His son tells us that his whole life was one of pecuniary difficulty. It was a mournful fact—one from which a dismal picture might easily be painted, and a dreary moral educed. Though there is no stigma of dishonour resting on his memory, Hunt was too ready, as so many men of letters had been before him, to live—

> "As if life's business were a summer mood,
> *As if all needful things would come unsought*
> *To genial faith.*"

The words that I have italicised seem to me to be an epitome of Leigh Hunt's life.

Savage Landor told me a story that remarkably illustrates the simplicity, as well as the heedlessness, of his character. Sir Percy Shelley made him an allowance of £120 a year. One day Hunt called upon the baronet, and said, "As you intend to give me that sum as long as I live, I ask you to extend the favour by putting on paper a memorandum to that effect." Sir Percy, startled, asked him—why? "Oh, only," said Hunt, "because it would be easier to raise money upon it." I need not say that was the very thing his generous friend had intended his bounty to prevent. Among the most constant of Leigh Hunt's friends—as to loans—was the good man Horace Smith; but, in fact, he had many such. In his turn he was ever ready—no matter how straitened his circumstances might be—to open his

house or his purse to any friend that stood in need of his hospitality or his aid.

Testimonies to his kindly, sympathizing, and affectionate nature are abundant. His famous sonnet, "Abou ben Adhem," may have been inspired by an Eastern apothegm, but it was none the less an outpouring of his own large heart. As for his life, it was one of the utmost simplicity and frugality; indeed, he carried the latter virtue to such an extreme that his son, in writing to me, describes his father's diet as consisting often only of bread.

The following is a passage from one of his writings:—

"Surely there are myriads of beings everywhere inhabiting their respective spheres, both visible and invisible, all perhaps inspired with the same task of trying how far they can extend happiness. Some may have realised their Heaven and are resting. Some may be helping ourselves, just as we help the bee or the wounded bird: spirits, perhaps of dear friends who pity our tears, who rejoice in our smiles, and whisper into our hearts belief that they are present.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

Perhaps the tropical blood which his friend Hazlitt said ran in his veins had its share in inducing his disposition to let all things take their course, with a cheerful faith that in the end they would come right—somehow! Though a tithe of the annoyances and privations he endured would have prepared for most other people a nightly bed of thorns, he did not seem to heed them, or, indeed, to give to their memory a painful thought. Struggling half his life in muddy waters, he usually had a haven—even if only a fancied one—in sight, and was confident he would reach land some-

where. No man was more easily contented; of the joys of the epicure and the sybarite he no more thought than of swallowing pebbles by the seaside. His feasts were really the feasts of the poets.*

It was Leigh Hunt who wrote for me the memoirs of Keats and Shelley in the "Book of Gems."

"No man," his son wrote to me, "had a more abiding sense of religion . . . . the authority of his mind was Christ himself, whose example and preaching he continually held up as the one most neglected and most to be followed." But Hunt was not, in the true sense of the word, a Christian. He recognised Jesus only as a "martyred brother" of Confucius, Socrates, and Antoninus—nothing more. Dying, he had not the joyful hope of the Christian to sustain him, but could only breathe as a parting prayer the infinitely less rational and less consoling aspiration, "May we all meet in one of Plato's vast cycles of re-existence." Alas!†

JEREMY BENTHAM.—One day, very many years ago, I met Dr. Bowring in St. James's Park. He was on his way to Queen's Square to visit Jeremy Bentham. He

* Thornton Hunt in a letter to me, dated January 4th, 1865, said, "I have read your memory of my dear father (in the "Book of Memories"), and I trace in it the hand of a friendly, sympathetic man. I do not suggest the slightest alteration in it."

† His son, Mr. Thornton Hunt, thus touches on the subject of his father's religious views in a letter written to me soon after the publication in the *Art Journal* of my "Memory of Leigh Hunt."

"He followed Schiller in his estimate of Moses as a grand reformer: he was constantly referring to Scripture, with which he was familiar, especially the New Testament: in opinion he was very near the Unitarians. He had a perfect confidence in a future existence, often citing an English bishop, who said that "heaven is first a temper and then a place."

offered to introduce me to him—an offer I gladly accepted. He was pacing in his garden when we arrived.

Bentham was then nearly eighty-five years of age, of very striking appearance, his long white locks floating about a magnificent head, the intellectual organs strongly prominent, the expression full of benevolence, with a smile generous and thoroughly sympathetic.

I quote a passage from the *New Monthly* (1832)—the year in which he died—written, I believe, by Bulwer:—

"Personally, Mr. Bentham was like so many other great men, all simplicity and playfulness. He had that thorough amiability which arises from the warmest benevolence. He was without guile—the very antipodes of a worldly man: he who could unfold all the secrets of jurisprudence and legislation, and lay down regulations for the accurate conduct of whole nations, and resolve society and human nature into their last elements, was as simple as a child, and lived in the centre of a vast capital, as far removed from actual contact with the world as if he had seated himself on the Andes."

I may add another passage from that paper:—

"He died, it seems, as he would have gone to sleep—this was sure to be the case with the calmest, pleasantest, and most innocent body that ever partook of mortal frailties. His long life passed in perfect, though far from robust, health; he was never, in all his scores of years, guilty of an excess; his fame had never been stained, for a moment, with intemperance: the old man left his body as pure as that of a child."

Yes, it is a gratifying memory to me now—as I accounted it a high privilege then—to have looked on that great man while in life, to have beheld that nobly-moulded head, that most benevolent face, in which almost child-like simplicity contended with god-like intellect, both blended in universal sympathy, while his

loose grey hair streamed over his shoulders and played in the wind as he pursued his evening walk of meditation, around the very garden wherein the poet-patriot John Milton was erst accustomed to think his mighty thoughts.

MRS. BALFOUR.—A most good and sweet and very beautiful woman (though aged threescore and ten) left earth when Clara Lucas Balfour was called from it to do her Master's work elsewhere. Not long before that we had taken part in a joyous ceremony—the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of her wedding-day. Husband and wife had been joint-toilers in Christian labour in the fertile fields of sin and suffering, of crime and misery, to be found at the East-end of London. They were but a short while separated by death, and are now reunited. Both of these zealous workers had, by writings, preachings, and lectures, led many of the seeming lost into the paths of peace. It was a large array of "the repentant" that good woman conducted to the foot of the great white throne. It demands but little force of fancy to see them gather round her, when she crossed the celestial river and rested on its heavenward side. She was one of the emphatically GOOD—good in all the relations of life—and they ought not to have been *mourners* who, at the Kilburn Cemetery, saw her remains (as I did) laid in earth on Monday, July 8th, 1878.

CHARLES DICKENS.—So much has been written concerning Dickens—he occupied such a prominent position

in life and in letters—that any lengthened comments respecting him are needless on my part. It is a general opinion that his biographer did not fulfil his task in such a manner as to do justice to its theme: the three big volumes have been not inaptly described as "Memoirs of John Forster and Charles Dickens."

I knew the great novelist when he was a boy; again in the days of his early celebrity, while he was still a bachelor; and later, Mrs. Hall and I were present at the christening of his first-born. We had known Mrs. Dickens also while she was Miss Catherine Hogarth.

Much has been said on the unhappy subject of their separation, and some of the most unfortunate utterances were those put in print by Dickens himself at the time. It is a theme that all will feel bound to treat with a reserve similar to that discreetly maintained by his biographer. Undoubtedly, sympathy was largely felt for Mrs. Dickens—and rightly so.

I well remember my sensations of astonishment and interest when the first number of "Pickwick" was brought me, and I looked it over. Forster was with me at the time. How, on the introduction of Sam Weller, the work took the town by storm, and its author, who only a short time before had been an unnoticed parliamentary reporter, reached at a bound the summit of success, and became *the* literary lion of the day, I need not here describe.

No man since Walter Scott has so amply and efficiently supplied in fiction the intellectual need of the age; but that great man did not do a tithe of what

Dickens has done to quicken its social and moral progress. Further eulogium is unnecessary; but I cannot resist a desire to quote this passage from Charles Dickens's last will and testament:—

"I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; and I exhort my dear children to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter."

I have elsewhere in these volumes alluded to the circumstances under which I first made acquaintance with Charles Dickens—so far back as the year 1826. Who would have dreamt then that the intelligent-looking lad who, from time to time, brought "penny-a-line" matter to the office of the newspaper on which his father was a parliamentary reporter, would one day be laid, amid national grief, in the mausoleum of our British worthies, while over the grave that would receive his body an eloquent funeral sermon would be preached by a high dignitary of the Church, proclaiming Charles Dickens one of the foremost teachers of his time?

As I can write of Dickens nothing new, nothing important, nothing valuable, as I can make only very trifling additions to what is known to the whole world of readers, I prefer the course I adopt, and leave the subject comparatively untouched.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.—Of the grave of this unhappy poetess at Cape Coast Castle, Dr. Madden thus writes in the "Memoirs of Lady Blessington":—

"A few common tiles distinguish it from the graves of the various military men who have perished in this stronghold of pestilence. Her grave is daily trampled over by the soldiers of the fort. The morning blast of the bugle, and roll of the drum, are the sounds that have been thought most in unison with the spirit of the gentle being who sleeps below the few red tiles where the soldiers on parade do congregate. There is not a plant, nor a blade of grass, nor anything green, in that courtyard, on which the burning sun blazes down all day long. And this is the place where they have buried L. E. L.!"

Her fame, like herself, is but a memory now. But how bright it was half a century ago!—how intoxicating! So quickly won, too, that she might, like Byron, have written, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." Alas! Dead-Sea fruit, indeed, was to her the fruit of her genius—of all the women of letters whose pens have assisted feminine charms to make them famous and flattered, few have been more completely miserable; none can I bring to mind who ever closed a career of brilliant unhappiness by a death so tragical. Her marriage wrecked her life; but before that fatal mistake was made, slander had been busy with her fair fame—the slander that most cruelly wounds a woman. She took refuge from it in union with a man utterly incapable of appreciating her or making her happy, and went out with him to his government at the Gold Coast—to die. And not even—tragical as such an ending would have been to the career of the applauded writer, the flattered woman—to wither before the pestilential influences that steam up from that wilderness of swamp and jungle; but to die a violent death—a fearful one—and to leave to the coroner's inquest, that the manner of her end made necessary, the task of delicately veiling

under a verdict of accident the horrid doubts that her fate suggested. Suicide or murder—which was it, the voice of the public of that day asked, that had so tragically closed the career of the gifted "L. E. L."? For my part, that unhappy "L. E. L." was murdered I never had a doubt. Her marriage in 1838 to Maclean, who had accidentally met her during a visit he paid to England while he was Governor of the Gold Coast, was speedily followed by her departure with her husband for what was to prove her grave. She landed at Cape Coast Castle in July, 1838, and on the 15th of October she was dead—dying, according to the verdict of a coroner's inquest, from having accidentally taken a dose of prussic acid. But where was she to have procured that poison? I learned by inquiry from her physician that it was not among the contents of the medicine-chest she took out from England, and I have no reason to suppose that any one at Cape Coast Castle was guilty of the culpable negligence of accidentally leaving it in her way.

When the ship that bore them to Africa arrived in port, Maclean left her on board while he went to arrange matters on shore. A negro woman was there, with four or five children—*his* children; she had to be sent into the interior to make room for her legitimate successor. It is understood the negress was the daughter of a king; at all events she was of a race "with whom revenge is virtue," and from the moment "L. E. L." landed her life was at the mercy of her rival; that by her hand she was done to death I am all but certain, although in the only letter she wrote to Mrs. Hall from Africa she assumed an air of cheerfulness and content.

It was a fate that many of her friends foreboded. I was not at her wedding, where her friend, Bulwer Lytton, gave her away. Few were; but not many days afterwards I was one of a party assembled at the house that was then her home, to bid the wedded pair farewell. It chanced that I was the oldest of her friends present; it was therefore my duty to make her the congratulatory speech. I threw into it as much feeling as I could, appealed to Mrs. Hall for confirmation of my statement that during many years we had known her intimately, each year having increased our affection, regard, and respect, which she could not have so long and continuously retained if they had not been earned and merited. It was, indeed, but an emphatic mode of confuting the slanders that had embittered her life, and of which, no doubt, her husband had heard. The bride wept; the bridegroom replied. It will not be difficult to guess our feelings when we heard this reply: "If what Mr. Hall says of my wife be true, I wonder you let her go away from you;" that was all he said! Laman Blanchard looked at me and I at him, and on afterwards comparing notes we found that a similar gloomy foreboding of her future doom had seized us both.

Poor child, poor girl, poor woman, poor wife, poor victim—from the cradle to the grave, it was an unhappy life! I have seldom seen her merry, that the laugh was not followed by a sigh.

Her poems and her novels are but little read now; the latter have not been reprinted, the former are forgotten; but between the years 1825 and 1845 she

occupied a very prominent position; her admirers were the whole reading British public. I have, I think, done justice to her in the "Book of Memories." I cannot find space here to go into the history of the slander breathed against her; but Mrs. Hall is authority sufficient to brand as calumnies the whispers that pursued her during the later years of a grievous and mournful career.

For, perhaps, years before her departure from England she had lived as an inmate at a boarding-school, 22, Hans Place,* where a number of young ladies were educated. That fact alone might have sufficed to silence the slanders that assailed her. She there received her friends, and seldom a week passed that she was not a visitor at our house in Sloane Street—close by.

Mrs. Hall, writing in 1839 of Miss Landon, says, "How evanescent were her smiles, how weary were her sighs!" and pictured her then as very fascinating. Small of person, but well formed. Her dark silken hair braided back over a small, but, what phrenologists would call, a well-developed, head; her forehead full and open, but the hair grew low upon it; the eyebrows perfect in arch and form; the eyes round—soft, or flashing, as might be—grey, well formed, and beautifully set; the lashes long and black, the under lashes turning down with delicate curve, and forming a soft relief upon the tint of her cheek, which, when she enjoyed good health,

* Her constant companion, fellow-inmate, and faithful friend, was Miss Emma Roberts—the author of some pleasant and useful books. She went to India and died there, comparatively young.

Miss Landon used to say of Hans Place, that the single policeman whose sole duty it was to stroll up and down and look at nothing, petitioned his superior for removal on the ground that its loneliness was draining the life out of him.

was bright and blushing; her complexion was delicately fair; her skin soft and transparent; her nose small (*retroussé*), slightly curved, but capable of scornful expression, which she did not appear to have the power of repressing, even though she gave her thoughts no words, when any despicable action was alluded to.

"Weary, beset with privations, unkindnesses, disappointments, ever struggling against absolute poverty" —these were the mournful words "L. E. L." applied to herself. In one of her letters to Mrs. Hall she wrote: "Envy, malice, and all uncharitableness—these are the fruits of a successful literary career for a woman." Thank God, there are many happy exceptions. To some of them I shall refer in this book.

I have placed her maiden name at the head of this chapter; let the one she bore for so short a time be forgotten. On the evening of her death she was buried in the courtyard of Cape Coast Castle. The grave was dug by torchlight amid a pitiless torrent of rain: active workmen hurried through their dismal work, and her body was put out of sight. Mrs. Hall and I strove to raise money to place a monument there; but objection was made, and the project was abandoned. Lady Blessington directed a slab to be placed at her expense on the wall. That, also, was objected to. But her husband, for very shame, at last permitted it to be done, and a mural tablet records that in that African courtyard rests all that is mortal of Letitia Elizabeth Maclean.

LAMAN BLANCHARD published a biography of "L. E. L."

It is kind, generous, and full of interest. He was a dear friend of ours: we had introduced him to the poetess. As a poet, essayist, and editor he took prominent and honourable rank. A more estimable man I have rarely known. He died sadly; his mind had become gloomily o'ercast by the death of his admirable wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. He died in a moment of madness, brought on by despondency that had reached despair.

As an editor—first of the *True Sun*, and afterwards of the *Courier*—both papers long ago extinct—he was liberal, discriminating, just; as a critic sound, generous, and upright. I drew his character at that time, as I draw it now: "The eloquent and tender poet; the brave advocate of natural rights; the brimful and active but generous wit; the sterling and steadfast essayist; the searching yet indulgent critic." He was all that.

> "The sunny temper, bright where all is strife;
> The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles;
> Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
> And stirs its languid surface into smiles."

His godson, the son of Douglas Jerrold—who has made for himself a high renown, both as a man of letters and a political writer—married Blanchard's daughter, and they have many children, who may have inherited the genius of both grandsires—the wit of the one and the genial nature of the other.

Of a thoroughly opposite nature to the kindly biographer of "L. E. L." was DOUGLAS JERROLD. They both had their trials—the one succumbed to, the other defied

and defeated, them. How different their characters, how opposite their fates! Jerrold lived to be a prosperous man; but no one ever accused him of generosity or sympathy; his wit, which, unlike that of his associate, often—

"Carried a heart-stain away on its blade,"

was ever biting, bitter, and caustic, and careless as to distinguishing friend from foe. Many of his brilliant *bons mots* and witticisms are current in literary cliques; but I have rarely heard one repeated that was not calculated to give somebody pain. Long neglect, doubtless, soured his temper, and when reputation and comparative wealth came to him—somewhat late in life, and, I believe, after years of privation—they found him like the wholesome draught which the thunder-storm has converted into a sour and deleterious drink.

Few countenances expressed a character more truthfully than did that of Jerrold; it was highly intellectual, but severe, and exceedingly sarcastic—just that of one whom a prudent man would not covet for a foe, and would hardly expect to hail as a friend.

WILLIAM JERDAN first appeared in print so long ago as 1804.* During many years the *Literary Gazette*, of which he was the editor from 1817 to 1850, was a power in the Press; its good or ill word went far to

* He was born at Kelso in 1782, and died at Bushy Heath, Kent, in 1869. Not long before his death I heard him make an earnest and impressive speech at the Society of Noviomagus: of which society—although then retired from it—he had long been a prominent member. He was eighty-five years old and in marvellous vigour, notwithstanding the gay life he had led for nearly three-quarters of a century.

make or mar an author's reputation, and the sale of a book was often large or limited according to its fiat. It is but justice to him to say he "did his spiriting gently," and was far less given to censure than to praise. It is true that in his latter years he was, as Hawthorne said of him, "time-worn, but not reverend;" yet in old age he retained much of his pristine vigour, and when he was past eighty could be, and often was, witty in words and eloquent in speech. Yet his life is not a life to emulate, and certainly not one for laudation. Many liked, without respecting, him. No doubt he was of heedless habits, no doubt he cared little for the cost of self-gratification, and was far too lightly guided all his life long by high and upright principles; but I for one will not turn a deaf ear to the prayer, that is half an apology, to which he gives utterance in his autobiography—a hope "that some fond and faithful regret might embalm the memory of the sleeper, who can never wake more to participate in a sorrow and bestow a solace, listen to distress, and bring it relief, serve a friend and forgive a foe, perform his duties as perfectly as his human frailty allowed, never wilfully doing injury to man, woman, or child, and loving his neighbours of one sex as himself, and of the other better."

Unhappily he wrote another passage—at least as true. "I have drained the Circe cup to the dregs!" Alas! the dregs were pernicious to heart, mind, and soul.

Jerdan, although always intensely occupied with his editorial labours on the *Gazette*, was a voluminous author; in 1830 he edited and wrote nearly the whole of the "National Portrait Gallery," short and pithy yet

comprehensive sketches of character based on interesting facts. There are few works so good of the period, or of any period.

He left an autobiography; considering his vast opportunities it is deficient in interest, of little use for reference, and giving us but a shadowy idea of the many great men and women to whom it makes reference, and whom he had personally known. Indeed, he had personally known nearly all who flourished during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. I have myself vainly sought in his four volumes for the help he might have given — and ought to have given—the writers who should come after him.

I wish I could say something to honour the memory of William Jerdan, for personally I owed him much; I had always his good word, and so had my wife; there is no one of her books that did not receive generous and cordial praise in the *Literary Gazette*. I grieve that now he is in his grave I can give so little for so much.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—I owe a tribute of grateful memory to Allan Cunningham, not only for the friendship he gave us, but that at his house, 27, Lower Belgrave Place (near to the *atelier* of the sculptor Chantrey, whose works he "oversaw" and directed), I met several of the celebrities I might not otherwise have known—notably Scott and Southey. The inscription I would place over his grave in Kensal Green is this—

"Love him, for he loved Nature!"

That love was as strong in him after long years of toil

in London, as it was when in early youth he wooed the Muse in the dales of the Scottish shire he dearly loved, and of which he was fondly proud.

He was born in 1784, came to London in 1810, and having soon after written to persuade the bonnie Scottish lassie he had wooed in green Nithsdale to follow him, married her in July of the following year. Honest, sturdy, loving, true, seldom did a better man take service in the ranks of "Letters:" for Allan was, "by profession," an author, although authorship was in his case the staff and not the crutch.

He was a tall man, powerful of frame, and apparently of an iron constitution. Of a genial, kindly, courteous nature, these qualities gained for him not only esteem but affection. To the last he gave the idea of a man self-taught, or rather whose teacher was Nature; and his tongue, always when he warmed to a subject, smacked of the heather. There is a pile of granite reared over his grave in Kensal Green—granite from Aberdeen, it is true—but it would seem more in keeping with the memory of Allan Cunningham if daisies grew where he was laid; or as his friend, Theodore Martin, wrote, in a noble poem that commemorated the burial of Campbell—

> "Better after-times should find him,
> To his rest in homage bound,
> Lying in the land that bore him,
> With its glories piled around."

His admirable wife, the bonny Jean of his earlier poems, rests by his side. They were little more than children when they loved first; they were still young when a prospect of independence to be won by hard toil

encouraged them to marry. I do not think it can offend any one of their descendants if I relate an anecdote that does special honour to the wife. Mrs. Cunningham, calling one afternoon on Mrs. Hall, told her she had had visitors that morning. Her old master and mistress from Dumfries had visited London, and of course had called upon Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham. The servant brought in cake and wine; Mrs. Cunningham took from her hands the tray, closed the door upon her, and with her own hands offered the refreshments to her guests. As she told the touching little story, her Scottish accent seemed to become more broadly Doric, when she said, "I wasna goin' to let anybody but mysel' wait upon my auld master and mistress." I have never known a better example than Mrs. Cunningham of what natural grace and purity can do to produce refinement. Though peasant born, she was in society a lady—thoroughly so. Not only was there no shadow of vulgarity in her manners, there was not even rusticity, while there was a total absence of assumption and pretence.

I reluctantly refer to their son Peter; although his name is honoured in Letters as that of a successful worker in fields somewhat fallow when he wrote. His researches into the history and remains of Old London are especially valuable, and of great use to all who follow in his wake. Most unhappily he impaired intellectual vigour and destroyed life, by habits of intemperance—the curse of so many of large capacity, whose promise was thus negatived and blighted before the flower had produced the seed.

Two other sons of Allan became general officers in the India Company's service. One, if not both, have left sons to inherit the honoured name: honour which both these estimable officers fully maintained.

Captain Marryat.—A thorough sailor to outward seeming was Frederick Marryat, the greatest of all the writers of sea stories; and a sailor in truth he was—daring, energetic, and brave, thoughtful, far-seeing, and enterprising. One fancied the scent of tar was clinging to his thick-set manly frame. At least that is the way I call him to memory. He died, after having done an immense amount of work afloat and ashore, in the vigour of his life, in 1848, when he was but fifty-six years old; his daughter tells us "he was murmuring passages from the Lord's Prayer when he fell asleep—a shiver passed over him and he was gone."

His sister, Mrs. Bury Palisser, author of several excellent and useful books, was during many years our frequent and always welcome visitor. She was one of the much esteemed friends of Baron Cuvier, at whose house we first met her in 1830. A very kind, charming, and most intellectual lady she was, and very handsome. Many of her most valuable writings, on china and lace more especially, she contributed to the *Art Journal*.

John Banim died in his native city, Kilkenny, in 1842, at the early age of forty-five. Poor fellow! he

was in deplorably bad health all his life. I knew the author of the "O'Hara Tales"—their joint-author rather with his elder brother, Michael—so long ago as 1822, when he was, for a time, my fellow-lodger in the cottage assigned to me by Ugo Foscolo, at South Bank, St. John's Wood. He was but eighteen when he produced his tragedy of "Damon and Pythias," and was the editor of a provincial journal when but seventeen years old. At twenty he married a peasant girl, of much beauty though in delicate health. He began life as an artist, though when he settled in London, about 1820, he earned a precarious livelihood by writing for periodicals, and fame; and a corresponding increase of income but slowly overtook him. Subsequently he was awarded one of the Crown pensions—£150 a year.

In 1853 a meeting was held in Dublin, a "Banim Testimonial Committee," to render homage to the writer of so many novels admirably illustrative of Irish life and character, and to aid in comforting those who were left behind to mourn him—the wife and daughter he fondly and devotedly loved.

Edwin Atherstone was, as his name indicates, of pure Saxon descent, and his personal appearance tallied with it. He was of herculean build: tall, robust, large-limbed, and handsome, with keen blue eyes and flaxen hair, representing fifty generations of Saxon ancestors; yet he died early. He produced a remarkable poem of great power, merit, and beauty, which probably not one in a hundred thousand has read. Some idea of the

nature of this work may be formed from its title, "The Fall of Nineveh." It was illustrated by more than one picture painted by his friend, John Martin.

Mrs. Jameson, whose works "do live," was of Irish birth; her father, Mr. Murphy, was miniature painter to the Princess Charlotte. Her husband, a barrister, obtained an appointment in Canada, but she did not go with him to that colony; she remained in London, what in her country is called a "grass widow." Yet her husband, to whom she introduced us during one of his few visits to England, seemed, in all senses of the word, a gentleman—handsome of person, amiable in disposition, a man to whom any wife might have been fondly attached. During the long period of thirty years she may be said to have been a wedded wife without a husband. Why it was so was a secret they wisely and rightly kept to themselves.

Though greatly admired and respected, she was one of the few exceptions I have met with as regards Irishwomen—not made to be loved.

Her first book, "The Beauties of the Court of Charles II.," was not a seemly introduction to a literary career in the case of a woman, but her name is attached to volumes on holier themes; her greatest work was "Sacred and Legendary Art," commenced in 1848, and completed in 1852. Some of her best works appeared originally in the *Art Journal.*

She was a "liberal" as regards education and religion, and delivered lectures on the grievances that

affected her sex—a pioneer of the army that has since arisen to wage war for "woman's rights."

Among literary women such advocates have been, and happily continue to be, very few. Indeed, I do not think I could name half a dozen of the women who were famous during the first half of the nineteenth century, nor do I think there is a greater number of those who now live, whom the "strong-minded" of to-day can claim as sister-soldiers in the contest for "woman's rights"—as they are advocated by some women who wrangle at public meetings, and annually assail Parliament, so to alter their accustomed legal and natural rights as to place woman in all ways on what they term an equality with man.

HANNAH MORE.—In February of the year 1745, when the Prince Pretender, the Young Chevalier, was hiding in the caves at Arasaig, trusting his life to needy comrades who would have consigned their souls to Satan sooner than betray him, there was born to a poor schoolmaster at Stapleton, near Bristol, a daughter (one of five) who was destined to occupy a *premier rôle* in the literary history of her country; and in 1763 there visited Bristol an Irish lecturer on rhetoric, companioned by his son, Richard Brinsley Sheridan; among his frequent auditors was a young girl—Hannah More. Not long afterwards, among her friends were Bishop Porteous, David Garrick, William Wilberforce, Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, John Locke, Gibbon, De Lolme, and Sir Joshua Reynolds—names, the sounds of which seem

as far off as are those of Harold and William the Conqueror.

In 1825 it was my happiness to visit that lady, Hannah More: she was then in her eightieth year; but much later, in 1832, I was again her visitor; in 1833 she passed from earth to heaven—the heaven she had so long and faithfully served; she has her reward, and is again the companion of the good men and women she had known on earth.

Between the day of her birth and that on which I write there are nearly one hundred and forty years.

Barley Wood is at Wrington, a village eight miles from Bristol; the pretty cottage was reached through grounds that contained many memorials of her friends: urns that commemorated some worthy who was a benefactor, and whose name obtained renown about a century and a half ago. She left it not long after we were there, and we again saw her at Richmond Terrace, Bristol. She was in sound health and good spirits, enjoying life in the prospect and the retrospect.

At Barley Wood she met us at the door, gave us a cordial greeting, tripped before us up the stairs to the drawing-room, chatting all the way, and at once commenced her task of showing to us the relic-reminders of friends gone before. One by one she took them from her table, told us what they were and of whom they were the cherished gifts. At length she took from a drawer a play-bill, printed in the last century; it was the bill of her tragedy of "Percy," the prologue and epilogue of which were written by David Garrick. He had left the stage some two or three years previously, or he assuredly

would have acted the part of the hero in that play. At the time it was acted, in 1777, and long afterwards, it was classed among the most successful dramas produced on the British stage.

I likened her to a benevolent fairy, as she flitted to and fro, her very small person clad in pea-green silk. Mrs. Hall has pictured her, and that picture I copy.

"Her form was small and slight; her features wrinkled with age; but the burden of eighty years had not impaired her gracious smile, nor lessened the brilliancy of her eyes: bright and searching, clear and far-seeing eyes they were, even then. She tripped from console to console, from window to window, to show us some gift that bore a name immortal, some cherished reminder of long-ago days—almost of another world, certainly of another age, for they were memories of those whose deaths were registered before the nineteenth century had birth.

"Her work was principally for women: but she never sought to lead woman out of her sphere: and it is at once an example to the 'strong-minded.' She sought by all means to elevate, and thoroughly succeeded in elevating her sex. She wrote for me in my album this memorable passage: 'A habit is more powerful than an act: and a previously indulged temper, during the day, will not, it is to be feared, be fully counteracted by a few minutes devotion at night.'"

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.—Miss Landon called her "Sancho Panza in petticoats;" yet among the lanes and glades of her own sunny Berkshire she might have aptly seemed a merry milkmaid—proper to the place. Her round figure, jolly face, perpetual smile, ready greeting, kindly words seemed of kin to the Nature that is away from crowded streets. Assuredly she was more at home at Three Mile Cross than she was in London. In London she seemed always *en garde*, thought an air of patronage the right thing, and that an author about whom the

whole world was talking, and who had achieved the greatest of all literary successes—the production of a tragedy—was bound to be stately as well as cordial—to have company manners that she would have thrown off as a paralyzing encumbrance where the breezes blew among the trees that shaded her native heather. I have elsewhere told the story that one evening at our house, soon after "Rienzi" had become town-talk, and when she was the observed of all observers, some wags were tittering behind her chair; we ascertained the cause—she wore a huge turban utterly out of keeping with her countenance: there was a card pinned to it, on which was printed in large letters, "Very chaste; only five and threepence." She had purchased it at Cranbourn Alley (then a famous mart for second-class finery), had placed it on her head in the carriage, and, not noticing, had not removed the ticket. Mrs. Hall, making some pretence to arrange her headdress, unpinned and took away the obnoxious advertisement, and she never knew how or why so many wags had been merry at her cost.

A pleasanter day was that we spent with her at Three Mile Cross, in a small and somewhat dismal cottage with a poor bit of garden, which her feeling and fancy had magnified into the perfection of a rural retreat—*rus in urbe*, where her pet greyhound, Mayflower, gambolled about her feet; and where the "neighbours," each and all of whom she had pictured with graceful and kindly pencil in her "sketches," dropped curtseys as she passed.*

* They were not angry because of the freedom with which they were treated. It was otherwise with Mrs. Hall, who did something of the same kind in her

Mary Russell Mitford sleeps in the prettiest of old village churchyards, where village lads and lasses pass every Sabbath-day beside her grave; fit resting-place of one whose delight was in picturing "the humble loves and simple joys" of the Sylvias and Corydons who still gather round an English homestead. I hope her dreams are not disturbed at Swallowfield by gas in the highway and the scream of the railway whistle, but that swallows yet build in the cottage eaves, and the blackbird's trill is heard among the fragrant limes, that the nightingale sings there yet, and that roses still bloom in her "Vale of Cashmere."

There was not much of romance in the career of Miss Mitford; at least, of such little is known.* She lived chiefly with her father in sunny Berkshire. He was a selfish old man—drinking, gambling, worthless—who having squandered his own money lived upon hers; that which she earned, but did not inherit.

Miss Mitford was a voluminous correspondent. I do not know how many volumes of her letters have been

earliest book with her humbler acquaintances and friends; they were mortally offended, "never thought Miss Maria would do the like,—putting them in a printed book:" and more than one greeted her with reluctance when she visited her native home; yet it is unnecessary to say they had been portrayed with feelings not only of regard but affection. The humbler Irish have always had a horror of "being in print."

* We may except, however, the piece of luck that gave her, when a child, a prize in the lottery.

On her tenth birthday Dr. Mitford took the child to a lottery office, and bade her select a ticket. She determined—guided, to all appearance, by one of the unaccountable whims of childhood—that she would have none other than that numbered 2,224. Some difficulty attended the purchase of the coveted number, but the little lottery patroness had her way at last, and on the day of drawing there fell to the lot of the happy holder of ticket No. 2,224 a prize of £20,000. Alas! the holder of the fortunate ticket was happy only in name. By the time his daughter was a woman, there remained to Dr. Mitford, of all his lottery adventure had brought him, a Wedgwood dinner service with the family crest!

put into print by her friend the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. He has been, however, a generous and sympathetic biographer;* so, indeed, has been another friend, much loved and respected by her, Francis Bennoch, F.S.A. To give a list that included all her correspondents, literary and artistic, would be to give a very long list indeed. I found among my letters one from Barbara Hofland to Mrs. Hall, an extract from which, I think, is worth giving, principally because of the "fun" it exhibits in the attempt to write Irish brogue.

"Och! to be sure, my dear honey, and it's your own swate self that is quite ignorant of the most wonderfullest, astonishing surprise that is just come upon a body, and that has done a body's heart good to think about—and nivver a word the spalpeen rascals i' the *Times* has told us about it, bekase, you see, she commanded her nibour to hould their black and white tongues, an' niver mention the partickler case. But as to not tellin' o' your, my dear, all as I just happen to know, why it's out o' the question, honey—so here goes. Miss Mary Mitford is married, honestly married, to one of her own kith and kin, a true Mitford of Northumberland, tho' his relationship is a mighty way off. And he have taken her down to his own fine estate and noble ould mansion, and made her who was a rale lady, just aisy for the rest of her days, and her parents aisy too; and if that isn't good news, I don't know what is, honey dear."

"Life to the last enjoyed"—in "sunny Berkshire" she loved so long and so well—Mary Russell Mitford died at Swallowfield on the 10th of January, 1855.†

* Very recently—in 1882—Mr. L'Estrange published a book of letters to and from her, which he terms "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford." It is a most deeply interesting book; her correspondence was with a very large number of the celebrities of the age.

Her conversation Mrs. Barrett Browning considered "even better than her books;" and Mr. Field writes of her, "Her voice was as a beautiful chime of silver bells."

† "Sunny Berkshire" was a very Arcadia to Mary Russell Mitford: she fought for it against all comers. Now and then, she was forced into admission

Her tragedies may be forgotten, but her village sketches never can be. To them she is indebted for her fame. In one of the latest of her letters she writes, "I sit by the open window enjoying the balmy air. . . . . The trees, and the sky, and a bit of the distant road. . . . . My roses are very beautiful, delicately sweet, and the common white pinks almost like cloves in their fragrance."

It is very pleasant to know that her love for the sweet things of earth continued up to the brink of the grave, but how far happier, for her, it would have been to have known that earth was but a preparation for Heaven—that the sweetest and brightest of her joys here were as dust. Alas! we must admit that to the joys to be revealed hereafter she gave no thought.* On the 3rd of October, 1854, Mary Russell Mitford murmured, "I cling to life."

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that it was not quite perfect; and very reluctantly confessed that its peasants were sometimes boors. She told me this story—how one day she was taken aback. A lady was walking with her through one of the lanes; they had a tussle of words: one asserting, the other denying, that the peasantry lacked natural courtesy and politeness; and both had warmed with the discussion. They had to pass through a gate: suddenly a boy who was leading a cow started forward and opened the gate for them. Miss Mitford was delighted: *it was* a death-blow to her antagonist. The lady was more than surprised: "Ah," said she to the lad, "you're not Berkshire, I'm sure!" This was the answer—"*Thee'rt a liar, vor I be!*" I contrasted this illustration of natural courtesy with an anecdote I have heard my father tell. He was in a boat with the daughters of Puxley, of Berehaven; the six rowers did their best; each was rewarded by a glass of whisky; but a merry lass of the party aiming to play a joke, observing that one of the boatmen was looking away, dipped the wine-glass into the water and presented it to him. He drank it off seemingly without notice. returned her the glass, saying, "Thank ye, mee lady," instead of the sputtering she expected. In much astonishment she said, "What, Pat, do you like salt water?" This was his answer—"No, mee lady, I don't like salt water; but if yer ladyship had given me a glass of poison, I'd have drank it!"

* One of the dearest of her friends writes of her, shortly before her death, "Would to God I knew more certainly than I do that the great thing of all is not wanting."

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH died so recently as 1882 in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He produced a score, at least, of novels, and was for some years the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* (in 1845), which he purchased from the executors of Colburn. Probably at one period of his career he might have boasted that he had almost as many readers as Dickens.

I knew Ainsworth when he obtained an unenviable notoriety by his novel of "Jack Sheppard," a work that effected an enormous amount of evil. It became a sort of sacred book to the ruffians, demireps, and all who were dishonestly or immorally inclined amongst the lowest orders, and, in fact, made, as well as encouraged, thieves and other moral and social pests of society. I hope before he died he "repented him of the evil." God gave him time in which to do so.

I saw little of him in later days, but when I knew him in 1826, not long after he married the daughter of Ebers of New Bond Street, and "condescended" for a brief time to be a publisher, he was a remarkably handsome young man—tall, graceful in deportment, and in all ways a pleasant person to look upon and talk to. He was, perhaps, as thorough a gentleman as his native city of Manchester ever sent forth. Few men have lived to be more largely rewarded, not only by pecuniary recompense, but by celebrity—I can hardly call it fame. His antiquarian lore was remarkable, and he made brilliant and extensive use of it in his long series of historical romances.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY had the ear of the drawing-room fifty years ago, and from the pianos and harps, and well-trained voices of the polite world, each new song of his speedily made its way to the ruder choristers and humbler instruments of the street. "I'd be a Butterfly," and "Oh no, we never mention her!" exercised the hurdy-gurdies and ballad-singers throughout the kingdom. Bayly was of a respectable family in Bath, his father having been a solicitor in that city; and he was himself articled in his youth to an attorney, but never followed his profession. He was a thorough gentleman, of handsome person and refined manners. His talent did not approach genius, but he hit the popular taste, and his verses, wedded to simple music, long delighted ears not over-fastidious.

Born in 1797, Bayly died, in 1839, at the comparatively early age of forty-two. He is one of the numerous worthies whose names are intimately associated with Bath; for, in addition to his having been born there, all, or nearly all, his most popular songs were written in that pleasant city.

SIR JOHN BOWRING was better known as Dr. Bowring, LL.D. He was knighted in 1853, after having been consul at Hong Kong, and was subsequently the Queen's representative in China. He was some time editor of the *Westminster Review;* an advanced Liberal, and Member of Parliament, first for Kilmarnock, afterwards for Bolton; and literary executor of Bentham.

He was a native of Devonshire, of a very old family in that county, and was born at Exeter in 1798. It was that fact perhaps that brought us into harmony, for I was not at any time an admirer of his politics—those of "The Philosophical Radicals," as his school was styled —or styled themselves, taking James Mill as their idol.

As an author, his reputation mainly rests on translations from languages with which few persons are acquainted, but his public services were considerable; as an advanced Liberal he largely aided his party, and was foremost as a promoter and advocate of many good and useful measures in Parliament; while as a man and a gentleman he was in all ways beyond reproach. He is one whom his native county may be proud to rank among the worthies of Devon.

JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A.—I prefer to give my memory of this eminent antiquary—the pioneer of more recent archæologists—as an extract from the *Art Journal.* I wrote thus nearly forty years ago :—

"It is in contemplation by some personal friends of Mr. Britton, in conjunction with others who are cognisant of his services, to 'testify by some public acknowledgment the debt due to him from all who are interested in our ancient architectural glories.' To this testimonial we shall very gladly contribute. Few men have been more useful in their generation. Mr. Britton was a brave and zealous preserver of our national antiquities, when the duty was neither so simple nor so creditable as it has since become. Architecture and archæology owe him much—he has worked long and ardently for both: a veteran in the cause of Art, he retires from the contest only when the victory has become certain and easy. His experience extends, we imagine, over half a century: fifty years of hard work have, we trust, secured him sufficient to

make the downhill of life a facile descent; and the object contemplated is only some unequivocal sign that his amiable qualities, his kindly disposition, and his ready zeal to communicate information have their just influence upon a very large circle of friends; while those who know him only through his numerous works—every one of which has been more or less beneficial to his country—will be equally willing to aid in adopting some mode of recording their sense of his services. Such episodes in a life of labour are not only salutary rewards; they act as direct encouragement to honourable exertions, and are stimulants to useful energies. In this country 'the public' does that which Governments do—wisely and honestly—elsewhere."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.—I cannot pass in memory through Sheffield without taking note of the Anti-Corn Law Rhymer, whose dismal, yet grand and patriotic poems, I do not doubt, aided largely to bring about the repeal of the Corn Laws, when Cobden and Bright were assailing them from many platforms. It was Bulwer Lytton, prompted by William Howitt, who brought the dawn of fame to Ebenezer Elliott. Howitt sent to Bulwer a coarsely-printed pamphlet-poem, entitled "The Ranter," and Bulwer sent a review of it to me, as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

No man could be more happy than Elliott in a green lane; though an indefatigable and successful man of business, he devoutly and devotedly loved Nature. If absolutely rabid when he wrote of the "tax-fed aristocracy"—sententious, bitter, sarcastic, loud, with his pen in his hand and class sympathies and antipathies for his inspiration—all evil thoughts evaporated when communing in the woods and fields with the God by whom the woods and fields were made; among them his spirit was as fresh and gentle as the dew by which they

were nourished. I saw him but once, yet I had much pleasant correspondence with him; and in the "Amulet" some of the sweetest and best of his poems were printed. He was also a frequent contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine.*

JOHN CLARE was, far more truly than Ebenezer Elliott, of the class of uneducated poets. I recall him, poor fellow, with his huge overburthening head, that might have dreamed dreams and seen visions, but obviously was not the throne of productive thought. His life was cheerless, or gladdened only by a brief ray of sunshine that speedily gave way to blacker and blacker clouds of calamity, under the gloomy influence of which his mind sank; and after long years of confinement he died in the Insane Asylum at Northampton, the town with which his name is inseparably associated —though not to its honour. He was not buried in a pauper's grave; a few pounds were kindly subscribed to preserve his body from that indignity; that, and a small annuity purchased for him by subscription, while he was yet free from the most terrible of maladies, is the sum of what his country did for the poor peasant boy who lived through penury and suffering to leave his mark in the literary annals of his time. I knew him in 1826 or 1827, and printed in the "Amulet" some of the best of his poems, notably "Mary Lee." At a later period a memoir of him in the "Book of Gems," with some examples of his genius and a reference to the sad story of his life,* brought me a letter from the noble

* "JOHN CLARE, THE PEASANT POET.—It is well known that this amiable man and highly distinguished poet, has been for some years subject to such

Marquis who took his title from Clare's native town; but I never heard that it resulted in substantial aid to the poor poet. Yet he had been guilty of no other crime than poverty, and his errors were only those that are unhappily so frequently found in combination with the highest order of genius. London society, certain coteries of it, at least, made a lion of him for a time, and then consigned him to utter and withering neglect; what had been sport to the lionizers was death to poor Clare, whom flattery and patronage had disgusted with his former life of hopeless poverty, and who found himself suddenly plunged back into it.

AMELIA OPIE.—I have described Mrs. Opie as "at home" in the gay capital of France.

"At one moment," as Mrs. Hall wrote, "discussing some point of natural history with Baron Cuvier; the next, talking over the affairs of America with Fenimore Cooper; the next, explaining in very good English-French to some sentimental girl who craved her blessing, and called her *mère*, that she never was and never would be a nun, and that her dress was not the garb of any such laborious, useful, or self-denying order as the

aberration of mind as rendered it necessary that he should be removed from his family, and placed in a situation where the best medical treatment and most judicious means of management could be engaged in contributing to his recovery. He has now been under the care of Dr. Allen, of Fairmead House, Epping Forest, for nearly four years; and it is with much pleasure that all the friends of humanity and admirers of genius will hear, that in Dr. Allen's opinion, Clare's recovery would soon be complete, if his anxiety for the welfare of his family could be relieved by the consciousness that he had an income more adequate to their support."—Extract from an advertisement in the *Art Union*, 1845.

The hopes referred to in the above unhappily proved transitory, and the luckless poet was consigned to the public asylum at Northampton—to be liberated only by death.

Sœurs de Charité. Mrs. Opie was, to perfection, the elderly English lady, tinged with the softest *blue*, and vivified by the graceful influence of Parisian society."

Twenty years later, I saw Mrs. Opie for the last time —only a brief while before her death. It was in the autumn of 1851, at her quiet, pleasant dwelling in the Castle Meadow of Norwich; and not long after its mistress had paid her last visit to London, to see the Great Exhibition of that year. She greeted me with a cordial welcome. Time had touched her lightly, and had not robbed her of her grace, but had only replaced the charms of youth with the beauty of old age. At eighty-four she was a charming picture of what goodness of heart and cheerfulness of disposition can do to make age lovely to the last.

Although a member of the Society of Friends, and bound by that connection to be sedate, a leaven of gaiety clung to her through life, innocently and harmlessly, and there need have been no self-reproach in her occasional murmur to herself, "Shall I ever cease to enjoy the pleasures of the world? I fear not."

In truth she never did. And so her Diary oddly mingles gaieties with gravities: May meetings with brilliant evenings, labours of love and works of charity with half-idolatrous hero-worship; and there occur records of worldly joys, over which an Elder among the Friends might shake his head and sigh, side by side with such passages as these: "Went to the gaol, have hopes of one woman." "Called to see that poor wretched girl at the workhouse; mean to get the prayer-book I gave her out of pawn."

She was earnestly and sincerely philanthropic, though her name seldom appeared in the list of subscribers to public charities—for it was her way to give, not letting her left hand know what her right hand did.

Feminine—essentially feminine—in her gifts, her graces, her strength, her weakness, a true, and therefore a most lovable woman, was Amelia Opie.

In 1882 I had the great pleasure to meet at Plymouth a grand-nephew of the painter Opie.

Mr. Opie submitted to me a number of letters from Amelia Opie, several of them dated not long after she became a widow. They made it clear to me that she had been the devoted and loving wife of a devoted and loving husband. Such was by no means the opinion I had previously held; writing a memory of her, barely ten years ago, I had recorded a very opposite belief, describing Opie as a coarse man, unworthily mated to a charming woman. I rejoice to do justice to his memory. She loved and honoured him. He was, I am sure, worthy to be loved and honoured. It will suffice that I quote a passage or two from one of her letters. He died in 1807. In a preface to his life—published in 1809—she wrote of her "dear and ever-lamented husband," of her "affectionate duty to his memory."

"If I ever valued the power of writing, it is now that I am enabled to do him justice." "While I write I shall feel as if he was not entirely lost to me."

"I swear to you that nearly every day of my life (a blank, indeed, to what it was) I go through fits of anguish and regret, for him I have lost, as violent, if not more so, than I have ever felt. He who reads the heart knows how often I cry to Him for mercy in the bitterness of my soul and frenzy, for resignation to His will. My father came in this moment, and seeing me crying, asked

what was the matter; as if any new sorrow was necessary to make me cry."

BERNARD BARTON, the poet, was also a Quaker; but he was to the manner born, and formality sat better on him than it did on Amelia Opie, who certainly never got, perhaps, never tried to get, the world out of her heart.

Bernard Barton, if a poet, was also a banker's clerk. Dissatisfied with his lot in life, he sought the counsel of successful authors concerning a project he had formed of abandoning the desk, and trusting for bread to the progeny of his pen. Byron, to whom he referred his plan, reminded him of the common lot of those whose sole dependence is literature:

"Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."

And Charles Lamb, after quoting his own experience to show that "desks were not deadly," went on: "Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support, but what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!!! Throw yourself rather from the steep Tarpèian rock—slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. . . . . Oh, you know not—may you never know!—the miseries of subsisting by authorship."

Barton was wise enough to listen to the warning; and continued forty years longer at the desk he had dreamt of quitting—happier than if literature had become the serious business of his life.

I recall him as he walked the streets of London on his visits there, in a broad-brimmed hat and coat of Quakerish cut: a tall man, with a complexion telling

less of the counting-house than of walks among the fields and lanes that environ Woodbridge, in quiet Suffolk. His simple poetry has for its theme domestic virtues and homely joys; and its characteristics are rather feeling and fancy than imagination. A letter he wrote to me in 1845 well illustrates his character. It accompanied a little volume, entitled "Household Verses;" and I find in it these words:—

"I am a lover of the quiet household virtues—can breathe most freely in that purer atmosphere in which they live, move, and have their being; and have felt restrained, not less by my taste than by my religious creed, from seeking to gain popularity by the use of those exciting stimulants so much in vogue of later years with the followers of the Muses."

A Christian poet, who loved and studied the works of God—such is the briefest and best description of Bernard Barton.

James Montgomery.—If the latest earthly hope of Leigh Hunt was that he might meet his earth friends "in one of Plato's vast cycles of re-existence," it was far otherwise with the Christian poet, James Montgomery. Yet he seemed perpetually burthened with that curse—the weight of which Hunt never felt—mental depression such as haunted the poet Cowper from boyhood to the grave. I knew him in London, where, however, he never was a dweller; and saw him once seated in his editorial chair at Sheffield. He was usually in ill health; and as I think, judging by the much I heard and the little I saw, seldom cheerful, yet always (paradoxical as it may seem) happy; but he looked beyond this life, and had the consolation of faith, trust, and hope. Like

Leigh Hunt, he suffered fine and imprisonment for libel; but the offence in Montgomery's case was far less grave: indeed, we should be astonished now to find it pronounced an offence at all. But when he conducted the *Sheffield Iris*, a libel was a thing easy to fall into; and so perilous was it for journalists to speak out, that the "liberty of the press" was practically a myth.

Montgomery, though usually classed among Scottish poets, was an Irishman. His father, mother, and all his family were Irish; and in the North of Ireland he was reared and educated, although born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, where his father had for a brief while the charge of a small congregation. Father and son were Christians of the sect of the Moravian Brethren. But Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England may be proud of a man who did so much that was good and so little that was bad; in whose long life, indeed, we find nothing that was not designed, and calculated, to advance the temporal and spiritual welfare of humanity. He is one of the Band of Immortal Poets who, while they confer honour on their country, are foremost among missionaries sent to do the work of God for man.

In 1830, James Montgomery came to London to deliver lectures on English literature at the Royal Institution. It was then that he visited us in Sloane Street.

Few poets ever suffered more severely at the hands of critics; and, acting on a naturally sensitive nature, the attacks of Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh*, and of lesser Zoiluses in other reviews, probably had the effect they were designed to produce. In a letter I received from him in 1837, Montgomery thus alludes to himself:—"The dis-

appointment of my premature poetical hopes brought a blight with it, from which my mind has never recovered. For many years, I was as mute as a moulting bird; and when the power of song returned, it was without the energy, self-confidence, and freedom which happier minstrels among my contemporaries manifested."

GRACE AGUILAR.—A pure, good, and greatly gifted woman—Christian in all but creed—left earth when the Jewish maiden died. Her nation owes her much: her people have, I believe, raised a monument to her memory in the burial ground at Frankfort, where she died in 1847, just thirty years old. Her books have done a great deal to remove the prejudice that succeeded persecution by which the Jews were for centuries oppressed; and if she did not live to see them on a platform of perfect equality with Christians in England, she foresaw the great act of policy and justice that removed all their disqualifications: and I cannot doubt aided largely to achieve the triumph. We knew her personally and loved her—and she loved us. She was a "woman of Israel," truthful, upright, charitable, just and true. We echo the sentiment we read many years ago on her monument: "Let her own works praise her in the gates."

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.—While at Bath I wrote this memory, recalling also others who have given fame to the renowned city of King Bladud's founding, where his baths continue to be healing sources in the most

beautiful and graceful of all the assemblages of houses in the British Dominions.

So long ago as 1826, I knew the Rev. Robert Montgomery, the author of many poems, especially "The Omnipresence of the Deity," that attained a popularity which for some years threw into shade the poetry of his namesake James—a far greater poet, of a far loftier nature. Robert was, I have reason to believe, the son of a celebrated clown, Gomery, who had dropped the aristocratic syllable Mont. The son of right reassumed it, and Robert Montgomery has a place among British poets of the century.

In 1826 I had a visit from him; he had written a poetical satire, "The Age Reviewed," and his object was to consult me as to its publication. It consisted of a series of assaults on all the leading poets and critics of the time: a David assailing a hundred Goliaths without knowing how to use his sling. His rhymes were, no doubt, clever—that was the most that could be said of them, except that they were just such as inevitably made a mortal foe of every one he attacked. When he had read the production to me, I gave him earnest counsel at once to put his poem into the fire beside which we were sitting. My advice was angrily rejected, and "The Age Reviewed" saw the light in due course. It was a wanton act of aggression that, before long, no one had reason to lament more bitterly than its author.

But the portrait I draw of him cannot and ought not to be all shade. Beyond his vanity, there was no harm in him, nay, his nature was generous and kindly. Many years subsequent to 1826, we were brought together

again, in consequence of our mutual interest in the Brompton Hospital for the Cure of Consumption—a charity for which he exerted himself ardently and zealously. I will leave this pleasanter side of his nature to be described in some words of Mrs. Hall, written subsequently to his death:—

"We knew that the desire of his heart was to do good, and that one institution (the Hospital for the Cure of Consumption at Brompton) has had its fund increased more than a thousand pounds by the earnestness and frequency of his sermons; and we mourned for his 'departure' as a public bereavement, even on that ground alone; though that was but one of his many 'outlets' of Christian charity and love.

"Gifted by nature with great good temper and unflagging cheerfulness, he had endured the rebuffs formerly heaped upon him without evincing bitterness or disappointment, and determined, nothing daunted, to 'try again.'

"The Reverend Robert Montgomery was born in Bath in July, 1807, his boyish days were passed at Dr. Arnot's school—near his birthplace, and in 1843 he made a most happy marriage with Rachel, the youngest daughter of A. McKenzie, Esq., of Bursledon, Hampshire. Robert Montgomery died at Brighton at the end of November, 1855. Had his lot been cast in England instead of Scotland (where for some years his sermons filled one of the principal Episcopalian churches in Glasgow), he would not have died only the minister of Percy Chapel.

"The poor, in every sense of the word, were very near his heart; by his preaching and collecting for them he was enabled (we speak having authority from one who knew him well) to distribute a *thousand a year* in charity, and this when the net income of Percy Chapel hardly yielded him four hundred a year.

"The world knew him as a poet; his congregation as a faithful, eloquent gospel minister; the poor as an unfailing friend; but in his home, no more tender or unselfish husband, father, or relative ever left a hearth desolate! 'Restless as was his nature, he could tame it down at any time to watch by the couch of sickness, or relieve the pangs of sorrow.'"

REV. ROBERT HALL.—So long ago as 1828, I knew the renowned Baptist Minister, the Rev. Robert Hall. I heard him preach at Bristol, and more than once visited him there. Though he lived to be an old man —born in 1764, and dying in 1831—he was a sad sufferer all his life, from some internal ailment, and his eloquent sermons were often delivered while the speaker was struggling with bodily anguish.

In 1799 he preached and published his famous sermon on "Modern Infidelity," concerning which Bishop Porteous recorded his "applause, veneration, and gratitude" as "due to the acute detector, perspicuous impugner, and victorious antagonist of the sceptical, infidel, and anti-Christian sophist." No doubt it contributed much, at that perilous period, to arrest the progress of the atheistical principles that were then making way in England—blighting emanations from diseased Republican France.

It would be a great boon to society to republish it now; for perhaps no pen has so ably encountered—to vanquish—the twin demons of "democracy and atheism." I think I never heard a pulpit orator so effective as Robert Hall; yet his eloquence flowed without effort, and was totally devoid of ostentation. He impressed on all who heard him the conviction that he spoke for his Master and not for himself.

REV. ADAM CLARKE, the distinguished Biblical Commentator, whom I knew in Cork so far back as the year 1819, was of another type of physique. He conveyed

little idea of a man who laboured by lamp-light; but rather that of one whose work was done, at all seasons, in the open air. In the pulpit he had only the eloquence that proceeds from perseverance and convincing zeal. It is something to have known a man who was the associate and friend as well as one of the chosen Missionaries of John Wesley. Dr. Clarke loved much to speak of his knowledge of that great man, who, in 1782, had laid his hand on the head of the young neophyte, and dedicated him to the ministry; and when the subject of this brief notice died, his mortal remains were interred in the burial-ground of the Methodists in the City Road, close beside those of the Gamaliel at whose feet he had sat.

In those days the Wesleyan Methodists considered simplicity in all things the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace; and would have shrunk as much from wearing, at worship, a flower or a feather in the bonnet as from appearing in theatrical gauze and spangles in the street at mid-day; moreover, their "houses of God" were plain even to rudeness, rigidly destitute of aught that could tempt to the sin of adoring the creature. Now they are not unfrequently unsatisfactory imitations of a cathedral; the organ pours its full diapason over the pew in which are ladies who are patterns—not of the grave simplicity of the primitive Methodists, but of whatever absurdity of dress may be the fashion of the hour. I heard not long ago in a Wesleyan "church" one of the most eloquent speakers and powerful preachers it has ever been my lot to hear, whose every sentence seemed to have been written and rewritten, considered and revised, again and again—so perfect was

it in construction and composition: yet the Rev. Morley Punshon was, in the strictest sense, an extempore preacher. He called back to memory some of the able and gifted men I had heard more than half a century ago; men who appeared as thoroughly inspired as were the Apostles, who did the Master's work because they loved to do it, and sought to plant the seed only that they might see the harvest. I was, moreover, reminded of the Methodism of my young days; the preacher was entirely free from canonicals, and appeared in the plain dress of every-day wear.

I cannot tell if vital religion has gained or lost by the concessions to the world to which I have referred; more cheerfulness there may be, in the stead of unseemly dolour, when offering the heart to God, and many may be led, who must of old have been driven, to salvation: but possibly the aspirations of the soul are less heavenward in presence of so much of the world's pomps and vanities, than they would be in an atmosphere of greater simplicity.

Gerald Griffin, the author of "The Collegians,"—that remarkable novel, on which the play of *The Colleen Bawn* is founded—lies in the little burying-ground at Shandon Hill, Cork, within sound of—

> "The bells of Shandon
> That sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

He died just as he was about to leave the world for a religious life, and his broken spirit passed away from earth, instead of taking refuge in the monastery he

contemplated entering. "Lie lightly on him, earth"—on the dust of one who found the struggle for fame so bitter that he resigned it in very weariness of heart when victory was well-nigh within his grasp.

I knew Griffin when I was like him—a young man toiling hard for a future. John Banim—who had, between sickness, disappointment, and poverty, something like the lot of a literary martyr to endure himself—was his useful adviser and steadfast friend; and at Banim's house I met him more than once. He was then a delicate, or, rather, a refined-looking young man, tall and handsome, but with mournful eyes, and that unmistakeable something which prognosticates a sad life and an early death.

He had come to London at the age of nineteen, with some poems in his pocket and an unfinished tragedy. For a long time he continued to pick up a precarious living by literature, struggling with absolute poverty, without friends, without prospects—almost without hope. Sickened by numberless disappointments, brought face to face with actual starvation—for it had come to that, when a friend once discovered him, and ascertained that he had been three days without food—his pride yet held him back from seeking the aid that relatives he had left in Limerick would certainly have tendered, could he have prevailed on himself to make known to them his extremity of distress. Banim—himself hardly in better circumstances—proffered help, and it was rejected. At last—too late—"The Collegians" and "The Munster Festivals" found their way into print, and to success; then their author's dreary path was

lighted up with the first dawning of fame. Too late—for, though the struggle was at an end, it had crushed him. He determined to burn his manuscripts and write no more, but withdraw himself from the world. Alas! even while he was preparing for long years of penance and prayer, Death came and removed him to Heaven.

I saw him for the last time in Cork in 1840, shortly before his death. He was then preparing to take orders as a priest, and had joined the "Society of Christian Brothers" (he was "brother Joseph" there), an Order that, "besides fulfilling all the pious exercises of the monastic state, devotes its best energies to the religious and moral instruction of the children of the poor." In this new vocation he might have been useful, but the oil in the lamp had run too low—the wasted flame soon afterwards flickered out. He died in 1840.*

WALSH.—There are three persons, renowned Irishmen, who have conferred honour on the name of Walsh. First, Dr. Edward Walsh, Physician to the Forces; secondly, his brother, the Rev. Robert Walsh, Chaplain to the Embassies in Constantinople and Brazil; and thirdly, his son, John Edward Walsh, some time Master of the Rolls in Ireland. They were of our dear and long-loved friends. To one of the sons of the latter I am godfather.

Dr. Edward Walsh was a native of Waterford, of a family of early English settlers. Having served as an

* Macready, after the death of Griffin, brought out at Covent Garden his tragedy of *Gisippus*, with entire success.

army surgeon during the Irish Rebellion—and his memory was vivid as to the incidents and terrors of that time—he accompanied the troops to Holland, and subsequently published an account of the ill-fated Walcheren Expedition. He saw service in many countries of Europe, and was in Russia when the Emperor Paul was assassinated. While quartered in Canada he made the acquaintance of Thomas Moore, and was with him in the boat in which Moore penned the lines—

> "Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
> The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

His military career terminated with the battle of Waterloo, and the latter days of his life were passed in tranquil happiness in his own country up to 1832, when he died. How much I regret having made no notes of his anecdotes and conversation. He was a most kindly, generous, and thoroughly upright man — of the best school of Irish gentlemen.

If Edward Walsh was distinguished, his brother Robert was even more so. He became early known in Letters by a large work, which he did not originate, but continued—a history of Dublin. He was chaplain to Lord Strangford while the "melodious" peer, whose poetry is now quite forgotten, was ambassador at Constantinople and in Brazil, and published two valuable books relative to the Porte and the Brazilian Empire—books that must have been of great value to subsequent travellers. He was at Constantinople when the memorable slaughter of the Mamelukes took place, and describes the massacre in his "Records of a Residence"

there, with all the terrible minuteness of an eye-witness. Dr. Walsh closed a long life of useful work in comparative quiet as Rector of Finglas, near Dublin—honoured and beloved. I knew him intimately so far back as 1826, soon after his return from the East. I have known few with whom intercourse was in all ways so profitable. His only son, John Edward, was our dear friend. As an author, the work of JOHN EDWARD WALSH was chiefly limited to contributions to the *Dublin University Magazine*, for which he wrote the series of papers, "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," subsequently collected and issued in a volume that has obtained high repute and large circulation. He held office as Attorney-General for Ireland from July to October, 1866. I heard him make his maiden speech in Parliament as representative of Dublin University. He was afterwards Master of the Rolls, and had he lived would have been Lord Chancellor of Ireland; for he was not only a sound and able lawyer, but a most accomplished gentleman and most estimable and upright man, respected and honoured by men of all creeds and of all political opinions.

Thus *four* generations of the family of Walsh have been our friends. The son of the Master of the Rolls is the Rector of Malahide, and another son (my godson) a barrister, and I have lived to see their children. Their fathers, "gone before," were of high intellectual power, and of the purest moral, social, and religious integrity. So may their successors be! The great grandchildren of Dr. Robert Walsh have a lofty, unstained, and honoured name to transmit to their posterity.

LONGFELLOW.—So much has been written and published during the past year concerning Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and I could add to it so little of value, that I prefer to say very little indeed. Ample justice has been rendered to his memory, not only in his own country, but in this—wherever, indeed, the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken or read. I give him very high rank among the poets of the century, placing him, perhaps, next to Wordsworth; while of the modern poets—those of to-day—assuredly he is as a Triton among the minnows. I except only TENNYSON; but the Poet-Laureate must not be named with the poets of to-day. His place is with his contemporaries, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Moore, Southey, Campbell, Coleridge, and other "giants." *

I not only honoured Longfellow as a poet, I loved him as a man. I did not see much of him when he was in London; he was my guest but twice. The evenings I refer to are of my most cherished memories, that nothing but death will remove from me—nay, death cannot do that evil work. †

> "There is no death: what seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
> Whose portal we call Death!"

* So far back as 1838, it was my high privilege to include Tennyson in "The Book of Gems of British Poets and British Artists." For that brief biography, Leigh Hunt gave me some excellent remarks, which I introduced into my memoir—foretelling the future fame of him who has since established it. Of the fifty poets, specimens of whom are given in that book, only two now live—Alfred Tennyson and Mary Howitt.

† I have elsewhere recorded that I presented to Longfellow the inkstand of the poet Coleridge, given to me by Mrs. Gillman. Several years afterwards, as I have also recorded, I presented to him Crabbe's inkstand, which had become the inkstand of Thomas Moore. In acknowledgment, I received the

In addition to Longfellow, I have had the happiness to number among my acquaintance various distinguished Transatlantic men and women of letters — notably Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Sigourney, and N. P. Willis.

I met COOPER often during my residence at Paris in 1831. I have referred to him elsewhere. He seemed to me the *beau idéal*—let the term be translated at will —of an American citizen, and gave me, more than any

following letter; it is dated December 7th, 1881, barely three months before his death—March 24th, 1882.

"CAMBRIDGE,
"*December 7th*, 1881.

"DEAR MR. HALL,

"I have this morning had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 21st November.

"On my return from my summer rambles, I found the beautiful oaken casket, containing the bronze inkstand of Crabbe, safely deposited in my study.

"How shall I sufficiently thank you, dear Mr. Hall, for these precious relics, and for the kind and generous feeling which prompted your sending them to me. I can only do so by telling you how highly I value them, and with what care I shall keep them.

"I should have written sooner to say this, but immediately on my return home I had an attack of nervous prostration, from which I have not yet fully recovered: as you see by my not writing with my own hand. Recovery is a slow process.

"I rejoice to see, by the firmness of your handwriting and by your own assurance, that your health is so good.

"I am looking forward with eager interest to your 'Recollections of a Long Life.'

"Believe me always, dear Mr. Hall,
"Yours faithfully and sincerely,
"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

I need not say I joined "heart and soul" in the movement that will result in placing a bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey: he has been a great teacher in England and all its dependencies, as much so as in the United States—extending the power and influence of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, that will be—perhaps, ere another generation has come and gone—spoken and read by the half of human kind. Longfellow is no more the poet of America than he is of Great Britain. The record that preserves his memory in the venerable abbey will give delight here as well as there: for he is the pride of the millions here as he is the glory of the millions there. The sentiment that accords honour to Longfellow is as universal in the one country as it is in the other,

other man I have ever seen, the idea of a Puritan of our own Commonwealth days, with a bearing that might perhaps be termed stern, and certainly was not cordial: a firm step, a massive head and figure, and commanding look. He was not a man to whom one would readily apply the adjective "lovable;" but he seemed eminently calculated to extort respect, or even —if circumstances should make it his object to do so— to inspire fear.

HAWTHORNE was his very opposite. That most lovable of writers was also—to those who knew him intimately—one of the most lovable of men. My acquaintance with him was slight; but it has left on my mind a vivid impression of his painful shyness in general society, and the retiring—nay, morbid delicacy—with which he shrank from notice, instead of courting, or rather commanding, it, as was the manner of his brother-novelist.*

WASHINGTON IRVING, when I knew him, was past the zenith both of his life and his fame. He was inclined to rest and be thankful, to wear placidly the crown of bays that his intellectual activity had woven for him in earlier years; and so I found him, as others had found

* I once sat next to Hawthorne at a lord mayor's dinner. He was then the United States Consul at Liverpool: and knew that his name was included in the list of toasts. The prospect gave him, what it is no exaggeration to call, intense agony. His hands shook, his lips quivered. I said to him, "Now, if you attend to me, you may be safe from all apprehension: and be sure to make a good speech. When you hear your name, and I take the glass in my hand and drink the toast, *look only at me:* do not turn your eyes towards the lord mayor, or on any of the magnates. Consider you are thanking *only me* for the honour done you." He acted on the suggestion: saw *me* alone: and as I nodded approval of every sentence he uttered, bowed to me in acknowledgment, seeing and consequently acknowledging my nods and compliments, of "Yes, yes," and "Good, good." And so he made an excellent speech—which certainly he would not have done had he not accepted and acted on my advice. I give that advice to all nervous speakers at public meetings.

him, sleepy in a double sense—physically and mentally.

N. P. WILLIS was introduced to me by Lady Blessington, with a view to his contributing to the *New Monthly;* and in the result, several of his most spirited prose sketches were published in that magazine. He had then but newly arrived in London after a lengthened tour in the East, and was not long in making his way into the best English circles; his person being in his favour and his manners essentially those of a gentleman, though somewhat overlaid with what was then called "dandyism." Willis had seen much, read much, and was a keen observer of men and manners.

I may add to these brief tributes of remembrance one concerning that most estimable lady and writer, MRS. SIGOURNEY. Our personal acquaintance with her was short; but we maintained with her a frequent correspondence extending over many years. She was a mild, sweet, and gentle woman, of an essentially feminine nature, and gifted with a high order of mind. Those who knew her well bear testimony to her many noble and lovable qualities. She has left works that the young especially may study with great profit; for the writer trod faithfully in the steps of those teachers who inculcate much that is right and nothing that is wrong.

The list of authors I have known is not exhausted: but my space is. I must resist the temptation to treat at greater length a very seductive theme.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF ARTISTS I HAVE KNOWN.

It is unnecessary for me to say that all the artists of the earlier half of the century have been my personal acquaintances; I have known them all, and it seems to me that I might write something of each that could not fail to interest a reader. But exigencies of space demand that my memories must be comparatively few—those only of professional Leaders. I commence with "the greatest, yet the meanest" of them all.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, in the latter half of the last century, numbered among its unpretentious dwellings the abode of a barber in no very fashionable way of business. The lane is a narrow, crowded way, through which carriages cannot pass. At that period, the neighbourhood was a dense labyrinth of courts and alleys, from St. Martin's Lane to Covent Garden. Here was crowded together an abundant population; each of the stories, or even rooms, of the houses held separate families; it was therefore a fitting

locality for a busy hairdresser. His name was Turner, and his parti-coloured pole hung beside the archway leading into Hand Court; the house is a small one, with only one window in front; it is now added as a storehouse to adjoining premises, but is unaltered in its general features. Here the painter was born in the year 1775: he was christened in the adjoining church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.*

Millions have admired his works, but none loved the great landscape painter. Perhaps a meaner soul was never linked to so lofty a genius. His was not a happy life; far from it. He seems to have had no measure of enjoyment except art, unless he obtained it from nature —physical nature, that is to say, for he could see no inner beauty in other of God's many beautiful works. He amassed an enormous fortune†—for heirs to wrangle over, much as curs would snarl over a banquet of bones. An ungenial, uncheered, unhopeful life, resulted in a discreditable death, amid associations that can be only termed loathsome. While living, he never sought to help or benefit any of his fellow-creatures, and when he died it was sorely against his will that he conferred on others advantages for which he was to receive nothing in return. There are not many now who, pausing before Turner's masterpieces at the National Gallery, can recall the man who created them. A short, thick,

* Cyrus Redding, in his "Forty Years' Recollections," states that Turner told him—when Redding was enumerating the number of artists to whom Devonshire had given birth—"You may add my name to the list: I am a native of Devonshire."

† It was said by Lord Erskine when told of a person who had died worth £200,000—"Well, that's a pretty fair capital to begin life with in the next world!"

stubbed, ungainly and ungraceful form, hair grey, straggling over a big head overladen with flesh, a keen penetrating eye, a broad but not high brow, deficient of the organs of benevolence and veneration. Such, those who remember Turner, will recall him as they have seen him at the private views of the Royal Academy (he was not often seen elsewhere), with gloves that had been thrice cleaned,* and a blue coat with brass buttons, creases in which made patent its recent removal from the drawer where it had probably been in confinement since the private view of the year preceding. It is a miserable character I thus describe, and I have pleasure in quitting a theme on which I might enlarge greatly. Of a surety I might apply to him the line of the poet—

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:"

for Turner was essentially selfish—in youth, in manhood, in old age.

The illness which led to Turner's death required him to seek change of air; but he dreaded expense, and found, by chance, a small lodging to let in a little house fronting the Thames near Cremorne Gardens, Chelsea. Retaining his dislike of visitors, he never gave his name to the mistress of the house, nor did she know it until after his death, which happened there on the 19th of December, 1851. One bright winter's day, a short time before he died, the painter was carried to the first-floor window to see the sun set—with a calm glow over the Thames.

* I well remember an audible whisper running round the great room at Somerset House: "Do look at Turner, he's got a new pair of gloves!"

He was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Prout told me a story, that illustrates his character. Turner, Prout, and Varley had been together on a sketching tour in Devonshire. They had to cross a ferry; Varley had not at the moment a sixpence in his pocket, so he borrowed one from Turner. The next morning Prout and Varley left Exeter to return to London. Although the coach started at six o'clock on a very cold morning, to their surprise, but greatly to their satisfaction, they saw Turner at the coach-office waiting to see them off. "Ah!" cried Varley, "this is really very kind of you, Turner, to be up so early to bid us good-bye!" "Oh," said Turner, "it isn't that; but you forgot to pay me back the sixpence you borrowed from me yesterday!"

I can well believe what Prout told me, that, when travelling together on the top of a Diligence, Turner sketched, on the back of a letter, Heidelberg, the theme of one of his greatest pictures, where they arrived late at night to leave it at early morning. It was material enough.

David Wilkie passed the later years of his life in comparative prosperity in a large house in Church Street, Kensington, and obtained better prices for his pictures than in the days when a peer of the realm bought his *Village Politicians* for £30, and grumbled at the exorbitant price.

My visits to the great painter were pleasant to me,

and, I believe, also to him. He was purely an artist, indisposed to talk on any subject other than art, and, although a Scotchman, his education must have been niggardly. Yet he came of an intellectual race, his father being a Scottish clergyman, his grandfather the author of poems that might be beneficially taken from the grave to which they were long ago consigned; while he himself had not been without advantages derived from travel.

I remember Wilkie asking me to call upon him and see his picture of *An Irish Whiskey Still.* I made sundry objections to his treatment of a subject entirely unsuited to his handling,—since an Irish "private still" was a thing he could never have seen. The illegal distillery of the picture presented various features that betrayed to anyone acquainted with the reality the artist's ignorance of his theme. One of the rough brewers of the mountain dew wore red breeches! Another was handing to a friend a "sup of the crathur" in a *glass* (*!*) instead of the invariable goblet, an egg-shell (often that of a goose). Vain was my protest against such incongruities, so thoroughly out of place, so utterly opposed to truth.

I remember a valuable criticism being passed on Wilkie by an old Irish servant of ours. She knew nothing of art; but she knew her business—as a housemaid. An engraving of *The Recruit* was pinned against a bookcase, that I might study it to write about it. In came old Alice, looked at it, exclaimed, "Dirty housemaid!" and retired. I called her back, to ascertain what she meant. In the corner of a neat and tidy

Scottish cottage had been placed a mop, from which water was trickling along the floor. None but a dirty housemaid would have placed it there without first wringing it out.

But although these two anecdotes would seem to indicate that in his pictures he was careless of exactness in details, it was really far otherwise. No painter, as a rule, gave more heed to truth, or more closely studied the objects he desired to introduce into a picture. Hart tells us that "he had a model for everything he did."

The life of Wilkie was on the whole a happy, and, certainly, an honoured life. He laboured for fame, and won it. His death took place on board ship as he was returning from the East, and one of the most characteristic of the later pictures of Turner depicts Wilkie's burial at sea.

Sir Martin Archer Shee, who succeeded Lawrence as President of the Royal Academy, if not holding the highest rank as a portrait painter, was a most estimable gentleman, of large acquirements, goodly presence, refined manners, generous, sympathizing, good. He died so long ago as 1850—an Irishman of whom his country has a right to be proud. His poems are forgotten, although probably he was indebted for fame more to his pen than to his pencil. It was no light praise that which Byron gave to his "Rhymes on Art":—

"Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace."

Shee carries me a very long way back in my art-memories. His first picture was exhibited in 1789; in

1798 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and invested with the full honours two years after. He survived the thirty-nine members by whom he had been elected.

Sir Charles Locke Eastlake, P.R.A., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., &c.—It must be admitted that the high position Sir Charles Eastlake obtained in the art history of his country was due far less to his talent as a painter than to his knowledge of art—and to the general qualifications he possessed for presiding over the academic body. His pictures in no single instance show remarkable genius, but they are distinguished by great delicacy of feeling, by pure taste, and by a pervading grace that rarely fails to win attention, though never forcing it. As a colourist they show him to have had no ideas in common with the best painters of the English school; and though he studied in the chief schools of Italy he acquired none of the glowing tints of Titian or Giorgione; his life-size female heads, however, have, in elegance of composition and sweetness of expression,—some affinity to those of Titian. It may be that the knowledge of how much more developed was his ideal of perfection than his power to attain to it, inspired a humility of character, a distrust of himself, that impeded his justification of the choice that made him President of the Royal Academy.*

He was a thorough gentleman, of calm and refined manners; so over-cautious that he would risk nothing

* I may note, *en passant*, that Eastlake was of a good and highly respected family at Plymouth. Some members of it, much esteemed, still reside in the vicinity; and a younger brother is now keeper of the National Gallery, an office which Sir Charles long held.

to work out a purpose. If he was not greatly loved he was greatly respected; if with power to do much he did little to advance the interests of British art, he, at all events, added largely to its literature; and has educated by his pen much more effectually than he did by his pencil. A little more of the self-esteem of Haydon would not have ill become him, and would surely have made him a greater man than he was. He seemed so perpetually afraid of doing wrong that he omitted many opportunities of doing right. The most commonplace letter he usually prefaced with the word "Private," as if he dreaded the publicity that was, after all, the breath of his life. Among the worthiest of Devonshire worthies let his name be classed, for he was in all ways an honour to his native county.

His person was much in his favour; he had fine though not expressive features, tinged—tainted, I might say—by what, I think, was constitutional timidity; his manners were the very opposite of presuming or overbearing; and if the younger members of his profession did not owe him much gratitude, they could bring against his memory no well-founded reproach on the score of arrogance or harshness.*

SAMUEL PROUT.—In the autumn of 1882, I visited at Plymouth the street in which he was born in 1783.

* One of the most valuable of his pictures is a portrait of the first Napoleon, as the deposed Emperor stood on the gangway of the *Bellerophon*, when the vessel destined to convey him to St. Helena was anchored in Plymouth Harbour. The artist had seen him thus more than once, and pictures him with singular fidelity. Many years afterwards I obtained a loan of that picture, and an engraving from it is one of the illustrations of the *Art Journal*.

The house itself has been pulled down; in it his father carried on the trade of a bookseller. It is fully fifty years ago since I first knew the artist. No member of his profession ever lived to be more thoroughly respected —beloved indeed—by his brother artists; no man ever gave more unquestionable evidence of a gentle and generous spirit, or more truly deserved the esteem in which he was so universally held. His always delicate health, instead of souring his temper, made him more considerate and thoughtful of the troubles and trials of others; ever ready to assist the young with the counsels of experience. He was a fine example of upright perseverance and indefatigable industry combined with suavity of manners, and those endearing attributes of character which invariably blend with admiration of the artist affection for the man. During the last six or seven years of his life I sometimes (not often, for I knew that conversation was frequently burdensome to him) found my way into his quiet studio at Camberwell, where, like a delicate exotic, requiring the most careful treatment to retain life in it, he would, to use his own expression, keep himself "warm and snug." There he might be seen at his easel throwing his rich and beautiful colouring over a sketch of some old palace of Venice or time-worn cathedral of Flanders; and, though suffering much from pain and weakness, ever cheerful, ever thankful that he had strength sufficient to carry on his work. It was rarely that he could begin his labours before the middle of the day, when, if tolerably free from pain, he would continue to paint until the night was advanced. A finer example of meekness, gentleness, and patience I

never knew, nor one to whom the epithet of "a sincere Christian," in its manifold acceptations, might with greater truth be applied. The profession lost in him a member of whom brother artists might be proud, and who was in every way worthy of their veneration as of their love. He died at his residence in Denmark Hill, on the 9th February, 1852, aged sixty-eight. Notwithstanding the lingering nature of his illness, death came to him suddenly at last, a fit of apoplexy terminating the valuable life of one to whom the poet's line has rarely been applied with greater truth and force:—

"Death never comes amiss to him prepared."

Prout was born at Plymouth in 1783, and died, as I have said, in 1852, at Denmark Hill, where he had been, in the latter years of his life, the neighbour as well as the friend of John Ruskin. The great writer has done justice to the memory of the great painter, whom he honoured as an artist and loved as a man.

Benjamin Robert Haydon.—I have written elsewhere sufficient concerning Haydon. His was a sad life with a very sad ending. The theme, therefore, is not a pleasant one. I once said to him, "Haydon, if you had more pride and less vanity you would be the great man you aim to be." The evil of failure must be attributed all to himself. Yet let his name be honoured without scruple in his native county of Devon. The house at Plymouth, in which his father was a bookseller and he was born, is no longer there; but I stood on the

site not long ago, and removed my hat as a tribute of homage to one of the greatest artists and the most remarkable men of my time.

DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.—In the year 1820, I was living in Cork. Entering one day the hall of the Society of Arts, the few models in which had been recently augmented by gifts from George IV., I noticed a handsome and intelligent-looking boy drawing from one of the casts. I entered into conversation with him, examined his copy, and remarked, "My little friend, if you work hard and *think*, you will be a great man one of these days." In the year 1828 I again encountered him; then in London, with a portfolio under his arm. He was about eighteen years old; he had become an artist, and was drawing portraits for any who would commission them, and at such prices as content young men, distrustful of their own powers, and who have merely dreamed of fame.

A rich faculty of invention—combined with great power—marks almost every work that proceeded from the hand of Maclise; yet vigour of conception, and a wonderful boldness of handling, were united with the utmost attention to detail—even to pre-Raffaelism. It is said he was no colourist; in one sense that may be true, for his pictures, although brilliant with colour, are often deficient in the harmony that satisfies the eye; hence a certain harshness far from agreeable, and a want of that repose which, even amidst a blaze of splendour, is not beyond the reach of the painter's art. Vigour of

composition and force of realisation seem to have been the aim of the painter, and in working to these ends he appears to have cared little for aught else; but whether his canvas showed only a single figure or was crowded with stirring incident, it manifested the mind and hand of a master.

I could say much, from long experience, of the genial nature, the high mind and generous heart of Maclise, but I could not say it half so well as it was said by his friend Charles Dickens at one of the annual dinners of the Royal Academy:—

"Of his genius in his chosen art I will venture to say nothing here, but of his prodigious fertility of mind and wonderful wealth of intellect I may confidently assert that they would have made him if he had been so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a painter. The gentlest and most modest of men, the freest as to his generous appreciation of young aspirants, and the frankest and largest-hearted as to his peers, incapable of a sordid or ignoble thought, gallantly sustaining the true dignity of his vocation, without one grain of self-assertion, wholesomely natural at the last as at the first, 'in wit a man, in simplicity a child,' no artist of whatsoever denomination, I make bold to say, ever went to his rest leaving a golden memory more pure from dross, or having devoted himself with a truer chivalry to the art-goddess he worshipped."

A more eloquent tribute to the memory of man was never uttered. I can endorse every word of it. That is nearly all I need say of one I honoured and regarded with sentiments of respect and affection.

Between the years 1830 and 1838 there appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, written by Maginn, a series of biographical sketches accompanying portraits of living celebrities from the facile pencil of Maclise. The series consisted of eighty-three portraits, characteristic and

capital as likenesses. They were collected into a volume and published, with all the original letterpress, in 1873 by Chatto and Windus, the successors of John Camden Hotten, who had communicated with me on the subject, and had asked my advice. They were fortunate in obtaining the co-operation of Mr. William Bates, B.A., Professor of Classics in Queen's College, Birmingham, by whom the book is edited. He has done his part (and a large part it is) not only with great industry and pains-taking research, but in a spirit of kindliness, generosity, and sound judgment. As a record of so many heroes and heroines of the pen, of the past generation, the book is invaluable. How many of the eighty-three are now living—living, that is to say, on earth, for nearly all of them live in their works, and can never die? Not one! I knew Maclise intimately when he was making these sketches; there was an affectation of secrecy about the procedure, and certainly few or none of the "sitters" sat for a portrait; they were all done from memory, possibly aided by a few stolen memoranda; but he had a wonderful faculty for "catching" a likeness—a keenness of eye from which, it is said, the phrenologist Spurzheim augured his after success in art. Indeed, the first impression he made was by an outline likeness of Sir Walter Scott, whom he had seen for a few minutes in a bookseller's shop in Cork, while the Great Magician was with Maria Edgeworth in that city, *en route* to Killarney. It was lithographed, and brought the embryo artist repute and what he then needed—money.

In 1829 he made the drawing of Mrs. S. C. Hall, engraved by Lumb Stocks, R.A., published with this

book. It was, I think, in the following year, 1830, that Segur, then Keeper of the National Gallery, and one of the Committee of the Gallery in Pall Mall, called upon me to inquire if I knew anything of a young Irish artist, whom he named Maccles. I soon corrected him. Segur told me the directors had been astonished at the marvellous merit of a picture, "Mokanna raising the Veil," from "Lalla Rookh." Thenceforward his rise was rapid and sure; and, although he died when hardly beyond his prime, he has left to the world a vast amount of art treasure, evidencing not only genius, but indefatigable industry.

MULREADY.—I have said elsewhere that my recollections go back to a time when British Art had little encouragement, and British Artists few "patrons." Houses held at moderate rents were then inhabited by even our best-known painters, the freehold of which might be purchased by the sum that a single one of their pictures would fetch now. Mulready's house, in Linden Grove, he rented at perhaps sixty pounds a year, and did not find it easy to pay that; he, however, gave lessons in painting, and so obtained a sufficient income.

I recall Mulready in his prime as a tall, handsome man. He died very aged in 1865. His first picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy, dates so far back as the year 1806. Full of years and honours he departed—enjoying all his faculties and much of his power to the last; for his most recent productions may be pronounced marvels of Art. A very few days before his death, I saw him in apparent vigour after a walk of two or three

miles; and that same evening he passed in social enjoyment at the house of his friend, E. M. Ward, R.A. Even on the evening immediately preceding his death, he was, it has been stated, in the life school of the Academy at work with the students. The obituary announcement in the *Times* mentioned his age as seventy-eight, but he must have been older, for I have elsewhere stated he showed me a small picture of a gravel pit, and said he had painted it on the site of Russell Square. That could not have been long after the year 1800.*

He was born at Ennis, in the County Clare, Ireland, where his father carried on the business of a breeches-maker—a lucrative trade at that time, when almost every man who owned a horse of any kind "sported the buckskin."

In person, Mulready was tall, manly in form, and even in his old age presented an appearance scarcely less vigorous and handsome than it had been in his prime of manhood. His features were finely cut, his eye bright and clear to the last, his mouth severe but by no means sensual; his face had, when circumstances called it forth, a sarcastic expression, and his frown, as I have sometimes seen it, was positively terrible. Though unhappy in his domestic relations, he was generally beloved by those who knew him intimately, and especially by the younger members of the profession, to whom he was ever ready to tender serviceable advice.

* A picture of a similar subject was exhibited at the Academy in 1848: it was called in the catalogue "A Gravel Pit, painted in 1807 or 1808," but that was a different work.

ALFRED ELMORE.—In the year 1815, I chanced to be at Clonakilty, in the county of Cork. A friend of my father's, Dr. Elmore, who had resided there, was the surgeon to a regiment with which he was then serving abroad. He had taken part in the Battle of Waterloo, and on that memorable day a son was born to him far away in that small Irish town. Dr. Elmore was not an Irishman, but his wife was an Irish lady. Naturally I paid my respects to her on visiting Clonakilty; and of course the infant "hope of the family" was exhibited to me.

Some twelve years afterwards, Dr. Elmore was settled in London, and became our family doctor. One day he consulted me as to what he should do with his eldest son who wanted to be an artist, while the father destined him for his own profession. He showed me some sketches, early efforts of the lad. I was startled by their merit and promise, and said, "You will try in vain to prevent Alfred from being anything but an artist, and you ought to shrink from so doing, if you could." I have reason to think that opinion greatly influenced the destiny of the painter, who ultimately took foremost rank in his profession. He died on the 24th of January, 1881, leaving one child, a daughter, to whom he bequeathed a large fortune (mainly if not entirely the produce of his pictures), no part of which I regret to say was shared by his brethren in art—such of them as are in distress—or by any one of the many benevolent institutions which he could have helped so easily by a small offering of his wealth. For example, the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, an admirable society that has for many years brought gladness to many suffering

hearts and needy homes—but the income of which has always been sadly restricted—might well have figured in the will of a prosperous artist.

I grieve to make this note of one I had known in infancy, and in watching whose career I received much gratification—from his honourable progress in achieving fame and fortune.

Dr. Elmore had over his chimney-piece a small painting of the Crucifixion, by Vandyke, presented to him by one of his patients; it is a work of wonderful power. I have no doubt that to that grand picture young Elmore was largely indebted for his early attraction to Art, and for much of his subsequent greatness in his profession.

JOHN LINNELL I visited in 1850, at his house in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater. His large painting room was hung with his pictures: *there were no buyers.* He complained to me—it is not disrespectful to his memory to say—in a justifiable wail—that nobody bought a picture of his painting; and I verily believe if at that time he had received an offer of a thousand pounds for the whole "lot" that was scattered around him, that offer he would have accepted. "I cannot," he said to me, "live by my profession. I have tried portrait painting and cannot get a commission." (I remember a wonderful small portrait of Mulready, and another of, I think, Collins, were hanging in the room.) "I have tried engraving but with no result" (there are some etchings of his in the hands of collectors: I have one) and he wound up by repeating more than once the melancholy complaint, "*Nobody*

will buy a picture of mine!" It touched me as it would have touched any hearer. A few months afterwards he exhibited two pictures at "the British Institution," in Pall Mall; one, "The Storm," was hung on the screen, which, many will remember, usually contained gems. Mr. Vernon was living two doors off. He was in bed, the bed he never afterwards left. I went to him and said, "Sir, there is a picture at the Institution which I wish you would let me buy for you. It is a work of great merit by John Linnell." He said, "You know I cannot see it!" "No," I answered, "but you may take my judgment; its price is but forty guineas." He directed me to purchase it and I did so. He also bought, by my advice, for one hundred guineas, the picture of the "Wood-Cutters:" both are now among the priceless gems of the Vernon Gallery. The sale to Mr. Vernon of these paintings was soon known: and from that day Mr. Linnell had no moan to make concerning lack of purchasers: he sold his pictures as fast as he could produce them, and has been known to produce in a fortnight a work that he sold for a thousand guineas. He died possessed of very large wealth; yet wealth of which he made little use to obtain happiness for himself or others. I regret to add another passage to this somewhat singular story. A few years ago, at a private view of the Royal Academy, I was conversing with him on the topic of the Vernon purchase. We were in accord in the matter, except that he said it was fifty, and not forty, guineas that Mr. Vernon had paid him for "The Storm." But I am quite sure it was priced forty guineas when I bought it. He said, "Mr. Hall, I have never given

away a sketch; for when one gives away sketches, there is no end to it. But I must make an exception in your favour: come and see me at Reigate." A few months later I responded to the invitation. In his studio I saw a large number of sketches; and audibly admired two or three of them; taking care not to admire such as were of size and seemed commercially valuable; but I left his house without the promised sketch. He could not find it in his heart to *give.*

I will not apologize for the introduction of this anecdote. No doubt the change that was taking place as regarded national estimates of British Artists must soon have brought ample "custom" to the *atelier* of John Linnell—one among the chiefs of the profession; it would not have come to him so soon as it did, but for the accident of my visit to Porchester Terrace followed by my subsequent visit to Mr. Vernon.

John Linnell died in 1882.* He had been born in 1792, and was consequently a very aged man: but he painted up to the last; although his later works are, by comparison, little more than washed out copies of his earlier productions. His first picture was exhibited in 1807.

He died a wealthy man; but his wealth was all obtained by the sale of his works after the year 1850, when I saw him first. He was not a charitable man. I know of no institution, artistic or otherwise, that was the better because he had lived. He grudged himself reasonable and rational enjoyments; and if not an absolute miser, did not understand the line—

"More blessed 'tis to give than to receive."

W. J. MÜLLER.—He was a man in whom genius was associated with modesty, independence with courtesy, and generosity with prudence; his highly educated mind and refined sentiments never unfitted him for mingling with the rough and rugged, where was to be found the recommendation of talent or character; his naturally sound and upright principles had been strengthened by practised judgment; he, in every way, ranked foremost among those whose destiny it is to exhibit the advantage to the individual himself and to the world of blending high intellect with moral and social virtues.

Müller's primary instructions in Art were received from J. B. Pyne; but he soon quitted other instructors for that great guide Nature, and in the years 1833 and 1834 made a tour through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, returning to Bristol and pursuing his profession (but with only partial success) in that city. Some interesting letters furnished to the *Art Union* by Müller during his journeyings, supply evidence of his great ability as a thinker and writer, as well as an artist.

I have alluded to the treatment he received at the hands of the Royal Academy in 1845. It caused the illness from which he died; the shock was so great that it affected his heart—from disease of which he had previously suffered.

Indignation is a weak word to express the feeling of Müller's friends when they saw that the whole of his noble contributions were placed so as to induce a belief that there existed a conspiracy to ruin him. Accident might have led to the injurious hanging of one, or even

two; but when they saw six of his pictures* hung either close to the ceiling or along the floor, it was difficult to arrive at any other conclusion than that there was a deliberate design to crush and destroy a man of genius. Deliberate or not, the effects on Müller were mortal, and I do not hesitate to say that the Royal Academy as certainly killed William Müller as if they had stabbed him to the heart with a more material weapon. The bar thus sought to be placed in the path of his professional advancement produced results that could scarcely have entered into the imaginations of those who set it up.

Müller lived in lodgings—in the Charlotte Street that neighbours Oxford Street—and so moderate were the prices paid him for his works that he never but once in his life received for a picture so large a sum as £100. I knew him when he was a lad in Bristol (his father was Curator of the Institution in that city), and he then made a drawing for me. I knew him afterwards intimately, and loved him much; a truer gentleman never lived—perfect in his art, yet as modest and unassuming as man could be. I was by when he sold for £80 his picture of the *Chess-Players*. I saw it not long ago on the walls of Mr. Bolckow, and that gentleman had paid for it more than four thousand guineas.

Müller also wrote for me some valuable letters, which I published in the *Art Union*. They were sent to me during his travels in the East—where he had gone in company with the Government expedition to Lycia, but entirely at his own expense. He died in the September following that mournful 1st of May. A month before

* I have seen one of these very pictures sold at Christie's for nearly £2,000.

his death he wrote to me; "I have," he said, "much reliance on medical aid; I place my reliance on it next to the Almighty, and then, fully believing it to be under His loving aid, I leave the issue in His hands." I rejoice to make this record of my friend; a purer spirit never passed from earth to Heaven; his nature was unsullied by a single blot; it was entirely felicitous for good; he left us nothing to regret concerning him but his loss.

JOHN MARTIN.—Between the years 1825 and 1835 the painter John Martin, then residing at Alsop Terrace, Marylebone, gave weekly parties, at which many men of celebrity, and others who were commencing lives that afterwards became celebrated, were guests.* The artist was a small and delicately formed man, with gentle yet handsome features, and bland and courteous manners. His gatherings are remembered with gratitude by the few who still live to recall them. I am one of the few who acknowledge the debt. One evening, when I was present, there came to Martin's house a young man who greatly amused the party by making a doll dance upon a grand piano, and excited a laugh when he said, "You will be surprised if I tell you that is done by lightning!" It was Mr. Charles Wheatstone, then a music-publisher in Conduit Street, afterwards Sir Charles Wheatstone, F.R.S. In that doll, perhaps, the first suggestion of the electric telegraph lay hidden—the germ of an inven-

* The social intercourse of artists with men of letters is now carried on at the clubs. Unhappily there has been no successor to John Martin in bringing them together for mutual pleasure and mutual instruction.

tion by which every day the British people learn what was doing yesterday in every part of the world, a discovery that has belted the globe with an electric zone of a thousandfold more marvellous character than that which Puck promised Oberon to put about the earth in forty minutes.*

Among the most constant of Martin's guests was Allan Cunningham, and always with him his admirable wife.

I remember Martin, Cunningham, and myself chatting over early experiences, more especially our struggles to attain positions of independence, as the reward of labour: such struggles as most men go through *en route* to distinction. In the course of our talk Martin told the following story of himself:—"I had a shilling, and it was needful to take care of it; but getting very hungry I went into a baker's shop to buy a penny loaf. To my horror, my shilling proved to be a bad one. So, for a long time afterwards, when I had a shilling, I took care to get it changed into penny-pieces as soon as possible, that I might not have another disappointment."

Martin "scraped" in mezzo-tinto the major part of the many engraved plates he produced. He was always at work. Sometimes he had before him a bare idea of the design to be engraved; he composed it as he

* I heard Faraday say at a lecture at the London Institution—"If you were to place a wire three times round the globe and touch it at one end, you would receive a response at the other, while I can do that!"—waving his hand with a motion that occupied two seconds.

I more than once, in after times, reminded Wheatstone of the circumstance to which I have alluded; and urged him to consider—that indulgence to those who held beliefs to which he was decidedly hostile was a lesson inculcated by his own experience. For the wildest flight of imagination could not on the night of that gathering at Martin's, have grasped the idea of its being made possible to send a message to New York while at dinner, and to receive an answer before the cloth was removed.

worked. It was certainly so in the case of his illustrations to Milton. It is folly to deny to him the attributes of high genius; yet they were, and perhaps still are, denied. He was cried down as a quack in art, and never had a chance of admission into the Royal Academy. Yet he who has a fine copy of the *Belshazzar's Feast* has an art treasure that may be classed among the choicest productions of the century and the school.

I met once, at Martin's, his brother Jonathan—the maniac who set fire to York Cathedral. It would not have been hard to fancy that John possessed the genius that to madness nearly is allied.

Solomon Alex. Hart, of the race of the ancient people, was born at Plymouth in 1806. When I knew him, about 1830, he was living with his father in Gerrard Street, Soho, and had already achieved some fame. He was cheered by selling a picture for twelve guineas, but soon afterwards received £70 from Mr. Vernon for a picture now in the Vernon Gallery: that led to success. The struggle had been so hard that at one time he often wanted a loaf of bread; but his life as a whole was fairly prosperous, and we may account him one of the lights the Jews have given to a modern world.

Hart left some reminiscences of his contemporaries, and a brief memoir of himself. They are printed in a neat volume by his friend, Mr. Alexander Brodie; they are of little value, yet interesting as records of an "eye-witness." Hart was a scholar as well as a painter,

and might have gathered together and handed to successors a vast amount of useful information. It is to be lamented he neglected that duty—imperative on one who was for some time Librarian to the Royal Academy.

Not long ago I had the gratification to see in the Town Hall at Plymouth the best of Hart's pictures, a work of large size, and of merit so great as to rank it among the very best productions of the English school—*The Execution of Lady Jane Grey*, presented by the artist, in 1879, to his native town, is an art-treasure of which the citizens may well be proud. Unfortunately he persisted in exhibiting at the Royal Academy (which, as a member, he had the right to do), pictures painted in his decadence—so sadly bad that when spectators read the letters R.A. after his name, they marvelled how they came there. None will so wonder who see this masterpiece. It may place Hart beside Opie, Briggs, Brockedon, Eastlake, and Haydon—also Devonshire worthies—and justify his claim to rank high among the foremost artists of the nineteenth century.

Edward Mathew Ward, R.A., born at Belgrave Place, Pimlico, in 1816, was the son of a gentleman who held a responsible and lucrative post in the banking house of Messrs. Coutts. Ward entered upon his professional course under more than ordinary advantages: he had Chantrey and Wilkie to encourage him; the latter stood sponsor for him when admitted as a probationer to the schools of the Royal Academy, whose

walls were in after years so brilliantly ornamented with the results of his genius, skill, artistic knowledge, and patient industry. It has been too much the fashion of late years among some art-critics and assumed art-patrons to decry the school of painting of which Ward was so distinguished a disciple; but so long as the public can have access to such pictures as the "Last Sleep of Argyle," "The Execution of Montrose," "The South-Sea Bubble," "The Disgrace of Clarendon," "The Family of Louis XVI. in the Prison of the Temple," "Dr. Johnson perusing the Manuscript of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,'" and "Alice Lisle," there will be few to deny that his works are such as any nation might be proud of. The future will do him more justice than he met with from his own generation—classing him among the very foremost painters of the century. There is always a consummate knowledge of his subject in his compositions, whether taken from English or French history.

Ward was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1846, and Royal Academician in 1855. He was a man held in great respect, independently of his art, by all who knew him; of a kindly disposition, though somewhat rough in manner; a true and sincere friend, and a ready helper where aid was needed. The large troop of artists and friends who gathered round his grave in Upton Old Church, on that bleak wintry morning of January 21st, 1879, testified to his private and social worth.

I do not write at length concerning my long-valued friend Ward. The mournful close of his life forbids my doing so. To account for that awfully sad event is

impossible—otherwise than on the certainty of temporary insanity. I am as sure that insanity prompted the fatal act, as I am that I write these words. No man was happier in all the associations of home: united to a devoted woman, with tastes and occupations entirely in harmony with his, who also was respected and honoured in art, and especially as an art teacher. A faithful wife, a tender and careful mother, a true friend; she had earned the affectionate respect of all with whom she came into contact. All who knew her loved her, as surely did her husband.* All his children were doing well. In that household there was no extravagance, not a shadow of recklessness characterized the hospitality always exercised there. Of few men who have ever lived can it be said that their past had been less clouded, or that Providence had given them a future freer from gloom. At no time of his life had there been any struggle with adversity. From his youth upward there had been no unpropitious circumstances in his surroundings tending to originate mental disease; and assuredly in the period of his ripe manhood if I had been called upon to write a single word that could better than another characterize his career, it would have been the word "prosperity." Yet such is the inscrutable mystery of our lives that of a mind diseased—suddenly and momentarily diseased, it may be—Ward assuredly died.

A better man in all the relations of life—as son,

* I had seen Henrietta Ward (his namesake, but not a relative) when an infant in arms: she is the daughter of G. R. Ward, an artist of eminence who, in early life, was a miniature painter, and the grand-daughter of James Ward, R.A., the best animal painter of his time.

husband, father, friend—I never knew. I think of him often—never without affection, and always with respect.

CLARKSON STANFIELD.—Some of my readers will remember that when Stanfield had reached the highest point of his renown, he painted scenery for his friend Macready; it is a treat even to call to mind its marvellous beauty. The last time I saw Stanfield was at a private view of the Royal Academy; he was breaking fast. I recall his words as he leaned on my arm while descending the staircase at Trafalgar Square. In answer to my observation that we should meet there again next year, if we did not meet before:—"You will never see me here again," he answered. He lived over the next private view, but did not attend it, and before the month of May was out, he passed away. A good, as well as a great, man was called from earth when he died.

His father, James Field Stanfield, was an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, and had been educated in France for the priesthood of his church; but he never took orders, and in the end went to sea, where—strange contrast to his original destination—he was for some time employed in the slave-trade, and learned, from what he saw, to loathe its horrors. He was afterwards associated with Thomas Clarkson and Wilberforce in their efforts for the abolition of slavery. After the philanthropist, Clarkson, his son was named. James Field Stanfield was a man of ability, cultivated by education, and published several works of interest. Clarkson Stanfield had the misfortune to lose his mother in 1801,

and in the same year his father married again. Shortly afterwards Clarkson was sent to Edinburgh, where he was apprenticed to a herald painter, and in that occupation gained much useful knowledge for his after career, as he had inherited from his mother a considerable talent for drawing.

In 1808, Clarkson went to sea and was employed in the merchant service until 1813, when he entered a king's ship. While on board the *Namur*, he was sent ashore to do a painting for the admiral's ball-room, which gave so much satisfaction that Stanfield was promised his discharge from the navy. He became an A.R.A. in 1832, and a R.A. in 1835.

The effects of his boyhood afloat are traceable in nearly every work that came from his brush. He retained, from those early years, vivid impressions of the sea, and a love of it that clung to him through his whole life. Some of his happiest hours in after times were passed on or near the ocean. His home life, like his public life, was a happy one: his genial manners and warm heart endeared him to a large circle of friends, numbering among them some of his most distinguished contemporaries in art, science, politics, and literature.

He died on the 18th May, 1867, and was buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery at Kensal Green, where a handsome marble cross is erected to his memory.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK was born before the nineteenth century commenced, and was an art professor almost from his cradle—a boy doing the work of a man. Second to

none as a humourist, and a master in his own department of art, he stands also in the front rank of philanthropists. His faithful, earnest, and unselfish labours in the great cause of Temperance, as opposed to reckless indulgence in the terrible vice of drinking, would alone have secured for him a niche of honour among the worthies of his generation and his country. His claim to loving admiration and remembrance rests not upon a single isolated quality, however high its character; but upon a rare combination of qualities, all of them great and excellent; and the man joined with the artist to render Cruikshank's claim to the homage of posterity indisputable.

Of his subtle perception of character, of his keen sense of the humorous and ridiculous, of the masterly ability with which he imparted a natural air to the grotesque and the extravagant, and of the life and vigour and movement of his figures and groups, it would be superfluous for me here to speak. That is all known as widely and familiarly as his name; and wherever art has extended her benign influence, there the name of George Cruikshank is happily associated with the ever-welcome productions of his delightful and essentially instructive pencil—truly a great teacher was my friend George Cruikshank.

Cruikshank's death occurred in 1878. Born in Bloomsbury in 1792, son of an artist, who was himself skilled in caricature designs, the boy at a very early age helped his father in the work of drawing. When he was but seven years old he made drawings—which were exhibited, with a very large number of others of later

date, at Exeter Hall in 1863. Cruikshank, during the life of his father, from whom he seems to have had very little encouragement—and still less of help in the matter of instruction—attempted to get admission into the Schools of the Royal Academy when Fuseli was Keeper; but whether he was admitted as a student is a disputed point. The elder Cruikshank died while his son was still young, and the latter took up and completed some blocks the former had left unfinished; thenceforth his vocation in life was fixed.

Two monthly political satires of the day, the *Scourge* and the *Meteor*, he illustrated with caricatures; and for the politician and publisher, William Hone, he did a considerable amount of work of a satirical character reflecting on the government of that time, and especially on the subject of the trial of Queen Caroline, the unhappy consort of George IV.

To enumerate even a hundredth part of Cruikshank's labours with the pencil would be sufficient to demonstrate not only the versatility, but the unwearied industry of the artist. In the "Universal Catalogue of Books on Art," published by the Science and Art Department in 1870, we find the name of George Cruikshank associated with no fewer than one hundred and seventeen distinct publications—the majority having "numerous plates."

As an oil painter, Cruikshank exhibited pictures occasionally—not till towards the middle of his life—at the Royal Academy, and at the British Institution; but his works of that description attracted little attention. His most famous production of this kind is "The Wor-

ship of Bacchus," a remarkable composition in all ways, of very large dimensions, and containing about eight hundred figures, including all classes and conditions. It was painted to aid the Temperance Movement, as also were the series of designs known as "The Bottle" and "The Drunkard's Home;" the artist being in his later years a zealous advocate of "teetotalism," with which his name is very closely identified, and in aid of which movement he worked diligently in every way whereby he could further the interests of the cause.

Almost to the very day of his death, Cruikshank retained that elasticity of spirit, vigour of mind, and comparative activity of body, which he had enjoyed through a lifetime extended far beyond the allotted term of man's existence. He lived to a good and useful purpose, and his memory will long be enshrined in the hearts of all who knew him, and valued his genius and the good objects to which it was so often dedicated.

I should ill discharge my duty if I omitted to render honour and homage to one who has been so prominent and great a benefactor to his age and country.

So much has of late been written concerning "Teetotal George," that I may be pardoned for having compressed my sketch of him into slender limits. My latest memory of Cruikshank is connected with his funeral. I was one of the pall-bearers when his body was interred at Kensal Green. He had passed on earth eighty-five years of a singularly active life: beginning work as I have said almost in infancy, and ending it only on his death-bed.

JOHN FLAXMAN.—To the leading sculptors of my time I can devote but a few pages. I saw great Flaxman once at the Royal Academy, and once at his house; a small, delicate man with a lofty forehead, in appearance just such as he is pictured by his friend Jackson, who as a portrait-painter almost takes rank with Vandyke; but he was too poor to produce works that demanded time and labour, and the productions that gave him such high rank are few. For several years Jackson painted portraits that are engraved in early numbers of the *Evangelical Magazine*, usually having one sitting only, and producing one portrait in a day—heads that were seldom favourable examples of nature, and could hardly furnish material to the painter for splendid results in art. More than once I have been with him during the hour the sitting occupied, and easily comprehended the current of undergrowl with which the work was accompanied. Jackson's portrait of Flaxman, I think, is the greatest and best of modern portraits. It conveys a perfect idea of the almost divine expression of the great artist and good man.

I quote a passage from the inscription in the church of St. Giles's "in the Fields," that district of St. Giles's where still exist the remnants of a rookery that not many years back was a disgrace to the metropolis. Here rest the ashes of the great artist, and on his tombstone it is recorded that beneath lies the body of—

"John Flaxman,

"Whose mortal life was a preparation for a blessed immortality. His angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver on the 7th of December, 1826; in the seventy-second year of his age."

JOHN GIBSON.—During many years prior to his death, in 1866, Gibson was a resident in Rome, only visiting England occasionally. On the occasion of such visits he usually gave an evening to us. Throughout his long life he was honoured as an artist of the very foremost type, and greatly esteemed and regarded as a man. In Rome his ateliers were freely opened to students, who might there study what he worked on and how he worked. They were, at least, as free to the American as they were to the British, and among those who availed themselves of the facilities he granted were Miss Hosmer and Miss Foley. Dear Peggy Foley died young, and so an artist of great ability and an estimable woman was lost to the world; not, however, until she had been a grand contributor to the art-sculpture of America. Indeed, in more recent times the sculptors of the United States have been carrying off the laurels from Europe. In the long list of American sculptors I might give would surely stand foremost the name of Hiram Powers, whose "Greek Slave" (engraved for the *Art Journal*) has perhaps borne off the palm from all modern competitors. I must pass rapidly over the names and works of Bailey, Westmacott, Macdowell, and other sculptors of an epoch now closed. The best productions of all of them may be seen at the Crystal Palace, and if the grand remainder and reminder of the fairy building in Hyde Park, in 1851, had only that source of attraction to recommend it, there would be a debt owing to it for good work done.

WILLIAM BEHNES.—Henry, who took the name of Burlowe, avowedly because he would not seek to attract to himself a share of the professional honours of his elder brother, but really because already there was a tarnish on the name, was in all ways steady, upright, conscientious, just; and he would certainly have attained distinction, but that almost on the threshold of his career that career was suddenly stopped by his death of cholera at Rome. He is known as Henry Behnes Burlowe.

William Behnes had many commissions, especially for busts, in the production of which he greatly excelled. I have his bust of the Queen when a child of nine or ten years old. It is a charming work, and gives assurance of the goodness, virtue, and lofty mental qualities by which the Sovereign has been distinguished during a long, auspicious, and prosperous reign. It is the portrait of a good child destined to be a good woman. It was given to me by the artist. The original, from which it is a cast, is, I believe, at Windsor. Poor, unhappy William Behnes! he fell into evil habits early, and, after indulging in them so long as to sap the constitution, impair the mind, and disease the soul, he became a confirmed drunkard, and one night was found literally in the gutter, with threepence in his pocket, somewhere close to the Middlesex Hospital, to which he was taken, and where a few days afterwards he died, January 7, 1864. So passed from earth another victim to the pest of drink—another sad addition to the long list of men of genius who have outraged lofty gifts, and blighted careers that were meant to be, and capable of being, useful to all humankind: not indeed by actual suicide,

but by acts that as surely lead to wilful and self-inflicted death as if the hand had deliberately sent by a pistol-shot the body to the grave.

Behnes was generally considered a native of Ireland; he was born in London about 1794. His father was a Hanoverian, the son of a physician, but his mother was an Englishwoman. He might have died ripe in honours and laden with riches honourably won. Fortune became at last weary of lavishing her bounties on one who constantly perverted them; but had the prodigal even late in life made any effort to amend his shortcomings, he might yet have acquired a competence: as it was he died in penury. The story of the latter part of his career is indeed melancholy. He had begun life as a miniature-painter. I have a small drawing by him—a likeness of Mrs. Hall, taken in 1818. He rose somewhat rapidly to fame as a sculptor, to terminate his career in the miserable way I have described.

John Henry Foley, R.A., was born in Dublin on the 24th of May, 1818, and died at Hampstead on the 27th of August, 1874. At the age of thirteen, he commenced to draw and model in the schools of the Royal Dublin Society, where he gained several prizes. In 1834 he came to London, and attended the schools of the Royal Academy, where he rapidly achieved distinction. When I first knew Foley, more than forty years ago, he was living in one of the streets leading out of the Hampstead Road (Robert Street), and in the small parlour was his model of Ino and Bacchus, afterwards

destined to become famous: but then nobody had made a bid for it. It was ultimately commissioned in marble by the Earl of Ellesmere, and is now one of the boasts of the country.

Foley equalled, if he did not surpass, the best of his contemporaries in every department of the art—in his busts, his monumental bas-reliefs, his groups, his single statues, and especially in his equestrian statues. No sculptor living or dead has produced works more grand than his Lord Hardinge and Sir James Outram. There exists no statue more perfect than that of Oliver Goldsmith, in which he had untoward materials to deal with, and which is beyond question such a triumph of genius over difficulties as, I think, is unparalleled in art.

Foley was not only a great artist, he was emphatically a good man, ever ready to help a struggling brother, and foremost in any work of charity. He lived simply and without ostentation, was happily married, and was always at home—always in his studio, indeed, when in health, and only absent when active labour was impossible. For the two or three years preceding his death it was obvious that his upright, honourable, and prosperous career was drawing to a close. He dated his illness from one fatal day of frost and keen east wind, when striving to arrange on its pedestal the statue of the Prince Consort in Hyde Park. From the attack that followed he never recovered, and it was a grief to his many friends to perceive the increasing bodily decay that heralded a comparatively early death.

I recall him as I knew him in the long-ago—slight, but well formed, the face long and sallow, pensive almost

to melancholy; I do not think he was outwardly of what is called a genial nature. He was not "robust" either in body or mind; all his sentiments and sensations were graceful; so in truth were his manners. His leisure was "consumed by thought;" he seemed to me to be at work when apparently doing nothing; he was never idle, although his hands were at rest. So completely had early neglect been exchanged for fame and recognition, that when he died he had more "commissions" on hand than he could—notwithstanding some very efficient aids—have executed during ten years of active and energetic life. Yet he died poor; he *must* have died poor, for he was perpetually giving away—ever liberal in helping others. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was the period of the year when most people are away from London, and the attendance at his funeral was not large. A dozen members of the Royal Academy and a few men of letters only were present, when the earthly form of a great genius was laid beside many workers of the past who yet live, as Foley will live, as long as brass and marble endure.

JOHN GRAHAM LOUGH.—The career of this sculptor, who died on the 8th of April, 1876, after a few days' illness, is one of no very unusual occurrence in the annals of art. Born at the beginning of the century of humble parents, and with little aid in achieving success—beyond his own perseverance, energy, and ability—he raised himself to a very honourable position as a sculptor,

though he may not have quite realised the expectations the painter Haydon formed and recorded of his genius.

In private life no artist has been more largely esteemed and respected. His personal friends were numerous, including many of the most famous men and women of the age in science, art, and letters. There frequently assembled at his house persons not only high in rank, but renowned for intellectual and social worth; their regard for the man was great as was their admiration of his genius as an artist. He was estimable in all the relations of life, was essentially, in manner as well as in mind, a gentleman. He had the qualities that convert acquaintances into personal friends, and few men have died more regretted by a very large circle. His widow, a sister of the distinguished surgeon, Sir James Paget, survives him; but he leaves no son to inherit his name and honours.*

There are three sculptors, my personal friends, who have died recently—Joseph Durham, A.R.A., Edward Bowring Stephens, A.R.A., and Joseph Edwards. Each had well earned the fame he had attained; each has left to us works that will be classed among the best productions of the nineteenth century.

I knew the sculptor Joseph Durham intimately. He takes a foremost place among the greater artists of the period. Abundant proofs of his poetic taste and fancy may be found in the *Art Journal*, where as many as

* His widow presented his sketches and unpublished works to his native town —Newcastle-on-Tyne; they weighed many tons. The corporation erected a structure in which to "house" and exhibit them.

seven of his works are engraved, while the testimonial monument in the South Kensington Horticultural Gardens must be ranked among the best adornments of the metropolis. I saw Durham first at the dwelling of Jenny Lind, in Old Brompton. He had asked and obtained permission to make a bust of her. The result was a production of considerable merit. It was easy thence to prophesy success for the young artist. He found patrons, obtained commissions, was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and after the death of Foley was advancing to the head of his profession, when so recently as 1877 he died; it would be wrong to conceal the fact, he has left no relations to be shamed by recording it—another victim to the curse that has consigned so many men of genius to graves before they had done half the work they might have done.

The theme is sad to me, as I think it will be to many others of his friends, and I will abridge a memory that yields me pain rather than pleasure, for I regarded him with much affection.

Joseph Edwards was altogether different. He was a native of South Wales: pure and upright and essentially good in all the relations of life—a character amply sustained by the refined delicacy and purity of his works, the principal of which were sepulchral. A small production of his graces the memorial tablet to Mrs. S. C. Hall, in the church at Addlestone. His many friends subscribed to erect a monument to his memory at Kensal Green.

Stephens I knew even better than I knew Edwards. He, too, was a man of large worth in private life—a

sculptor of the highest genius. There are in his native city of Exeter four statues unsurpassed in British art. Devonshire lost one of its truest "worthies" when Edward Bowring Stephens died at a comparatively early age, but not until he had established high fame.

If in treating of the authors I have known I had to apologise for very many omissions, surely I must do so as regards artists—repeating that although the list is not exhausted, my space is.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF SOME ACTORS I HAVE KNOWN.

My intimacy with actors has been limited; but I have known some whose names are famous, and may devote to recollections of them some pages of this book.

I saw John Kemble act in 1815; he sustained with marvellous power the character of Coriolanus, and trod the stage with apparently youthful vigour—"the noblest Roman of them all." The next day, I waited, for some time, beside his door in Great Russell Street, to see him in "his habit as he lived," and was not a little astonished and shocked when I saw an old and decrepit man totter out, leaning on the arm of two servants to be helped into his carriage. For several years before his death he was a sad sufferer from a complaint peculiarly terrible to an actor—asthma. In 1817, on his retirement from the stage, there was heaped on him his full share of honours. At a dinner given to him in Freemason's Hall he listened to the stanzas written by Thomas Campbell:—

> "Pride of the British stage,
> A long, a last adieu."

While he yet trod that stage he had reformed it in many ways—notably as regarded costume. Until his advent, Greek and Roman were usually represented in

knee-breeches and flowing wigs. In 1817 Mrs. Siddons, for her brother's benefit, played the part of Lady Macbeth. If we are to credit Macready, the acting of both supplied proof of "occupation gone;" the time had come for repose on laurels won.

Edmund Kean's last appearance was at Covent Garden on the 25th of March, 1833, as Othello; he could not go through the part, broke down after uttering the words—

"For ever
Farewell the tranquil mind,"

and was removed from the boards which he was to tread no more. Probably he was intoxicated. He certainly was so when, a very few evenings before, I saw him play Lear. I have not forgotten the shock sustained by the audience when Kean fell flat on the boards, and brought the play to a close—as melancholy as it was abrupt.

He had been, if not the greatest actor on the British stage, certainly the greatest favourite of the British public, since the days of Garrick. He may, as Macready says, "have been too eager a student of startling effects;" but he produced them at will; his insignificant form, so singularly contrasting with that of Kemble, was lost sight of in his terrible "earnestness." I have heard actors say they had often felt disposed to run away from the terrible light of Kean's coal-black eyes.

He was comparatively young when laid in his grave in the churchyard at Richmond. His public life had not quite reached twenty years. In 1814 he first ap-

peared at Drury Lane, and Death called him from the boards in 1833. His drawback was that he was great only by fits and starts, that he seemed to care only for sudden effects, and rarely showed a character as a whole, preferring the noisy plaudits of the pit and gallery to the silent but expressive approval of the cultivated few. He would do little for a character, seeming not to enter into it at all until the opportunity came for making "a point," when it would be made with terrific effect, and his reward was measured by the extent to which his audience "rose at him." I have seen him absolutely frighten a whole circle by a look, and it was common enough for him to receive an outburst of enthusiastic cheers before he had uttered a word.

He was not a bad man; he had generous sympathies, would give with a liberal hand; he was *only* a drunkard; but that "only" implies habits disastrous—duties undischarged, low and debasing associations, reckless occupations, degrading pursuits, always unworthy, and often infamous, companionships, brutalizing even a nature originally high and good.

Alas! in the prime of manhood he wilfully blighted the tree of life at its root, and while he was still young the expressive, if not handsome, features, even the dark, sparkling, and powerfully eloquent eyes, gave sad indications that he was paying the rigidly-exacted penalty for indulgence in vice. His frame, once so energetic, buoyant, and at times dignified, had become weak and tottering. It was lamentable to note, as I did more than once, when conversing with him, that he was wilfully destroying his physical and intellectual powers, and

insuring an early as well as a degraded death. No doubt he had many warnings—added to his own thorough conviction that he was bringing his triumphant career to a premature close.

The name of Edmund Kean is included in the fearfully long list of illustrious men who have been guilty of deliberate suicide—wantonly, wilfully and of "malice aforethought" abridging lives that might have been extended into old age, honourably and usefully.*

Very different was the character, and very opposite were the habits, of his son Charles; in all ways he was respectable—the word, perhaps, describes the actor as well as the man: although in some parts he rose very far above mediocrity, and in a few characters might have taken rank with his famous father. Charles was estimable in all the relations of life; a good husband, father and friend; married to an admirable wife, who, as an actress, took a professional status amongst the highest. He left but one child, a daughter, who is happily married, and still lives.

I knew Mrs. Keeley before she married the excellent actor of that name. She was introduced to us so long ago as 1828 (as she still lives she will, I hope, pardon me for recording the date), when, as Miss Goward, she was commencing the dramatic career in which she afterwards

* Solomon Hart tells a story that when he was painting a portrait of Kean, the actor seemed in a downcast mood; the painter complained. "Sir," murmured Kean, "I damned a tragedy last night." He had been drunk; and had forgotten the text of the part.

achieved such success, attaining and long maintaining a well-earned renown. She was introduced to us by a musical composer, Alexander Roche, who set the songs in Mrs. Hall's play of the *Groves of Blarney*. There has been no actress who identified herself more completely with the character she represented; there are some, no doubt, who recollect how thoroughly in the *Maid of All Work* she looked the part of a ragged, slatternly, dirty slut. Mrs. Keeley did not hesitate to look as well as act the character she was impersonating, even when in so doing she sacrificed for a time all the *personnel* that women hold dear.

I may ask leave to say a word concerning "Miss P. Horton"—Mrs. German Reed—a grandmother now—who has won, or rather earned, "golden opinions" in public and in private life—for a time approaching half a century. When a young, delicate, and very pretty girl she was one of the protecting outworks of Macready's citadel; he may have taught her much; no doubt he did; but her dramatic genius was inherent. As Ophelia, as Ariel, and especially as the Fool in *Lear*, no acting ever surpassed hers in natural grace and refined subtlety; her voice, if not of large compass, was singularly melodious; it was like the warbling of a bird, attuned to perfect and comprehensive harmony, so "discoursing" as to "enchant the ear." I must certainly rank her among the most exquisitely accomplished performers I have ever seen—enchanting at once the eye and the ear, while thoroughly satisfying the mind.

I ask pardon of these two ladies for introducing their names between those of men who might have been their grandfathers, for they are both living—of matronly years now, I suppose I may say; but if women are never old until they cease to be charming, Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. German Reed must be reckoned as young as were Mary Goward and Priscilla Horton.

The last time I saw John Braham was at Brussels; but I knew him well when he was residing at the Grange, Brompton, when "little Fanny Braham," afterward Countess Waldegrave, was a singularly pretty and fascinating child. John Braham was a short, "pudgy" man, with unmistakable evidence of his descent from "the ancient people;" his wife was a remarkably handsome woman, tall and stately, and presenting the appearance of one who, had she been born a duchess, would have borne her ducal coronet right well.

In his old age, Braham committed the fatal error of building and becoming the proprietor and manager of a theatre—"the St. James's." All his life he had shrunk from speculations of that kind; and when he entered on this he was advanced in years, his energies had much decayed, and he required, and might have been expected to covet, repose rather than exertion. Yet not long before he took the perilous step, when asked, during an examination before a Committee of the House of Lords, whether he was the owner of any theatre, he emphatically answered, "No, thank God!" He embarked all his savings in this venture, and, as if that were not

enough, added to his encumbrance by purchasing the Coliseum in Regent's Park; the inevitable consequence ensued—he lost all he had gained. Happily the remainder of his journey was made comparatively easy by the sustaining hand of his daughter, who had become wealthy, and, though his wife was dead, he had the constant care and companionship of her sister, so that the downhill of life was smoothed for him into a gentle and easy descent to the grave at Brompton Churchyard, where he is buried, and where the remains of his excellent wife also lie.

In 1836 Mrs. Braham, with whom the management of her husband's theatre chiefly rested, applied to Mrs. Hall to write a play. At that time an actor, Morris Barnett, had made a great "hit" in a piece entitled *Monsieur Jaques*, the chief character in which, sustained by him with much ability, was that of a Frenchman; he required a new part, and Mrs. Hall wrote, mainly for him, a play—*The French Refugee*. It was a "success," running through the remainder of the season of ninety nights. One of the parts was played by Madam Sala (mother of the eminent author—a very charming lady), who sang with much sweetness and skill; I well remember the little boy, who was destined to be a great man, frequently accompanying her to the theatre, and once to our house.

Mrs. Hall wrote for the theatre another play, *Mabel's Curse*, in which the actor Harley sustained the leading part. That also was successful.

Mrs. Hall also produced a play at the request of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Yates. I recall the day when the estimable and admirable lady brought her boy to see us —the boy who is now one of the men of mark of the century. The play was the *Groves of Blarney*, dramatized from one of her own stories in "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," and the main purpose in writing it was to supply a character for the renowned actor, Tyrone Power, subsequently "lost" in the *President*, the ship in which he was returning to England from a prosperous tour in the United States (and by the way he had with him a one-act piece of Mrs. Hall's, of which she neglected to keep a copy. It was called, I think, *Who's Who?* I cannot say if he had brought it out in America).

In the *Groves of Blarney*, Power sustained three parts —an Irish gentleman, an Irish "natural" (half-idiot), and an Irish yeoman—for either of which impersonations he was eminently fitted, and all of which he sustained with marvellous fidelity. No one within my memory has represented an Irishman so well; there was inimitable "oiliness" in his rich brogue, seldom exaggerated, and certainly never vulgar. He rather elevated than sunk the stage idea of a native of the Green Isle, although preserving the main features of the long-accepted stage-type—a conventional creation that was very rarely flattering to the country. We saw much of Power during the periods of rehearsal; he carved and cut, struck out and inserted sentences, with the despotic freedom of an autocrat: but assuredly improved the piece. It ran through a whole season at the Adelphi, but died with the actor to whom it owed so much; at least it has

never been represented since his death. Power was a somewhat short and* slight man; his features were poor, and he was pitted with the small-pox; but there was a singular sparkle in his eye that told of latent humour, although off the stage he was as little of an actor as could well be imagined. He was quiet of demeanour and gentlemanly in manners, and had in no way lent force to the then popular notion that an actor could not well live an orderly life nor an Irishman be free from habits of dissipation. He has left with those who knew him a very agreeable memory, although he was by no means "a society man." There has been no Irishman to succeed him on the stage, in the characters he made thoroughly his own.*

I call to memory Charles Mathews, the elder, and his inimitable "At Homes;" compared to which those of modern times are as a basin of skimmed milk to a dish of clotted cream. In private life, Mathews was full of

* I copy the following from Webb's "Cyclopædia of Irish Biography."

"Tyrone Power, an eminent actor, born about 1795, according to one account in the county of Waterford, according to another at Swansea, of Irish parents. *His real name was Thomas Powell.* He served his time as a compositor, but ultimately abandoned printing and went on the stage, where he soon obtained a high position. After some experience in tragedy he took up Irish comedy, to suit which he "manufactured" an admirable brogue. In 1818 he retired from the boards, but returned in 1821 and became manager of the Olympic Theatre in 1823. He appeared at Drury Lane in the same year. In 1824 he achieved a triumph as Paddy O'Halloran, and thenceforward devoted himself to Irish character. Mr. Power travelled in America in 1833-4-5, and published his *Impressions of America* in 1836. In 1840 he made a second tour in the States, and sailed from New York on his return in the steamship *President* on 11th March, 1841. Nothing was ever heard of the ill-fated vessel, and it was supposed to have foundered in a storm or come in collision with floating ice. Mr. Power was the author of some novels. An interesting note of his last appearance in Dublin, 20th June, 1840, will be found in *Notes and Queries*, Second Series. His son, Sir W. Tyrone Power, has written several books of travel."

wit and fun, and rich racy humour. I met him often in divers places. As an actor he had great and original merit. But it was in monologues that he surpassed all competitors. Yates attempted to follow him, and was but a diluted copy. The rapidity and dexterity with which he effected changes in dress were marvellous; seldom leaving the stage; for he could slip under a table, sometimes talking all the while, and rise the next instant a new man—going down perhaps a corpulent Welshman, and rising up a sleek "Monsieur." He was not only perfection in lively comedy—now a clown, now an elderly beau, and presently an antiquated spinster. He was as wonderful in pathos as in humour. Who of those who have seen it can have forgotten his picture of "Monsieur Malet," an aged French *émigré*, in some town of America, who haunts the Post Office in the vain hope of finding there a letter from his daughter. "Any lettere from my *chère* daughter to-day? Any letter for Monsieur Malet?" being regularly answered by the Post Master with, "No, there ain't no letter for Muster Malley," on which the disappointed sire complains: "Day after day I come, no letter. Ze child forget her old fazere!"

But when suddenly the poor exile sees one in the window, directed to him in his daughter's well-known hand, the change from deep despondency to frantic rage was marvellous, as he seizes the Post Master by the throat and exclaims, "Dere *is* a letter for Monsieur Malêt; *scélérat*, you lie!" "That," says the Post Master, "that's been here a month; it ain't for Muster Malley, it's for Mr. Ma*let*."

In these "At Homes" Mathews sometimes sang with great effect, in addition to representing seven or eight different, and very varied, characters in an evening —each to perfection. Irish, Scotch, French, Welsh, American, no nationality came amiss to him, and in each he seemed a genuine son of the soil. His followers of to-day would hide their diminished heads, if they could form anything like a correct idea of what their great predecessor was. Whether he chose to convulse his audience with laughter, or move them to tears, he was alike unrivalled.

Mathews was not a mimic; he was a great imitator; the best, perhaps, that has ever lived. Julian Young remarks on his "quickness of observation, flexibility of voice, mobility of feature, and suppleness of muscle," and tells us that often, when dining with the Duke of Richmond, his Grace would drink his health, not as Mr. Mathews, but as Mr. Sheridan, Lord Erskine, Mr. Curran—as the case might be; and was invariably responded to in a speech, after the manner of the person indicated, so as to electrify the hearers. Coleridge said of him, "You call him a mimic, I define him as a comic poet acting his own poems.* A satirist, his arrows were only aimed at vice; a taker-off of peculiarities, he never sought to make a mock of deformity. In short, nothing can be written of his theatrical career that would not be to his honour. Add, again, that he was estimable in every relation of private life. Julian

* Caroline Fox relates of the elder Mathews: "When very near death, he drank by mistake for his medicine, a bottle of ink: the doctor, when told, exclaimed, 'Why, it is enough to kill him.' 'No, no,' answered the dying man, 'I'd only to swallow a sheet of blotting paper.'"

Young bears hearty testimony to the intrinsic worth of his character, his untarnished integrity, his love for his wife (by whom a biography of her husband was written), and for his son, his fidelity to his friends, and other admirable traits.

Of the younger Mathews I knew little. He was what is understood by the term "a loose fish;" a key to his character is furnished by the anecdote told of his preferring to hire a fly to travelling in an omnibus, and assigning as his reason that he could not afford to journey in the latter—*they always wanted ready money*. He must, however, have had qualities that endeared him to many; for he had troops of friends, and was popular both on and off the stage.

Frederick Yates, the sometime associate of Mathews, I knew long and somewhat intimately, and also his estimable and admirable wife. Mrs. Yates was one of the many women who have conferred honour on the profession; an excellent actress she was; in parts that demanded delicacy and pathos, she did not fall far short of being great. Yates was a pleasant, agreeable, and lively "society man," * cursed with an irritable temper.

* I remember Yates telling me an anecdote of himself that I may here reproduce. "A Welsh clergyman who had been attentive and hospitable to Mr. and Mrs. Yates during one of their provincial tours, had promised to visit them whenever he came to London, and before long duly kept his word. Of course he received an invitation to dinner and to the theatre afterwards. It happened, however, that Yates had quite forgotten his name; so had his wife when appealed to on the subject; and their visitor had left no card. Mathews, who was to be of the dinner party, was made acquainted with the dilemma, and during dinner led the way to a discussion on the various modes in which peopl

It was not uncommon for him to vent his indignation against his audience at the Adelphi in audible words; and I once saw him, in an impulse of wrath, fling his wig at a person in the pit. I have elsewhere stated that Mr. and Mrs. Yates played in a piece written by Mrs. Hall for the theatre of which he was manager, the Adelphi. One of the leading parts was filled by Harley, an actor somewhat famous at the time; one of the good old school of players, an agreeable gentleman as well; with a varied stock of information, and full of anecdotes of his calling in times past, when the barn was the actor's college.

I had seen Miss O'Neill in 1815 in London, and in 1819 in Cork; seen her in her best parts. She was very lovely when young; had a sweet gentleness of expression and manner; that probably supplied half her charm. But those who have seen "Helen Faucit" have seen a better actress, one of higher mind, more educated intelligence, more thoroughly comprehending the character depicted, and certainly more graceful in the eloquence of motion,

spelt their names: then, suddenly turning to the great unnamed, 'By-the-bye,' said Charles, 'how *do you spell* yours, sir?' 'Oh,' said the other, 'I spell it with two p's.' Mathews and Yates looked at each other, and no further attempt to solve the riddle was made. But to Yates's horror the stranger at parting had a peculiarly embarrassing request to make. Said he, 'I have left my watch at Dent's to be cleaned: I wish, Yates, you would be kind enough to get it and forward it to me.' Yates promised; and felt as he did so that there was small chance of the promise being redeemed. How was he to get the watch from Dent's without knowing the owner's name? However, Mathews came again to the rescue. By his advice Yates went to Dent's, and explaining the case, asked to have the names of all persons who had left watches during the week to be cleaned, read to him. Presently came that of Philips. 'How is it spelt?' asked Yates. 'Philips,' was the answer. 'Put in another p,' said Yates, 'that's the man.' Luckily it was; and the watch duly reached its owner, and Yates's mind was set at rest."

that does so much for personations on the stage. I met Lady Beecher (Miss O'Neill) so recently as 1870, and conversed with her freely of her younger days; though their date went back half a century and more; she did not shirk the reminder—as women too often do when age has taken the place of youth. If she was old, she was beautiful, there was the same gentle sweetness that gave her attraction when a girl; the same gracious manner; evidence of a happy and loving nature.

The only other actor, excepting one, of whom I need speak is Charles Young; if not among the first in his art, he held a rank more than respectable; he would have been great in these days when mediocrity comes to the front. Happily for our existing dramatic lights, the mighty men of the past are in their graves. Young was essentially a gentleman, on and off the stage; of easy and self-possessed deportment; he acted as if he could not over-do his part; it was neither to the gods nor the groundlings, but to true and discerning critics, he looked for applause. Largely informed—"much had he read, much more had seen"—his mind was of a high order; respectable is a weak word to apply to him, but it is perhaps the best suited to describe his character. He seemed what he was—an admirable gentleman in all the relations of life.

I spent a most pleasant week with him at the house of a mutual friend near Tring, and many hours with him at his residence, the north-east-corner house of the Old Steyne at Brighton. I esteemed him highly, and honour

his memory as that of a largely accomplished and thoroughly estimable man.

I knew more of Macready than I did of any other actor; indeed, Mrs. Hall was the godmother of one of his sons; yet with Macready it was very difficult to be always on good terms. He was overbearing and exacting, a despot in the theatre and a "master" at home. Yet no one was more revered and beloved by his own household; none more respected for the blameless tenor of his life; the high example he gave to all who came within the sphere of his influence, the untarnished honour that marked all his dealings with his fellow-men, and his strict performance of the duties of husband, father, and friend. The shadow on this bright picture was his temper; it was terrible.* Mrs. Macready has told us that every night he prayed to be protected from its perilous power, a power that so often marred his prospects—negatived his good intentions, and rendered wretched those it was his dearest wish to make happy. We saw sad proofs of this while spending a week with him at his residence at Elstree, in or about the year 1835, when among the guests were Robert Browning, then beginning his career, and John Forster, who cer-

* Its outbreaks were always bitterly repented of. After thrashing the manager Bunn—a very natural if not strictly justifiable proceeding, for Bunn had repeatedly and grossly insulted him—he makes allusion to his violence in the following somewhat exaggerated strain:—

"My shame has been endured with agony of heart, and wept with bitter tears. The fair fame of a life has been sullied by a moment's want of self-command." There occur frequent references in his Diaries to this "untoward event," as he terms it. It deserved no harsher name, considering the provocation he had received.

tainly tried him often by needless contradictions—an assumed right to dictate even as to how a Shakespere sentence should be emphasised, and a manner doubly irritating because at the same time that it seemed his aim to humble the great man, his language, intonation, and bearing were all modelled in foolish imitation of Macready's, until John Forster seemed only a bad copy of the actor.

It was a pleasanter week I spent with Macready when he resided at Sherborne. He had retired from the stage, and his family were all with him—all excepting his admirable wife, who had then left earth. She was one of the best women, as wife and mother, I have ever known, gentle, conciliatory, utterly unlike the idea one forms of a lady who had been an actress in her youth. But in fact it can hardly be said that Mrs. Macready had ever been so. It is a generally accepted story, that acting at Dublin, in Knowles's Play of Virginius, the lady who was to be the Virginia was taken suddenly ill; it was too late for the manager, without dangerous inconvenience, to substitute another piece. Some one said that a young girl, "Kitty Atkins," could play the part; she was called up, scrutinised by Macready, and did play the part; but once only; Macready having so arranged with the needy actor, her father, sent her to school; inducing his admirable sister to reside there with her; and after a lapse of two years they were married.

That is the usual story; but, in fact, there was no peculiar romance about the attachment; he had seen her when a mere child, and she had impressed him then; at the age of fifteen she was introduced to him as

his Virginia of the next night. He "recognised her as the same little girl he had rebuked at Glasgow for supposed inattention." "There was," he says, "a native grace in her deportment and every movement, and never were innocence and sensibility more sweetly personified than in her mild look, and sparkling eyes streaming with unbidden tears." That was at Aberdeen (in 1820); and he found that, though still such a very juvenile actress, she was the support of her family. The devoted attachment, thus commenced, led to marriage on the 24th June, 1824. A better wife—one who fell more entirely into his "ways," he who was ever the god of her idolatry —no man ever had. Her educated mind and graceful manners well supported him in his claim to that status of gentleman to which he more aspired than he did to be hailed the foremost actor of his time. She brought up her children tenderly and wisely, discharging faithfully and systematically all her duties as wife, mother, companion, and helpmate. Whatever brawls, perplexities, and vexations (and there were plenty of them) Macready found outside his house-door, none passed his threshold. She and her children, it may be feared, had to bear much at times from the outbreaks of his ungovernable temper; but all was borne meekly; for they truly and devotedly loved him; and if his will was law, it was happily the exception for it to be other than a law of kindness to them. He was beyond all doubt a devoted husband and father, an elevated gentleman in all his thoughts and habits; pure of life, scorning debasing pleasures; and carrying, indeed, this loftiness of mind so far that he was rather ashamed than proud of

the profession of which he was so illustrious a member. It is said that, except in his personation of one or two truly heroic characters, his children had never seen him act. I know it was so until within a short period of the close of his professional career. He dreaded danger of their respect for him being lessened if they witnessed his personation of some of the characters of Shakespere, such as Iago and Richard III., the parts in which he most deeply studied to seem the villain he represented.

As a manager, if a despot, he was prudent, liberal, and honourable; he greatly advanced the art of the stage; the pieces he brought out were perfect, as regards scenery and costume. He resolved (greatly to his pecuniary loss) to revise the "free list," by excluding from it questionable women; and in all ways purified the theatres over which he ruled.

I think I see him now in the domestic circle at Sherborne. He had well earned the repose on his theatrical laurels which he was there enjoying; but idleness was distasteful, perhaps impossible, to his nature. He became the teacher of his children.* His eldest daughter, Kate, had much natural talent, indeed none of them were without ability, and more than one had hereditary dramatic power, which it may be noted he

* And not only of his own children: he had an evening school for the youths of the village. It was amusing to see him playing the pedagogue there, to an audience of country louts.

"What is the capital of Italy?" he would ask of one of them, "Paris," would be the answer. Then Macready, in a voice sepulchral enough for the gloomiest soliloquies of Werner, would slowly assure the hopeful listener; "No, sir—Paris is *not*—the capital of Italy: the capital—of Italy—is Rome." Perhaps his manner impressed on hearers the desired information, but the performance was something like using a steam hammer to drive in a nail.

studiously sought to repress. On the whole it was a happy family. But, one by one, the golden links were broken. His admirable wife died in 1852, and Macready went to live at Cheltenham. I visited him there.

Sir Frederick Pollock has given to the world Macready's Diary, and in a measure his Life. Like most books of the kind, it is defective; lowering and not elevating its subject; and would largely benefit by abridgment.

No man can thoroughly succeed in a profession of which he is ashamed; in any pursuit, the nature of which he despises: that is clear. The story told of the dancer, Vestris, is the key to all success. "Eh, la Philosophie est quelque chose—mais la danse!" Perhaps, however, Macready assumed more than he felt, when expressing scorn of the career of an actor.

Of the vast number of men and women of mark who were his friends and acquaintances he names hundreds; but merely names them. There are very few concerning whom he records a passage worth recording; yet to some of them we know he was attached, while to others he was under weighty obligations; in a word, his sins were not of commission but of omission; for it is, alas, too apparent that all who came in the way of William Charles Macready were nothings—or less than nothings. I have made some reference to Miss Helen Faucit, who acted with Macready through many London seasons, and was his main support in all his leading parts. What would Shylock have been without Portia, Romeo without Juliet? In short, is there one of Shakespere's plays that could have borne revival without a

lady competent to satisfy the audience in the part of at least equal importance to that of the hero? Helen Faucit was more than that: she was at least as good, as pure, as true an actress as Macready was an actor, as high in favour with the critic and the public; and for much of his prosperity as well as his fame Macready was indebted to her. Yet (it is difficult to believe) she is not recognised in any passage of the Diary beyond the faintest possible praise, such as might have been accorded to one of Lady Macbeth's gentlewomen. Clearly, professional jealousy was Macready's bane, and probably originated much of the morbid sensibility that in a measure poisoned his life.

We have, however, to consider Macready in the light in which the volumes of Sir Frederick Pollock place him. They are not satisfactory; indeed they leave us little for gratification; much for regret; undoubtedly, his place will be higher in the estimation of those who do not, than of those who do, read them.

Macready was essentially, I would almost say instinctively, a pious man; his faith in revealed religion was deeply rooted. Religious, rational, consistent, Christian, in the best sense, Faith was a part of his nature; his continual prayer to God was for strength to master his dangerous temper and for aid in bringing up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.*

* I copy a passage in illustration. There are many such passages in his autobiography. "March 3rd, my birthday; Lifting up my heart in grateful prayer to God for a continuance of His mercies vouchsafed to me, I begin this day the 43rd anniversary of my birth. Humbly and earnestly do I supplicate His goodness for the health, and peace, and virtue of my beloved family, and that He will be graciously pleased to sustain me in all righteous intentions, and to purify my mind from all low and debasing thoughts and inclinations, that by His

There are those who think the life of an actor incompatible with a religious life. They are much mistaken; the story of William Charles Macready may set them right. But the number of such persons has greatly lessened since the century was young; and the public in general is ready, not only to acknowledge the great and peculiar temptations to which actors are exposed, but to admit that by a majority of the profession those perils are triumphantly surmounted.

Macready died at Cheltenham on the 27th April, 1873, and was buried at Kensal Green, where lie so many who were his friends as well as his contemporaries. Of his family, very few are living; his brother, the excellent major, who had served at Waterloo, died in 1848; his sister Isabella, who had been his mainstay during nearly the whole of his career, followed; and his first wife died in 1852—a death that "took," as he wrote, "the sunshine from his remaining life"; six of his children had preceded him to the grave; one of them, dear, sweet, kindly, and good Kate, the very apple of his eye, was buried at sea!

Death had levied a heavy toll on his home before he was himself summoned, and finding his age lonely he took another wife. She was in all ways an excellent helpmeet, and an accomplished lady; an estimable woman; of good descent also, for her grandfather was the artist Sir William Beechey, R.A.

gracious help I may live through what He allots to me of further life, in peace of heart and increasing wisdom, educating my dear, dear family in His faith, fear, and pure love, and being myself a blessing in my affection and assistance, to my dearest wife, and also my dear family. Amen."

In February, 1882, died, at the age of eighty-eight, the Dowager Countess of Essex, famous sixty years ago as "Kitty Stephens." There are not many now living who can, as I can, recall her in the zenith of her beauty and popularity. She quitted the stage in 1838 to marry George Capel Coningsby, fifth Earl of Essex; and, although left a widow, just a year after her marriage, she resisted all inducements to a second union. Amply dowered, and retaining, even in middle age, a considerable portion of her early attractions, her suitors were doubtless many.

Lady Essex was respected as well as admired from the earliest days of her theatrical career to the close of her long life. I recall her as she was in 1824 or 1825, and continued to be for several succeeding years—sweetly beautiful (that is the best term I can use to describe her), possessing a manner exceedingly graceful; and, though but slightly endowed with dramatic power, an effective actress because of the delicious voice with which God had gifted one of the most charming vocalists that ever made music of English words.

In 1881 I had a lengthy conversation with her concerning a long-departed past. I met her at a Bazaar in the Town Hall at Kensington; the day's business being the sale of artificial flowers, the handiwork of "The Flower Girl Brigade"—young girls who have been rescued from poverty, and worse, by the efforts of several benevolent ladies, the Baroness Burdett Coutts being their president. We conversed of many people we had known nearly sixty years ago,* no one of whom

* I am indebted to a friend for the following anecdote. "Lady Essex told me that when very young she was taken to call on Mrs. Siddons, whom she re-

was in 1881 surviving. She retained much of the gracious expression that characterised her in girlhood and womanhood:—

> "Age has its loveliness no less than youth,
> For kindness, gentleness, and love, and truth
> Make beauty—beautiful at every stage:
> Make beauty—beautiful at any age."

At parting I said, "Perhaps there have been grander and greater singers, but a *sweeter* singer than you were God never made!" The compliment gratified her, certainly. She shook my hand warmly, and said, "Ah! it is pleasant to live in a memory of the past!" I little thought that within four months from that day she too would be numbered with the departed. She invited me to call on her. It is unfortunately one of the many opportunities I have lost; I never saw her again.

It cannot be needful to say there were many other actors famous in their day who were personally known to me, but whom the present generation knows not. They live to be forgotten when they are dead. It is the actor's penalty for fame—that must be evanescent. Of their successors I have nothing to say; but I have reason to believe they would shrivel up like perforated bladders if they could compare themselves with the great actors and actresses who preceded them in their grand art.

garded with great awe. When addressed in the oracular tones of the English tragic muse, her reply was inaudible through fright. 'Little girl! little girl!' said Mrs. Siddons, 'open your little mouth and let us hear your little voice,' a command the child mustered up courage enough to obey." The same friend adds: "Her kindness of heart was especially visible in her love of animals. Every day in winter the street before her door was strewn with crumbs for birds; and many a stray dog found a home under her hospitable roof."

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCOTLAND.

In 1845 and 1846 Mrs. Hall and I made tours in Scotland; our intention was to write a work after the manner of "Ireland: its Scenery and Character." We found we could not do the subject justice, and although several drawings had been made for us, and some of them engraved, we abandoned the undertaking. Of Ireland we had previously known much: it was therefore comparatively easy to write about that country. Of Scotland we knew little: the difficulties appalled us, and nothing came of our two Autumn visits to all the famous places in that delightful and heroic country—nothing, that is to say, in the shape of a book. Yet we had more than common advantages: tenders of information were generously made to us, facilities of all kinds were furnished to us, even to the placing at our disposal a steam-ship to visit Staffa and Iona, and the giving instructions that coaches by which we travelled should wait our leisure at show places *en route*. Some notes of our travels may be interesting to my readers.

The artist who was commissioned to make the drawings, and who "companioned" us to all the places we visited, was Mr. R. R. MacIan, an artist of very great ability, who had been an actor. He is since dead. His mind was richly stored with legends, and he drew on its stores

for our benefit wherever our steps were stayed. Mac-Ian sang Scottish ballads with inimitable point and humour; once, indeed, when at our house and singing Burns' song, "We are na fou," he imitated the drunkard so naturally that the man in waiting whispered a hint that it would be wise "to call a cab."

He was full of clan prejudice, and I believe would "have lifted a coo" right gladly, and without a scruple of conscience, if the victim had been a Southron, or of a clan whose far-away ancestors had been foes of the Macdonalds. He would hardly let us stop an hour, and permitted us to admire nothing, on the mountains or in the glens, of any who bore the name of Campbell, and was indignant when we spent a night in the house of Macintosh, though the chief claimed to be captain of the Clan Chattan; but in the Pass of Glencoe he was, so to say, ferociously wild with excitement and delight. He asked me if I dared to follow him through the glen, and I rashly accepted the invitation. It was nothing to him to run, climb, and scramble in his kilt, but to me it was a serious undertaking—embarrassed by the Saxon trews. Nevertheless it was done, and for three hours I walked and ran, climbed ascents, and waded through water-courses, until we reached the end of the glen, where, according to my "authority," the massacre of the Macdonalds had taken place. Here he grew absolutely wild with excitement, and the curses he heaped on the doomed heads of the murderers, were as earnest and bitter as if they had been "in presence there." He was a Roman Catholic, and I am sure he believed his curses had effect on the souls of the assassins. It would

have been difficult to have found a pleasanter companion, one better informed on all that concerned the Highlands, better read in the history of the clans, the traditions and legends of the wild country through which he continually led us. The Pass of Killiecrankie, where Dundee was slain, and Glenfinnan, where the clans gathered to greet the young Pretender, the Prince of so many hopes, and of their crushing and terrible disappointment—were to him as sacred as Thermopylæ or the scene of the defeat of Porsenna were to the Greeks and Romans. With him, too, we visited the field of Culloden (Drummossie Moor), but we had there a still better guide—the estimable and accomplished author of many excellent works—Robert Caruthers.

It might be said of MacIan that the heather grew in his heart. His experience of the footlights had not chilled, in the faintest degree, his love of Nature—that is to say, of Highland nature—and the scream of the bagpipes on the hill-side was sweeter music to him than any orchestra that ever played. It would astonish some people to learn that, though a keen lover of field sports, one who had lived weeks among the hills in the shooting season, and who could not pass a river without peering and "speering" as to the chance of finding a "saumon" in its depths, MacIan's tenderness towards the brute creation was remarkable—the tenderness of a girl, indeed; I have seen him shed tears over a sick dog.

He seemed to know every inch of the Highlands, he accompanied us both by daylight and moonlight through the Pass of Glencoe, through the wilds of Arasaig, round and over the well-known Lakes, and to

the renowned islands of Staffa and Iona, paused and pondered and conjectured with us beside Rob Roy's grave, and listened to the rush of the waters and the sough of the wind in the island burying-ground of the MacNabs, where the last of their graves has been dug—for the clan has found a home in the New World. How we enjoyed Blair Athol, and revelled in the Pass of Killiecrankie! MacIan's ready and rapid pencil caught the aspect of every scene, and transferred it to his sketch-book; and then in the mountain inns he would tell us stories and sing us songs—all in keeping with the time and place. I can never forget the spirit with which he poured forth, from the summit of the monument in Glenfinnan, his friend Bennoch's song of "The Old Highland Gentleman," or how eloquently he described there the march, in costume, of the clans to meet their Prince. The commemorative tower is reared in the centre of the glen. Standing there, MacIan and I gazed around us, the one to murmur over, the other, perhaps, to be thankful for, the fruitlessness of the heroic efforts that followed the gathering of the clans in that valley at the call of the Prince in "Forty-five." Schooled by my guide, it was not difficult to realise the scene that had taken place there as nearly as possible, nay, I believe it was the very day, one hundred years before we stood there, and in our own way commemorated the event.

From surrounding mountains there descend a number of bridle-paths, and along each one of these strode a band of sturdy Highlandmen to swell the slender army of the Prince. MacIan, thoroughly versed in the topography of the district, could point out the road by which

each clan had arrived. The task was nothing to him, for he knew precisely where each clan had dwelt, from what direction it must come, and through which Pass it would descend into the valley. Story, or history, goes, that when the Prince reached the place of meeting, not a soul was in the glen. Suddenly, from behind a distant crag there sounded the pibroch of Clanranald, soon to be joined by another, then by another, until the gathering of the clans was complete, and threescore bagpipes outdid each other in hailing bonnie Prince Charlie.*

One of the pleasantest days of our tour we spent in the dwelling of Sir Alexander Cameron, at Inveroilart, between Glenfinnan and Arasaig. The brave old soldier had been through the whole of the Peninsular War, and had fought in nearly every one of its battles. He had commanded the Rifles, the regiment in which he had served—as a cadet—in the ranks, and may be literally said to have fought his way up to the highest honours the service could confer upon him. It is not an exaggeration to say that he was covered with wounds. One day, when talking the subject over with him, he stripped to show me the unobliterated marks these stabs and shots had left. I think I am correct in saying they were near fifty. He was much crippled, yet he could still make a good cast over the river close by, and aided by his henchman land a salmon.

* No doubt the piper of every clan played his own pibroch—and all together. I once heard a Scottish Highlandman declare that the greatest enjoyment he ever had in his life was one night, when sheltered from a storm in a bothie some twenty feet square, there were eight pipers shut up with him, and as each insisted on playing his own pibroch all of them played together. "Oigh!" ejaculated the Highlandman, "tat was music!"

Honoured be his memory. Proud of his name and nation, he was—the glory of his clan and the pride of his country! He had passed through innumerable perils and seen thousands fall by his side—to enjoy in his venerated age the repose he had so well earned, and to rest, crowned with laurels, in the land that gave him birth. A noble and heroic old man was General Sir Alexander Cameron: it is a privilege to have been his guest.

I recall with much pleasure a visit we paid to Macintosh (it would insult him in his grave to entitle him Mister), the Captain of the Clan Chattan, as well as the chief of his own clan. A kind and courteous gentleman he was. He had been, I understood, a sea captain, and had mixed much with the world. He honoured us with peculiar honour—sending us to sleep in the bed in which the "young Prince," the Pretender, had slept; the curtains were wrought with embroidered cats rampant, with the well-known motto which Scott has immortalised: "Touch not the cat without the glove."

It is "a life-long memory" that which I retain of the view (what a weak word it is!) I witnessed from the summit of "lofty Ben Lomond"—a sunset on a summer evening. I shall not attempt to describe it: I do not think that any pen could do it justice. We were above the clouds that passed before or underneath—rolling, as it were, and unfolding; clothed in most glorious light, in beauty that imagination fails to convey, that

language is not expressive enough to suggest. But it is pictured on my mind to-day as vividly as on the day when it was painted there by the delicate hand of Nature. There—all around us, forming subordinate features of that glorious panorama, were a score of lesser mountains, while Loch Lomond was visible in its whole expanse.

The silence was intense; it seemed profanation to break it. It was, however, broken—suddenly and singularly. MacIan and I had, of course, taken care to reach the mountain-summit in time to witness the setting of the sun. The gloaming (that delicious Scottish word) had scarcely commenced, when, to our great surprise, we encountered a group of sappers and miners, whose hut was hidden by an intervening rock. They were employed in making "observations," and had been "hutted" there during several days and nights. We naturally fell into conversation with them, and an incident occurred that surely I cannot help recording. I asked how they contrived to amuse themselves in that utter solitude. Did they play cards? No, they had cards, but seldom used them. How then? "We read," said the corporal. "And what do you read?" I asked. The reply certainly startled but gratified me. "We read Mrs. Hall's 'Sketches of Irish Character.'" "Will you let me see the book?" It was brought to me, and bore indubitable evidence of having been much in use. I said, "It may please you to know you are talking to the husband of the lady who wrote that book." The soldier looked at me and smiled. I repeated the words. "Oh, yes, I dare say," was his

response, with a look of entire incredulity, not removed when MacIan strove to confirm my statement. Fortunately my card-case was in my pocket; its production was accepted as conclusive evidence, and the men seemed as much gratified as I was by the occurrence. It appeared that the corporal had been for some time quartered in Wexford, where he acquired the book, the scenes of which are laid in that county.

Scarcely less interesting was the ascent of Ben Nevis, then assumed to be the monarch of mountains in Great Britain: "they crowned him long ago:" but science meanly and cruelly robbed him of his glory, and transferred it to his rival, Ben Wevis. It was a hard day's work to ascend and descend Ben Nevis; but our climb was well worth the labour it cost and the time it consumed, from early morn to near midnight, for we were continually pausing to rest and look, as every fresh furlong of ground we traversed—nay, almost every yard, gave us some new view to wonder at and admire. On the summit of the mountain we drank—though the month was July—the health of the Queen in snow water, twenty feet above (as we then supposed) the highest point in her British dominions. There chanced to be a cairn of that height erected on the mountain-top to facilitate some observations of the sappers and miners, and on that we stood; the snow water having been obtained from a crevice in a not-distant rock.

At Oban the authorities placed a steamboat at our disposal to visit Iona and Staffa, and surely the time occupied in that journey was well spent. I need not say more on a theme that has been copiously treated in so many books. I may, however, here bring in an anecdote. Among our few fellow-passengers, for it was an act of grace to admit him, was a substantial Scottish grazier. On our return, his friends met him on the quay, and in reply to their natural question, "And what did ye think of Staffa?" his answer was, "Weel, ye ken, they led me to believe there was only grass for one coo, and I saw three coos feeding on it."

Of Rob Roy's country we trod every inch, supping at the Clachan of Aberfoil. I will not say it was the actual clachan where the "Dougal creature" defended the good Bailie; but of a surety we were shown at Perth the veritable stone house of Simon Glover. It may be as well to let imagination have free license on such occasions: at all events, Nature was but little changed, in that immortally-chronicled district, and we followed in the footsteps of the "Wizard of the North," trying to persuade ourselves that we saw and conversed with the actual heroes and heroines of his immortal fictions and verse. That enjoyable self-deception was ours many times as we trod the streets of Perth, loitered in old Stirling, looked over heroic Bannockburn, paced the sand of the Lady's Isle, watched the mists thickening round Ben Lomond—in short revived our acquaintance with Scottish annals by recalling amid the

scenery the magician had pictured, the incidents and events he had narrated, for we gathered, as so many others have done, our knowledge of Scottish history largely from the "Waverley Novels."

Wherever we went, some source of enjoyment and information opened up to us: we found everywhere friends who were helpers, and in not a few cases peculiar and exclusive means of obtaining information were placed at our disposal. If we had produced our contemplated book it would have been full of gratitude for courtesies, attention, and services received; of high appreciation (based on confirmation of that which had previously been our theory) of the greatness of the Scottish character, of delight procured from the study of Scotland's heroic and romantic history, and of perpetual admiration of the beauty and grandeur of its scenery.

Our guide in Edinburgh was ROBERT CHAMBERS, and it is needless to say that with such a companion there was nothing left unexplored in and about "high Dunedin," that we revelled in Holyrood, laid siege to the Castle, rambled among Salisbury Crags and the Pentland and Corstorphine Hills. So guided, too, we visited Melrose, Abbotsford, Dryburgh, the Yarrow, the Clyde—in short, the hundred romantic and famous scenes in the Lowlands of which we had all our lives been reading.

For Scotland has, what unhappy Ireland has not—a history: which all Scottish men may review with pride, no matter whether their sympathies be with the winning or the losing side. The defeats of a clan, and even some-

times of a cause, do not compel the loser to be less proud than the gainer—those, that is to say, who are the descendants of either. Yes, the Scots have a history, not enveloped in mists that give to it the dim obscurity of fiction, but one that is everywhere suggestive of glory —very rarely of shame.

One of the most interesting days of my life was spent with Robert Chambers, as our guide in going over and about the memorable field of Preston Pans. He knew the associations connected with every spot, could show where he who, to some, was "the Prince," to others the "Pretender," stood—where the brave and generous Colonel Gardiner fell—every incident, in short, that was memorably connected with that eventful battle was referred by him to the scene of its occurrence, his facts being taken from history, and illustrated by the fiction of Scott in his story of "Waverley."

I may sum up in a few comprehensive sentences the famous things we saw, while pursuing what has now so long been the tourist's line of march, and that any tourist may still see even more easily than we saw them forty years ago.

Duly did we explore Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, exclaimed in the good city, "Let Glasgow flourish!" steamed up the Clyde in the track of the first ship that ever ploughed the sea on wheels; heard "Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie O!" saw the tombs of a hundred chieftains around the ruins of Icolmkill; beheld the grand structure built by Nature in the little island of Staffa, the cave of which it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, as a renowned traveller has said, "I have seen

the ruins of Thebes, I have seen the Cave of Elephanta, I have seen the Pyramids, but they are nothing to this!" We rowed, too, across Loch Gyle, where were drowned the chief of Ulva's Isle and his winsome lady; bade "God bless the Duke of Argyle" in his own clan-land—a heritage of which he may be, and no doubt is, prouder than of his dukedom; rambled about the "Land o' Burns," guided by the sons of the poet; were guests "in the auld clay biggin" in which he was born; heard "Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon" sung beside that river; saw the sad chamber in Dumfries where the Scottish poet died, and the church where, centuries before, the Kirkpatrick had "made siccar."

We viewed Melrose "aright" by the light of a harvest-moon;* traced the line of fight at Killiecrankie; bowed the head in reverence when crossing the threshold of Abbotsford; pondered over the wonders of ancient art at Iona; looked across Bannockburn from under the walls of old Stirling; traced the devious course of Loch Lomond from the mighty Ben that overlooks it, and fancied it was almost as beautiful as all-beautiful Killarney, and the Trossachs as lovely as the Long Range at Lough Lene; ate collops in the Clachan of Aberfoil; danced a reel with a "flower of Dunblane"; mourned the curse that will for ever rest as a blight upon Drummossie Moor; saw a possible descendant of the stag that

* The story of Scott being asked by some friends to visit with them Melrose by night, they at the same time quoting his lines—

"If you would view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

And his prompt answer, "Yes, let us go by all means, for I have never so seen it," has been often and variously told. Maria Edgeworth told us the circumstance actually occurred to her.

Fitzjames "chased in vain"; visited the glover's house in the fair city of Perth; marched with Waverley through the Pass of Ballybrough—for in this district veritable history is so interwoven with invented story that it is difficult to separate the one from the other; saw the silver strand of Ellen's Isle, and murmured in recitative, line after line of the "Lady of the Lake." Alas! there now plies a steamboat on Loch Katrine, to the pollution of its waters, and in lieu of the eagle's scream is heard the shrill whistle of the railway! We talked with Rob Roy—at all events with a red-headed Highlandman who was christened "Robert"; worshipped in the venerable cathedral of Dunkeld, and breathed in gloomy Glencoe a prayer for the Macdonalds, living and dead; saw Birnam Wood and the hill of Dunsinane—names that will be familiar as long as our language endures; missed our way in the Pass of Killiecrankie, searching for the spot where was slain the "bloody Dundee"; heard the "Birks o' Aberfeldy" sung by a bonnie lassie in the glen and under the fall; profitably expended hours in the "auld toon" of Edinburgh, and revelled in its history that is romance, and in its romance that is history.

It was of course a strong desire on the part of Robert Chambers that we should make the acquaintance of Scottish artists. There are not many I need to recall; but I may be content to make record here of a few. The President of the Royal Scottish Academy then was Sir William Allan, a painter of much ability and repute, who had to a great extent resided and worked abroad,

especially in Russia. Sir George Harvey, who succeeded him, was an excellent artist and a most intelligent and agreeable gentleman. I may mention also D. O. Hill, a landscape painter of great ability, and Macnee (Sir John Macnee, the late President of the Royal Scottish Academy), who continued to paint admirable portraits up to the close of his life, and, I hope, to tell Scottish stories, with the excellent zest, humour, and "nature" I witnessed in him forty years ago.*

Of the men of letters we met, there are not many who demand especial record; the greatest of Scottish writers were then dead or had made their way south. We did, however, meet, and often, various of the contributors to *Blackwood*, and other writers; the historian Alison, Glasford Bell, Hugh Miller, and especially and above

* I recall one of Macnee's stories. A woman, whose soul was in her farm, and who had good knowledge of kine and crops, was listening to the arguments of a band of artists concerning art and its varied and numerous productions—listening with utter astonishment that such childish things should so largely occupy the thoughts of bearded men. At length, turning to the artist, she exclaimed in broad Scottish phraseology, "Lord save us, Mr. Macnee, if they don't think as much about picturs as if they were sheep!"

The anecdote recalls another told me by the artist, J. D. Harding. As he was sitting under a hedge sketching a distant view, a shadow suddenly came over his paper, and a voice followed. "I could do that: first you make a scrat here, and then you make a scrat there; any fool could do that!"

Harding told me another story. During one of his sketching rambles he saw a cottage exceedingly picturesque, made so by neglect, that had left Nature to work her own sweet will. It was literally covered with brambles, wild roses, and honeysuckle, lichens, and mosses. He resolved to paint it, and asked leave of the owner, who was lounging at the door-post; received a ready assent; and said he would return to accomplish his task next morning early. Well, with early morning he was there. It is easy to picture his disappointment and disgust, when the landlord met him with a smile and a smirk, and with some pride and much self-congratulation informed the painter that he had been up since daybreak and had made *all ready*. The picturesque cottage had been transformed into a neatly and carefully trimmed house: every loose branch had been cut away, the wild roses, honeysuckles, and brambles were all ruthlessly lopped; and the whole had been made as neat as the tenant himself would have been when "dressed in his Sunday best."

all, the eloquent and truly noble Dr. Chalmers, with whom we had the honour to breakfast, and whom we heard preach to the heart and understanding—which no man ever reached by a surer path and with safer assurance of convincing results.

Among the most pleasant memories I preserve is that of David Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine.*

In the biography prefixed to Moir's works, Mr. Aird has furnished a most interesting memorial of his friend. Delta's life was singularly uneventful. It served, however, to illustrate the strength of the manly worth, backed by perseverance, which made his character respected by all who knew him. An earnest student, a good husband, a wise and loving father, a true friend, most active in a profession (M.D.) which he practised with honour, and with an amount of unostentatious beneficence towards those who, while they most needed, could least have purchased, his help, an accomplished man of letters, who contributed much, both to the instruction and the amusement of the public, by his works in prose as well as verse, at the same time that he discharged all the duties of a good citizen. David Macbeth Moir may not take rank with the great poets of the world, but he has left behind him the pattern of a life in which, whatever powers he was endowed with, were used to their fullest extent, and to the noblest ends.

It was at a slightly earlier date than I have been referring to that our first visit to Scotland was paid. Our tour was limited as to extent, and was made with-

out any special purpose, except to describe and report "the Burns Festival" held at Ayr on the 6th of August, 1844. I had been engaged by Mr. Herbert Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*, to write the descriptive article, which was to be illustrated by wood engravings. I was fortunate in obtaining the aid of a young Scottish artist, then but commencing a career, in which he has since advanced to the highest eminence, occupying now one of the foremost positions in the profession. Sir Noel Paton is the Queen's Limner for Scotland, and ranks among the great painters of the century.

In the "Book of Memories" I have given full details concerning our visit to Ayr—a day remembered as one of the brightest of our career.*

THE BURNS FESTIVAL! I do not think, if we ransacked the annals of the world from the earliest ages, they would furnish the record of a ceremonial more truly glorious. Was it a stretch of fancy to believe the poet was present on that day, to receive part of his reward?

* We had spent the evening preceding the day of the festival in the cottage where Robert Burns was born. There were present beside ourselves and our friend, young Noel Paton, the three sons of the poet, the daughter of Colonel James Glencairn, McDiarmid, who wrote Burns' life, Mrs. Begg, the sister of the poet, and her son and daughter, and a very aged man—a ploughman still—who had worked at the plough with Robert Burns; no others.

Mrs. Hall had her album with her; Colonel James Glencairn had previously written in it, his name being prefaced by the following: "This is confessedly a collection of the autographs of 'Lions,' and as it is impossible Mrs. Hall can get that of my father, she probably thinks the next best thing to obtain is that of one of his cubs. I therefore have much pleasure in transcribing at her request the first verse of the 'Address to a Mountain Daisy.'" When assembled in that cottage at Ayr it was suggested by our friend the Colonel that on the page which contained his name and the passage quoted, the names of the other members of the family should follow, as they never had met all together before and probably would never meet all together again. They all wrote their names accordingly; all but the ploughman, who could not write: and the page thus became one of the most prized and remarkable in the album of Mrs. S. C. Hall.

It was not in "the Pavilion," when two thousand guests drank in silence the toast, "The memory of Robert Burns," and with cheers that shook the canvas of the tent, the healths of his three sons, seated at the side of the chairman, the Earl of Eglinton, that the real business of the day was, so to speak, transacted. The glory and the triumph were for the prodigious crowd of peasants and artisans who passed slowly and in order before the platform, where the family of the poet had their seats, bowing or curtseying as each passed on, receiving in return a recognition, the memory of which, no doubt, all of them carried to their graves.

It was the cheers in Gaelic, or "broad Scotch," and the waving of Glengarry bonnets, tartan shawls and shepherd plaids, that made the triumph and glory of that marvellous day, when one continually asked, "Was it only a man who had written verses, who was of no account in the world's estimation during his earth-life, who was born in the hovel within ken, lived in a continual struggle with poverty, and, to say the least, died needy—was it really to commemorate such a man that these plaudits went up from a Scottish field to a Scottish sky?" Frequently afterwards I conversed with Colonel Glencairn Burns, and also with the elder brother, Colonel William Nicol Burns, as to their feelings on that memorable day, and on the evening that preceded it, when the whole family met in the very small house in which the poet was born.

As I have said, the record of those two days is fully given in my "Book of Memories." I have been tempted to enlarge upon the subject here to a greater extent than

I had intended. There are few of my "Recollections" from which I derive more happiness, augmented, as no doubt it was then, and is now, by the fact that the "Health of Mrs. Hall" was one of the toasts proposed—by Glasford Bell,* and responded to with a warmth that was—not Irish but Scottish.

At the Burns Festival we were associated with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chambers, whose guests in Edinburgh we were. There was a mournful lack of attendance on the part of the English aristocracy of letters, indeed, even that of Scotland but slenderly gathered. Professor Wilson, Aytoun, Alison, Glasford Bell, William and Robert Chambers, were the chiefs of the Scottish group, while England was represented, except our humble selves, only by Douglas Jerrold and Charles Mackay, who came in the train of Herbert Ingram.

However much I may desire to condense matter concerning our visit to Scotland, I cannot, while treating the theme, omit further mention of one who was present at the Burns Festival—one of the greatest and most famous of Scottish men of letters—PROFESSOR WILSON. I saw

* "I have to-day seen that not the gifted sons alone, but also some of the gifted daughters of Ireland, have come as pilgrims to the shrine of Burns—that one in particular—one of the most distinguished of that fair sisterhood who give by their talents additional lustre to the genius of the present day, has paid her first visit to Scotland that she might be present on this occasion, and whom I have myself seen moved even to tears by the glory of the gathering. She is one who has thrown additional light on the antiquities, manners, scenery, and traditions of Ireland, and whose graceful and truly feminine works are known to us all, and whom we are proud to see among us."—*Report in "Blackwood's Magazine."*

him often afterwards, and once in London, where he honoured our house with a visit. But I prefer to retain him in my memory as I saw him at "the Burns Festival." I thus described him in connection with that day:

"On the platform, on the seat immediately beneath us, sat a man of powerful frame, large-limbed and tall, who in youth was of a surety "the best wrestler on the green," and who in age seemed one of the elder sons of Anak, of whose 'boisterous vigour' many pens and tongues had written and spoken. Look at his massive head, his clear grey eye, his firm-set and finely-chiselled mouth, his broad and intellectual brow, and you will be sure it is not physical force alone that makes him greatest of the many great men by whom he is surrounded. His hair, thin and grizzled and unusually long, was moved by the breeze as he rose to speak, in a voice manly as his form, richly and truly eloquent. He was master of his theme and loved it; but then and there, a stoic would have been an enthusiast with the cheers of such a multitude booming in his ears. While he was speaking, and his long thin locks waved about in the wind, I thought I might steal, unperceived at such a moment, a single hair. I saw one that I believed had been accidentally detached, and I ran the hazard of taking it. The professor felt the touch, and turning instantly round, flashed upon me one of those fierce looks of which I had heard so much from those who had seen the "lurking devil in his keen grey eye;" but at once perceiving that no insult was meant, and perhaps appreciating the motive of the theft as I murmured out something like 'It is but one to keep for ever,' his lips as suddenly assumed a smile of such loveable grace as might have won the heart of an enemy."

At a good old age Professor Wilson died, robust of mind and body all his life; its close was tranquil and consoling. There are monuments to his memory in Scotland, but none more enduring than are his many and glorious works. He was not reluctant to receive the call when it came. On the coverlet of his bed was the Bible; and, as his good, devoted, and accomplished daughter, Mrs. Gordon (his biographer) wrote, "He humbly looked in the coming days of darkness for the

light that rises for the upright, and hopefully awaited the summons that should call him to rest from his labours and enter into the joy of his Lord."

JAMES HOGG.—Among the few of many Scottish worthies of whom I give memories in these pages, surely I must not omit "The Ettrick Shepherd." How I should have enjoyed a day with him on the Braes of Yarrow. Even now, across all the years that have passed, I can hear his hearty voice and his jovial laugh, and see his sun-burnt face not yet paled by a month of "merrie companie" in London. "I like to talk about myself;" so begins his autobiography. No doubt he was an egotist, but so is every shepherd when he talks of sheep; so is the mariner when he speaks of perils in sailing a ship; so are all men who dwell on matters which constitute their "personality," and which they understand better than others do. In short, so are all teachers. The accusation of egotism, and also that of plagiarism, are easily made, but are not so easy of proof. Few men have so thoroughly triumphed over difficulties; none came more triumphantly out of them. James Hogg was a more marvellous man than Robert Burns; far less great as a poet certainly; but marvellous in the dauntless energy with which he struggled against circumstances, yet more adverse than those of Burns, and reached—not an untimely grave, but a secure position in the world of letters. Hogg was, as much as Southey, "a man of letters by profession;" and surely one of the most remarkable men of the century passed away, when

"Ettrick mourned her shepherd dead."

A wrestle with fortune, indeed, was his: chequered yet successful, and marked during the whole of his fairly long life by good spirits, that were partly the result of a good constitution, and greatly perhaps derived from his sanguine self-esteem.

I remember one of the evenings he passed with us: he had dined with Sir George Warrender, whom some wag suggested must have been Sir George "*Provender*" to Hogg, for the shepherd had evidently enjoyed the good fare provided for him before he came to us. He sang some of his own Jacobite songs with great gusto; and as many then present saw him for the first and last time, they did not quickly forget him of whom they had heard and read so much.

The visit of the Ettrick Shepherd to London took place in the year 1832. It is scarcely too much to say that the sensation he produced in literary circles may be likened to that which might have been created by the temporary presence of Ben Nevis on Blackheath. A striking sight it was to see the Shepherd fêted in aristocratic *salons*, mingling with the learned and polite of all grades—clumsily, but not rudely. He was rustic without being coarse; not attempting to ape the refinement to which he was unused; but seeming perfectly aware that all eyes were upon him, and accepting admiration as a right.

He was my guest several times during that visit; and at my house he met many of his literary contemporaries, whom he might not otherwise have known. Among them was Miss Landon, then in the zenith of her fame. When the one poet was presented to the other, the tall

Shepherd looked earnestly *down* for perhaps half a minute at the *petite* L. E. L. "Eh!" he exclaimed, in a rich manly "Scottish" voice, "I didna think ye'd been sae bonnie! I've said many hard things aboot ye. I'll do sae nae mair. I didna think ye'd been sae bonnie!"

At the dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern on January 25th, 1832, given nominally to commemorate the birthday of Robert Burns, but really to receive the Shepherd, many men of note were present; the Scottish element naturally predominating. When the usual toasts had been given, THE toast of the evening was announced; or, rather, should have been. But the toast-master had no idea that the guest thus honoured was originally a simple shepherd; and consequently conceived that he was satisfactorily fulfilling his duty when he called on the assembled company for "A bumper toast to the health of *Mister Shepherd.*" A roar of laughter throughout the hall was the result, and the hero of the evening joined in it as heartily as the rest.

It is needless to say, that I cannot write my "Recollections" of Scotland without making grateful record of a Scotchman to whom we owed much, not alone for hospitality, but for gratification and information.

We had known William and Robert Chambers previously to our visit. Mrs. Hall had contributed to their Journal a series of Irish Stories, and an acquaintance had been commenced that, I think I am justified in saying, ripened into friendship.*

* It is pleasant to record an anecdote of that series—subsequently collected and published in a volume,—"Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." Messrs.

Robert Chambers, in association with his elder brother William, has conferred a weight of obligation on his country; not only as examples to cheer, to stimulate, and encourage all who would build up fortune on foundations of perseverance, industry, integrity, and righteousness, but as laborious collectors of useful and instructive legendary and traditionary lore, principally found in by-paths, seldom trodden by the many who are averse to anything like a troublesome search. Especially however is a large debt due to Robert, and to his brother William even more than to him—nor are their debtors confined to those of their own country—for the publication of the weekly periodical, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and a score of educational works that have largely strengthened the progressive powers of the age.

They were "self-educated": but the term has widely different meanings in England and in Scotland. In England it infers, or did infer, in times gone by, a total leaving to chance of the method of preparation for "the battle of life." In Scotland it was rarely that any youth went out into the world without having to some extent fitly armed himself for a struggle with fortune. Self-educated in the main Robert Chambers was, but a mind naturally discriminating as well as eager had not failed to make a sound choice of the intellectual aliment it fed on. Years, as they passed, were marked by successive steps in the ascent from an humble position to an honoured station;

Chambers had agreed to pay a fixed sum for each story; when the third or fourth appeared they doubled the amount. It is one—but I fear it is the only one of the kind—of the gratifying incidents connected with her or my career. I have good reason to know that, notwithstanding this liberality, the book has been a profitable one to Messrs. Chambers during the forty years they have enjoyed the copyright, for it is among the most popular of Mrs. Hall's productions.

and while William rose to be Lord Provost of his native city, Robert received the affectionate homage of leaders and guides of thought in every part of the world. He never passed beyond the rank of a plain citizen, and was unable to amass the fortune his brother acquired. The reason was plain: he had eleven children, ten of whom were girls, while William, though married, had none.

A better man in all the relations of private life than Robert Chambers never lived. Devoted and faithful as husband, thoughtful and affectionate as father, true as friend, useful as citizen, among Scottish worthies (and they are many) Robert Chambers holds a very prominent place. He would, no doubt, have obtained any public position he had sought for; but, excepting the degree of LL.D. conferred on him by the University of St. Andrews, he had nothing resembling rank or title. I remember his telling me the great drawback to his success in this respect was his lack of the organ of self-esteem; it was remarkably deficient in his head.

Robert Chambers had that inestimable blessing, a devoted wife, who was also an accomplished woman, skilled in most of the accomplishments that are supposed to enhance feminine charms. It was a treat to hear her play on the harp, and a still greater treat to hear her sing an old Scottish ballad or a touching melody, to which she could give a wonderfully moving effect. During our stay in their house at Musselburgh, it was a beautiful sight to see her surrounded by, I think, as many as seven daughters, the eldest of whom may have been twelve years old, the youngest not as many months. Three of the ten daughters born to Mr. and Mrs.

Chambers died young, but the others married happily and well, and the descendants are numerous, although few of them bear the honoured name of Chambers.

His admirable wife died before him, his children had gone out into the world, and when he retired from active life, companioned only by one of his daughters and two grandchildren, he was alone, or comparatively so, and committed the error of a second marriage.

When I saw him last, not long before his death, he exhibited unmistakable evidence of a mind that was giving way. He was not unconscious of that gloomy fact, and he told me it was so. But he was a Spiritualist, and had full faith in a life to begin when this life is ended. I am by no means sure that he always entertained such faith; indeed, his views had probably in earlier years been widely different. I cannot of my own knowledge affirm that he wrote the "Free-thinking" book (which I never read), the "Vestiges of Creation."* I believe he wrote a part and superintended the publication, but that the major portion was written by Leitch Ritchie, sometime editor of the "Journal." Whether he did or did not write it, certain I am that he would not have written it, *after* he received the convictions of spiritualism and admitted the truths he had long resisted. Returning, one night, after a spiritual sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Newton Crosland, at Blackheath, he told me

* It was said that the following plan was hit upon to lend a mystery to the authorship of the book. Proof-sheets were transmitted through the post to half-a-dozen persons to whom such authorship was likely to be attributed. The recipient, ignorant of the trap, left them heedlessly on library or drawing-room tables, where they were seen by visitors. There consequently existed no doubt as to the identity of the author in the minds of persons who had actually examined the unrevised proofs of the work in the dwellings of those who would have been most readily suspected of producing it.

that so entirely changed were his opinions and views concerning Immortality and Hereafter, he had burned a manuscript on which he had been some years occupied, "A History of Superstition." I could much more largely illustrate this phase in the life of Robert Chambers.

His brother William, in his interesting "Memoir," only admits that Robert "considered the phenomena of spiritualism worthy of patient investigation." That is not much: I affirm that he was as thorough a believer in the verity of these manifestations as I am; that it was impossible for any just, reasonable, and thinking man to resist the evidence supplied to him—several times in my presence and at my house—that out of patient inquiry and thorough conviction came the belief of Robert Chambers; and that the "prayers and graces to be said at meals all breathing the purest religious spirit" we read of in connection with his later years were the fruit of that belief, as well as his work on the "Life and Preachings of Jesus Christ, from the Evangelists." I cannot doubt William Chambers will admit that Robert Chambers would have written nothing of the kind before he became enlightened and instructed by Christian spiritualism; and if his brother is able to describe him when this life was closing, and the higher life about to be entered, as "uniting the piety of the Christian with the philosophy of an ancient sage," William very well knows that of Robert nothing of the kind could have been said before he reached the sixtieth year of his age.

We travelled together to Paris when that city was not quite so accessible as it is now. It was his first visit. I determined he should see and partake of a French

dinner in all its perfection. In the morning I gave my order to a renowned restaurateur in the Palais Royal. When we two went to partake of the feast, *petit* dishes came up one after another, and at length as to one of which, with apparent indifference, I asked his opinion. He seemed really to be pleased; another of the same material came next: but there the disguise was insufficient, and Robert Chambers at once detected the tender limbs of frogs. Of that dish he declined to partake, but wrapped a portion of his share in paper, and no doubt showed it when he was at home in Scotland.

When William was—as for three years he was—Lord Provost of Edinburgh he lost an opportunity of making himself, or at least his official career, famous, and of linking his name with the great names in Letters and in Art of the century. He might have invited to the "Modern Athens" all the men and women of renown, who would have accepted the invitation—a "call" would have been received as a "command." The list would not have been limited to those of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales—foreign realms would have sent their intellectual celebrities, and there might have been such a gathering of the truly great as no city has ever witnessed, and as probably no city ever will witness.*

* A project of the kind had been successfully carried out by Alderman Spiers while he was Mayor of Oxford. He invited to be his guests at a feast in the grand old city, to every part of which he was on subsequent days their guide, about fifty persons eminent in Science, Letters, and Art. It was a great day even for stately and learned Oxford, marking an honourable epoch in its grand history and doing honour to the citizen who, if not himself a man of letters, was the personal friend and largely esteemed correspondent of many men and women who have thus made mankind their debtors.

William will die rich, leaving a fortune honourably acquired by the industry, energy, and rectitude of more than half a century.* Robert could have left to his successor and only son (another Robert) little beyond the incalculable wealth of a name of which he may be more proud than if it had been that of a baron of seven descents. But Robert the Second is now, I rejoice to know, one of the long-honoured and prosperous firm. It is still the firm of W. and R. Chambers—in 1883, as it was in 1823, sixty years ago.

In 1871 the valuable and valued career of Robert Chambers terminated, in so far as earth is concerned. Of such a man we may truly write that "his works do follow him." All who knew him will endorse this passage from the funeral sermon preached by a minister of the Episcopal Church of Scotland.

"He was a man of high endowments, great and varied knowledge, deep philosophy, sound judgment, and refined taste. He was also what is far better than all this—a man of upright and unostentatiously religious life. Noble and kind in his nature, gentle and modest in his manner, genial and warm in his sympathies, faithful in his friendships, and generous in his dealings." †

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* Mr. William Chambers has published an interesting account of his early life with some particulars concerning his later life, entitled, "Story of a long and busy life." I much wish it had been written from his notes by another hand; but that will be done when he has left earth. He could not praise himself; that duty also must be the work of another hand. He was born at Peebles on the 13th April, 1800; and is thus just a month older than I am. 1882 was the jubilee year of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

† Among the anecdotes (and there are not many) that illustrate the character of Robert, in William's Life of him, there is one that touches me, as it must have touched all readers, deeply. In early youth he loved a maiden who became the wife, and the unhappy wife, of another. Robert was then poor and obscure—he afterwards rose to be prosperous and honoured. Many years passed, and the object of his early affections became indebted to his considerately

There is, no doubt, much concerning our interesting tours in Scotland that I have left unsaid: and many persons who are remembered by me with respect and affection: men and women who, while adding to the fame of their country, have made all humanity their debtors for all time.

administered bounty for her relief when in deep poverty. They were both aged when he paid her a farewell visit. What memories it must have stirred in each! She dropped a tear on the hand he held out to her, and they parted. Again on this side of the grave they never met; but by his will he left her an annual sum "sufficient for her moderate wants." She needed it but for a short while, dying within three months after him who had been her lover and was her benefactor. Surely that pure and holy friendship was not dissolved by death.

Scotland has not yet sufficiently discharged its large debt to Robert Chambers; perhaps next to Walter Scott he is its greatest benefactor. For he has largely contributed to make Scotland known, and the boast that he is "a Scottish man," to be as high a one as a man can make in any part of the civilised world.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

TWENTY—FORTY—SIXTY—YEARS AGO.

My task in this chapter is to picture Ireland and the Irish as I knew the country and its people before the enacting of laws that abolished distinctions of race and religion: so unreservedly and effectually that the Englishman and Protestant has now no privilege either of birth or creed, in which the Irishman and Roman Catholic does not participate—and as fully enjoy.

I shall show also that prodigious changes have been wrought in Ireland, during half a century, in matters of domestic interest; and that numerous minor improvements have been progressing, side by side with the mighty revolution in the policy of England towards the sister island. Ceasing to regard Catholic Ireland either with apprehension or distrust, Protestant England has removed as far as was possible—or in one word *entirely*—the blots that for many centuries defaced the statute-book of these realms, and has studied the policy of justice: while striving to give to Ireland every advantage that could be derived from close union with the "Kingdoms" of Scotland, Wales, and England, each of which kingdoms, be it noted, continued to be ruled by a separate sove-

reign long after the English Henry II. had established his authority over Ireland.

With this brief introduction I proceed to my task of comparing the PRESENT with the PAST.

These are my qualifications for the duty I undertake. Between the years 1815 and 1820, my father, Colonel Hall (of whom I shall have more to say hereafter) was engaged in working copper mines in the South of Ireland, principally in Kerry County, and in the west of the county of Cork. I was much about the country then; and, later in life I paid to Ireland almost annual visits. Between the years 1839 and 1844 I posted on the common car—the time-honoured but nearly obsolete "jaunting-car"—six thousand miles according to a pretty accurate calculation I made at the time. There is hardly a corner of the country, between the Giant's Causeway and Cape Clear, or Clew Bay and the Saltees, into which I have not penetrated: seeking and obtaining the information I had undertaken to communicate to the public: in volumes which are not yet forgotten.*

* "Ireland, its Scenery and Character," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. 3 vols. Illustrated. 1840, 1841, 1842.

The work was successful, receiving much encouraging aid from the Press. I extract some passages from many reviews.

"Written professedly to induce the English to see Ireland and to judge for themselves; and both their verbal descriptions and their graphic illustrations are very likely to have that effect, which we too are willing to assist by our commendation of the general spirit and execution of the work. . . . . We may say, on the whole, that the literary, legendary, and antiquarian portions of the work are compiled with laudable diligence; the illustrations, for the most part, clear and interesting; and the statements and opinions are in general as sensible, candid, and trustworthy as could be expected from writers who fairly confess their 'unwillingness to say anything discreditable to the country and the majority of its people.'"—*Quarterly Review.*

"The book presents us with a body of facts relating to the sister kingdom, which, being the result of personal observation and investigation, ought to com-

The work was dedicated to H.R.H. the Prince Consort: the first number, when it commenced, and the last number, when it was concluded. It was issued in twenty-seven monthly parts.

In 1879 my last visit to Ireland was paid, and that tour was the final opportunity of the many that in the course of a long life I have enjoyed of witnessing the changes that have resulted from time, education, numerous legal enactments, a larger and more generous and enlightened policy, more intimate intercourse between the two nations, augmented facilities for travel, and, above all, considerate thought and indulgent sympathy.*

mand the attentive consideration of all who are interested in its welfare and prosperity."—*Times.*

"For its impartiality and truthfulness the two editors have been more than once complimented by persons of every party; partisans may differ from the conclusions at which Mr. and Mrs. Hall have arrived, but no one will venture to say that either the lady or her husband have misstated or misrepresented anything."—*Morning Chronicle.*

"This undertaking has all the elements of the useful, informing, and agreeable. Useful, as tending to make the sister country better known to the British public, and so dissipating prejudice, attracting the tourist to Ireland, and, what is of much more importance, the capitalist."—*Spectator.*

* Forty or fifty years ago, "No Irish need apply" was a common addition to advertisements for servants, in newspapers—indicating a very general sentiment of aversion on the part of the English towards the Irish, when the one knew little of the other, receiving impressions almost exclusively from bad examples: judging, according to Churchill,

"The many by the rascal few,"

and having their prejudices strengthened by Irish authors, painters, and actors, some of whom did their "best" to picture the Irish gentleman as a blackguard and the Irish peasant as a ruffian. At the outset of these details, I do not hesitate to say that this prejudice was continually and *effectually* combated in several of the works of fiction written by Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her "Sketches of Irish Character," "Stories of the Irish Peasantry," several of her novels, and notably in our joint work, "Ireland, its Scenery and Character."

The voyage across St. George's Channel, at the time of which I write, and long afterwards, was a far more serious matter than it is now. Sometimes, weeks were consumed in covering what we now regard as the brief distance between port and port. The packet could not sail in the teeth of a foul wind, or, after starting, had to "give in" and put back to wait for a change. In 1815, on my embarking at Bristol, six weeks had passed before I landed at Cork. The accommodation on board was wretched: there was no woman-steward; the berths for women were never separated from those of men—even by a screen. Often the "sea-stores" ran short before half the voyage was over; and between contrary winds, miserable accommodation, and the scarcity and bad quality of provisions, a passage to Ireland was often a more serious and expensive undertaking than is now a voyage to New York. On landing, the traveller was conducted to the Custom House—to have his luggage examined, and pay duty on articles taxed; and then he had to change his English money for Irish money, the coinage of one country not being current coin in the other. Ireland had her "tenpennies" and "fivepennies:" now found only in the cabinets of collectors.

Sometimes, to shorten the journey by sea, the traveller lengthened his journey by land; and instead of sailing from Bristol, started, as now, from Holyhead. In that case the period of discomfort afloat and sea-sickness was likely to be a brief one; but what a wearisome journey it was by coach, especially from the metropolis. If Bristol was twenty hours from London, Holyhead was more than forty.

But the road to Holyhead had one special peril and annoyance. Between the port and Chester City is the Menai Strait, which the traveller now crosses in a few seconds, over, or rather through, a bridge. A marvellous work it is, one of the glories of modern science—a grand victory of engineering skill, which our forefathers would have as little expected could be achieved as the construction of a turnpike road between the earth and the moon.* But at the time of which I write, the coach stopped on one side of the estuary to discharge its cargo of passengers and luggage into boats, in which they were ferried across and consigned to the coach that waited for them on the other side †—in the island of Anglesea.

* In March, 1850, "the first railway train rushed over the Menai Straits by means of the tubular bridge."

† It would be difficult to exaggerate the annoyance to which passengers by this route were subjected. Fancy removal from the inside of a coach—bad as it was—to the ferry-boat, in any weather, often while rain poured in torrents and frequently when snow was a foot deep on the ground. These were not the only evils. The ferrymen were inconceivable savages—Welshmen who spoke no English—cared nothing for the guard, and exacted what they pleased from passengers. Once I nearly lost my life in passing. The men had grossly insulted a lady, a stranger to me, who had resolutely refused—right or wrong—to pay for a little dog she carried in a basket on her arm, and which they seemed inclined to destroy. I naturally interfered for her protection, pushing her assailant away and holding him back, thus giving her free passage to the shore. In an instant I was attacked by half a score of ruffians, who were dragging me to the side of the quay in order to push me over. I had presence of mind enough to fling myself on the ground and kick out. One fellow seemed more resolute than the rest, when luckily my hand lighted on a large flat stone: with that I struck my assailant full in the face, and while he ran screaming to his comrades, I was up, running "for dear life" to the coach, and mounted "in a jiffy;" Mrs. Hall being inside. The coachman, who had been waiting for me, whipped up the horses, and before the gang could rally, we had left them behind. On returning by the same route I succeeded in avoiding recognition, and although I had received a lesson anent

"Those who in quarrels interpose,"

I did not, I fear me, profit by the teaching; although a pair of black eyes made me a recluse during some days in Dublin. I hope, however, that what I did in 1825 I should do, or try to do, in 1883.

The coach conveyed the passengers to the wretched inn at Holyhead, where they were "refreshed" before embarking on board the miserable packet-boat that lay alongside the quay, prepared—"wind permitting"—to make the voyage across, or waiting till the wind did permit, to the great joy of the innkeeper, whose beds and "shakedowns" were all engaged—and paid for, for one night at all events, in anticipation of the necessary endurance of purgatory from Welsh fare and Welsh fleas. The voyage was shorter, but not better than that made from Bristol, or Liverpool, or Milford Haven.

Few went from England to Ireland, or from Ireland to England, except those who were compelled by necessity or duty. I have often thought that among other patriotic impediments to the honour of M.P.—in 1800, among the especial "curses of the Union,"—was this, that Irish representatives would be forced to cross the channel in a sailing-packet, and make the journey to London in a mail-coach.*

It is needless to contrast these enormous drawbacks with the comforts of the voyage now; less than twelve hours takes the traveller from London to Dublin; he will not encounter a single annoyance *en route*; and may from any part of Ireland make an engagement, at any hour, in any part of the kingdom, with a certainty of keeping it; while two posts daily convey letters from

* Before the advent of the steamship upon the Irish Channel, it was not an unusual thing for six English mails to be due in Dublin, and upon many occasions two or three weeks passed without any delivery of English letters. .... How, with better accommodation and the spread of knowledge, the correspondence entrusted to the Post-office Department has increased, may be inferred from the fact that whereas half a century ago a couple of small sacks held the English mail, now *the mails weigh about eight-and-a-half tons daily.*

places hundreds of miles distant; the London newspapers of the morning are in Dublin in the evening; and the telegraph communicates a message within an hour.

Irish journals that bear the date of fifty or sixty years ago, are full of passages like this—"No news from England for a week."

Travelling *in* Ireland was on a par with travelling *to* Ireland as regarded delays and discomforts. Fifty years ago, journeys in the Green Isle were ordinarily made at the rate of twelve hours to fifty miles. Somewhere about that time I journeyed from Cork to Skibbereen by a mail-coach on its *first* journey; I can recall now the rush from every cabin, and the crowds in every town it passed by and through; some astonished, others terrified at the new wonder.* In general there was no way of travelling except by the old jaunting-car. [The Irish car has been compared to Irish reciprocity, which lets you see only one side of a subject, and to Irish character, that limits the vision to a one-sided view of everything.]

The old roads in Ireland were solicitous only of taking

* Derrick, so late as 1760, wrote that he set out from Cork to Killarney "on horseback, the city of Cork not affording at this time any sort of carriage for hire." I remember a popular caricature that had for its subject Irish travelling. The chaise let in the rain at the roof, while the traveller's legs were protruding through the floor; a girl was advancing with a red-hot poker, "just to give the baste a burn, yer honour, to make him start."

"From the inn-yard came a hackney-chaise, in a most deplorable state; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs; one door swinging open, the blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose, wooden pegs for linch-pins, and ropes for harness."—*Maria Edgeworth.*

the straightest line of approach; and that was indeed a formidable obstacle which could prevent them from being laid down as the crow flies. Regardless of acclivity or declivity, of cliff or rock, of stream or torrent: few mountain elevations, however bristling with crags, or formidable the aspect of their precipitous sides, deterred the engineer who planned an Irish road. He carried it over the loftiest summits, the wildest moors, to the bottoms of the deepest glens, and along the most dizzy steeps, overlooking the most precipitous descents. Before railways made journeys easy and comfortable, the roads had been greatly improved; but I can remember when many of them that led from town to town were barely passable to wheel-carriages. So lately as 1840, going from Glengariff to Kenmare, we had to leave the car and walk some distance, while peasants helped it over the ruts. Irish roads are now foremost among the best in the kingdom.

Turnpikes are now all gone; but in 1843, "Bianconi's" charge for passengers from Clonmel to Waterford was three shillings and sixpence; from Clonmel to Kilkenny (about the same distance) it was four shillings and sixpence—in consequence of heavy turnpike tolls. The roads are now kept in order by Grand Jury presentments.

Bianconi, a native of Milan (he was one of the "alien" mercies given to Ireland) ran his first car from Clonmel to Cahir, some six or seven miles, on the 5th July, 1815 (it should be kept as a day for public remembrance in Ireland). In spite of much discouragement he persevered; when I saw and conversed with him—one

of the best friends Ireland has ever had—in 1841–42, his cars travelled 3,600 miles daily, visiting 128 cities and towns, and he had horses more than enough to mount a regiment of cavalry. Talking with him one day at the door of his office in Clonmel, while his car, always punctual, was about to start, and there was just five minutes to spare, "Come this way," he said, "it's a short cut, and will save two minutes." It was the key to his success: he knew the value of time; a knowledge denied almost entirely to the country of his adoption.* Bianconi's drivers carried no weapons, even in the more disturbed districts, in perilous times. His cars were never injured; never even once stopped; well might he say, as he did say to me, "that fact gives me more pleasure than all the other rewards of my life."

It will be readily imagined that in the days before railways the small Irish farmer had difficulty in finding a market for his produce. There were itinerant dealers who travelled the country, buying from the peasantry to sell in the towns; but the farm produce, to be disposed of, so far exceeded the means available for bringing it to market that it was frequently left a dead weight on the farmer's hands. Another difficulty was the extreme scarcity of money, causing barter to be a far more common mode of dealing than sale. In the locality

* "Sure, it's only my time," was a sort of Irish aphorism. It is the title of one of Mrs. Hall's most characteristic stories. I once sent a man on a message from Skibbereen to Cork—thirty miles: it took him two days going and coming. He had no idea of demanding more than his two days' wages. Sure, 'twas only his time!

where I lived, as a boy, it was easy to obtain eight eggs for a penny, and a couple of chickens for eightpence, while a "weight" (a stone and a half) of potatoes seldom cost more than twopence.

And the wages of labouring men, what were they? Sixpence a day was a liberal wage. My father at one time employed, at one of his mines, three to four hundred men, and fivepence was the sum each earned daily. No doubt it was above rather than below the average rate of pay. In fact, the earning of wages was uncommon; fortunate were they who could *sell* their labour. As a rule, each man dug his patch of ground, planted it; the fruits just supplied him with food enough to prevent hunger becoming famine, and enabled him and his family to drag on in a state of semi-starvation from the cradle to the grave.*

To English rural districts, as well as to Irish, the iron road has opened up markets that were not before available. In England, too, the tillers of the soil were, fifty years ago, wretchedly housed; but the hovel of the Irish peasant was by far the more miserable of the two, and the changes in his dwelling have been proportionately greater. I found the "cabins," as they used to be called, and perhaps are called now, bad enough in 1879, yet greatly improved from what they were in 1820. It may not be the best, but certainly not the worst of those cabins that I picture, as I recall their wretched aspect to memory. This is the sight I see: a growth of

* The "garden" was the quarter or half-acre usually attached to the cabin in which the potatoes were planted, always, of course, by spade labour, and from whence they were dug to be eaten. Cabbages were seldom planted, carrots and turnips never—nothing but potatoes!

diseased vegetation covers the thatched roof (a roof of slate distinguished the houses of the doctor, the landlord, and the priest); a cesspool of stagnant water oozes from the dungheap, at either side of the door; a big slab or flat stone forms a sort of bridge across it; the mud walls have given way in parts, and there is a gradual sinking of the fabric; the door is hanging by broken hinges; two holes indicate windows, into one of them, if the weather be damp, the tenant's top-coat is thrust to keep out the cold, the other is partially boarded. The inevitable consequence is, that within, when the turf-fire is lit, there is an atmosphere of smoke. Go in! In one corner is a heap of turf, crowned by the kish. In another corner is the potato heap, kept somewhat in order by a strip of board. Generally the rain finds its way through some part of the roof, and there is a consequent puddle on the floor. The pig goes in and out as he pleases; there is a perpetual "hurrish" to drive him from the "pratee" corner. Of course there is no grate (often no chimney); and, although the hut may be at times divided into two rooms, as a rule there is but one, in which a whole family live and sleep. The bed is a mass of damp straw with a single blanket or quilt, and there is a straw shakedown for the children. Heather, though a hundred times better than straw, and always at hand, is a luxury seldom resorted to. To complete the bedding there are the extra coats and gowns of the household. When the family retire to rest at night it is likely that as many as eight or ten human beings of all ages, and both sexes, will be crowded into this one miserable room. Water is seldom

used for any purpose, personal or domestic;* indeed, there is nothing about the place in which to collect and keep it. The food is potatoes—eaten twice a day. Buttermilk sometimes ekes out the feast: now and then there is the luxury of a salt herring, over which boiling water is poured to make a sort of sauce, into which the potato is dipped. "Butchers' mate" is never thought of, and bread but seldom [I have known old men who had never tasted the former, and young men who had never eaten the latter]; fish is a rarity, although shoals are to be met with all along the coasts, and the rivers and lakes abound in trout—ready to be caught and eaten.

The furniture consists of the kish, a table, two chairs, a three-legged stool, a dresser, seldom absent, but usually empty, or containing two broken plates; a wooden pipkin, an iron pot, which rarely leaves its place over the turf fire, and the bedding, such as I have described—sometimes raised by blocks of bog-oak from the floor:†

"An Irish cabin, architecturally described, is a shed about eighteen feet by fourteen, or perhaps less, built of sod (mud) or

* I do not know how it is now, but in my younger days it was rarely an Irish peasant used water—except to drink it. A sea-bath was a rarity and never a luxury. To "take a dip" was seldom thought of. I have known many grown-up young men who had not taken one in a year: women never bathed, except their feet, which they washed often in running brooks. I am reminded of an anecdote told me by the sculptor, Margaret Foley. A friend of hers at Florence had a pretty waiting-maid; the Florentine valet was "sweet on her." He was asked if he meant to marry her. This was his answer: "Marry her? Oh no! *She is English, and she would wash me, and I should die!*" I am also reminded of an anecdote told me by Ugo Foscolo—who meant it to illustrate Irish character. Two lazy Irishmen were stretched on the sward of a fig-garden in Italy. They were hungry, but had not energy enough to rise and pluck and eat. At last a fig fell from a tree right into the mouth of one of them. "Ah," said the other, "you are lucky, Pat! It didn't fall into my mouth." "Yes," was Pat's comment, "*but it didn't come chew'd, though!*"

† "There was just room, with care, to ride my horse on the crooked pathway between the dunghills and cesspools. I went into one of these cottages. It had

rough stone, perhaps with a window or a hole to represent one, it is thatched with sods, with a basket for a chimney. It generally admits the wet and does not pretend to keep out the cold. A hole in the ground in front of the door, or just on the side, is the receptacle for slops, manure, and other abominations. This one room, wretched as it is, is generally all the shelter that is afforded for the father and mother, with the children, and perhaps the grandmother, and certainly the pig."—*Tite's "Report to the Irish Society,"* 1836.

The house of the well-to-do yeoman farmer (the position such a man as I describe would have held in England) was not much better than that of the peasant. In the year 1840 I visited such a man in Wicklow County, near to Glendalough, and noticing the air of penury and misery that pervaded the dwelling, I left a shilling on the dirty dresser. The guide who was with me said, when we had left the cabin, "May I make so bould as to ask what yer honour left the shilling for?" "Well," I said, "though but a trifle I thought it might help them in their poverty." "Poverty!" exclaimed my guide. "Yah! Poverty! He has ten cows and fifty sheep upon the mountain, and is, may be, richer than yer honour." And such I found, upon inquiry, to be fact; yet for squalor, dirt, discomfort—all that makes home wretched—there were not many worse hovels. That was by no means an isolated case.*

I rejoice to believe there has been in this respect a

one room, no chimney, and a turf fire on the mud floor. Its furniture consisted of a bedstead with some hay on it, and one blanket, a deal box and an iron pot. There were five children in it, so ragged that they were nearly naked, and two pigs begrimed with the soil from the cesspool at the door. The mother was scarcely clad and barefooted. Cottage, children, pigs, and mother were all equally dirty."—*Foster's "Ireland." Description of a cabin in Mayo.*

* In Mayo, in 1845, I measured a cabin in which a family lived, and had lived for two years; it was exactly ten feet long by seven feet broad and five feet high; it was built on the edge of a turf bog; within, a raised embankment of dried turf formed a bed: a solitary ragged blanket was the only covering.

great change. Thus spoke Lord O'Hagan at the Social Science Congress in 1881:

"I may confidently say that, in a department so deeply affecting the comfort and the happiness of a people, Ireland need not be ashamed of the progress she is making and has made. And for her that progress is especially important. Health and social morals run closely together. Cleanliness and godliness are in alliance; and wholesome and commodious dwellings are important instruments of civilisation. The squalidness of his home drives the artisan for light and solace to the public-house. The mud cabin, with its single room and crowded foulness, is not very compatible with the formation of habits of ordered industry; and, save in a country still marvellously pure, its inmates would be subjected to many dangers."

Picture the Irish cotter of fifty or sixty years ago. The "caubeen" that covered his head was a fragment—the brim in nine cases out of ten gone; shirts were rarities; his coat was always torn, and never mended, or, if patched, was a coat of many colours; his breeches were usually of corduroy, never buttoned at the knee, for the buttons had departed, but sometimes tied by shreds of twine. His stockings, when he wore any, were loose and hanging about his heels; and through his brogues, when he had them on, his toes protruded. Often he wore a large cloak-coat with a cape, descending from the neck to the heels, and as worn and ragged as other portions of his attire. His clothes, such as they were, served him, as I have said, in lieu of blankets at night. The clothing of the "childer" consisted of one ragged covering of discoloured stuff, called a frock. The peasant's wife or mother (a cabin was seldom found without both) might have compressed her whole wardrobe into a bandbox—had such a thing been known.

Such was the figure the Irish peasant everywhere presented in my boyhood. Three or four years ago I saw about four hundred men and women—belonging to the peasant class of to-day—assembled at Killarney. *There was not among them a man in rags or a woman barefooted.* Sixty years ago it would have been difficult to find in a similar group a man with a decent coat or a woman who wore shoes.

"The pig paid the rent," and when sold a "boneen" was obtained to be reared for another year. A litter of pigs was rarely seen about a cabin, and to bring any part of one "to table" was a thing never looked for. Of course a sty was out of the question; never was such a thing seen in any village or town of moderate extent.

And what sort of a pig was he? A long-legged and sharp-snouted creature that no amount of food or training could ever fatten. The breed was called "the Connaught pig." You could count its ribs without feeling them. Fat was never found anywhere about the animal, living or dead. He was fed on offal, with sometimes the luxury of potato-skins, and was the general, the only, scavenger of a town or village, where he roamed at large without let or hindrance. Like the dogs of Pera, he averted the evils that arise from impurities. When converted into bacon his flesh was so thin and coarse as to be marketable only amongst the poorest classes; those who could afford better food imported it from Yorkshire or Wiltshire. Even the wealthiest farmers failed to make saleable material out

of the Connaught pig—the only pig that up to a comparatively recent period was to be seen in the streets and roads of Ireland.

How is it now? Every cabin has a pigsty. That was the result of a legal enactment making the erection of sties compulsory. Although now, as heretofore, he often enters the parlour, it is only as a visitor—no longer as an inmate. The Connaught pig is now completely gone. The pigs of to-day are short in the legs, broad in the flank, rich in lard; in a word, the dittos of those you meet in Wiltshire.* Irish hams that, half a century ago, were rejected with scorn in all decent shops of England are now in high favour with dealers, and bring prices equal to those of York.* Every cabin has such a pig, and it "pays" to give him food, often better than that upon which his owner feeds. Russell of Limerick (another "alien" mercy) was, I believe, the first to perceive the benefit that might be wrought by this wholesome innovation—to show that there was no good cause why pigs born and bred in Ireland should be a whit inferior to those grown in any other country in the world.†

I have intimated that poverty—despairing poverty—was the almost invariable lot of the Irish peasant fifty

* This statement will be confirmed by any dealer in hams and bacon. I have consulted several.

† A pleasant anecdote was told to me by Chief Justice Doherty. He was visiting at the house of a country gentleman; the steward was showing him the improvements, when they approached to examine a series of recently-erected pigsties, his lordship much commended their neatness and order, saying, "My friend, the pig is well provided for here." "Yes, yer honour," was the reply, "he has every convanience that a pig can ax."

years ago. The men wore shoes, for work could not be done without them; the women were always barefooted. I have been told by shoemakers in country places that *shoes for women formed no portion of their stock-in-trade.* A shawl was usually the common property of the females in a household; a needle and thread were frequently not to be found in a whole town-land—sufficient reason why the proverbial rags were seldom mended. When means of mending were obtainable, a black or grey coat would generally be patched with a bit of red or blue cloth. Men and women looked on rags as matters of course. It was not a libel when the English traveller declared that he never knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes until he went to Ireland; while the story, told by either Lover or Carleton, of an Irish haymaker gleefully changing his habiliments with a scarecrow in an English field, is scarcely an exaggeration.

When a lad, I was present at a dance, and had to make my bow to a merry lass, who was sitting in a corner. To my surprise, she declined to be my partner, declaring she could not dance. There was a loud protest in the assembly, and an assurance that she was the best dancer in the barony. Upon her still objecting, a stout fellow pulled her from her seat, exclaiming she should not balk the young gentleman. The cause of her coyness was then obvious—she had on neither shoes nor stockings. It was the work of a moment for me to take off mine; and we footed it bravely, in bare feet, on the clay floor of the cabin.

On such occasions the piper had invariably a strong

tumbler of whisky by his side, from which he often imbibed till he could play no longer; and it was also the custom that a hat went round to receive the pennies that were to pay him for his night's work. The whisky (for him, *ad libitum*) was generally the contribution of mine host of the shebeen-shop, and its distiller was a "boy" from the mountains, who had made it where "kings dinna ken:" and who was among the dancers.

In country parts the houses of the smaller gentry were not very much better than the cabins around them. What of the people who inhabited them?

The "half-sirs" or "squireens," a class peculiar to Ireland, are, I believe, unknown now.* Each was usually blessed with a houseful of sons and daughters, who considered idleness a sign of gentility, and scorned to do any useful work. Trade of any kind, except in horses and smuggling, was a degradation to which they could not condescend. The young men were rambling vagabonds, who roamed the country with a dog and gun, while the young girls were tawdry slatterns, ill-dressed, flaunting creatures, to whom poverty never seemed to teach any useful lesson. Though their only chances of marriage were with men as poor and improvident as

* Thus wrote Arthur Young, about a century ago. "I must now come," he says, "to a class of persons to whose conduct it is almost entirely owing, that the character of that nation has not that lustre abroad which it will soon merit. This is the class of little country gentlemen, tenants who drink their claret by means of profit rents, jobbers in farms, bucks, your fellows with round hats edged with gold, who hunt in the day, get drunk in the evening, and fight the next morning. These are the men among whom drinking, wrangling, quarrelling, fighting, ravishing, &c., are found as in their native soil."

Sixty years back the evil was but in a small degree diminished.

themselves, they could neither order a household thriftily nor cut out a gown, and were content to drag on lives of slatternly monotony, varied only by occasional visits to rich relations, or rather relations a degree or two farther removed from poverty.

We must turn to the novels of the period for the Master Jacks and Miss Biddys of this class: such social phenomena are now things of the past. In the works of all Irish writers are to be found portraits of the reckless Irish gentlemen of sixty years ago. I may instance the "Castle Rackrent" of Maria Edgeworth as containing a well-drawn example of this improvident order. The hero in question is a true type of the gentry of the period, who were always in need of money, and whose fixed idea was that it must be had "anyhow"—the anyhow implying that tenants were to be racked to the utmost and loans raised as long as there was a scrap of security left to borrow on. The household was supplied in a hugger-mugger fashion; as long as powder and shot could be obtained, there was generally some sort of flesh or fowl to help out the meal, while for the horses there was at any rate grass to be had.

Are there many who recollect the taxes levied on tenants by the ladies of the landlords when a new lease or the renewal of an old lease was to be signed—taxes in the form of "duty fowls," "sealing money," and other names, were exacted? The custom of propitiating the dames was not so limited; their claims were put in whenever any transaction took place; the choicest produce of the farm was generally considered their perquisite. The practice is now only a tradition.

It is no fancy picture I draw of the gentry, and the families of the gentry, in old times—the class just above the squireens to whom I have been referring. They were in a great measure destroyed by the Encumbered Estates Bill,* and of the "old Irish gentleman" there are few specimens now remaining to recall a dismal picture in Irish history.

In the above remarks, I have been referring exclusively to the families of "half-sirs" and "squireens," whose hereditary "rights" were poverty and pride, and considered any efforts at labour for self-maintenance only a degradation or a disgrace. It will be, I hope, sufficiently obvious that I in no degree refer to the Irish GENTRY, who command everywhere respect and admiration.

And of the women of Ireland, who can say in praise too much? I quote a passage I wrote in 1840; time has confirmed, rather than lessened, my conviction of its truth.

"The women of Ireland—from the highest to the lowest—represent the national character better than the other sex. In the men, very often, energy degenerates into fierceness, generosity into reckless extravagance, social habits into dissipation, courage into profitless daring, confiding faith into slavish dependence, honour into captiousness, and religion into bigotry: for in no country in the world is the path so narrow that marks the boundary between virtue

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* The Encumbered Estates Act was not in actual operation until 1850. Its effect has been to create a class which Ireland sadly wants—a middle class—a class between the aristocracy and the peasantry—by dividing large insolvent properties into comparatively small properties, the buyers and owners of which are in many cases Roman Catholics.

and vice. But the Irishwomen have—taken in the mass—the lights without the shadows, the good without the bad: to use a familiar expression, 'the wheat without the chaff.' Most faithful, most devoted, most pure, the best mothers, the best children, the best wives; possessing pre-eminently the beauty and holiness of virtue in the limited or the extensive meaning of the phrase: they have been rightly described as 'holding an intermediate space between the French and the English,' mingling the vivacity of the one with the stability of the other—with hearts more *naturally* toned than either. Never sacrificing delicacy, but entirely free from embarrassing reserve; their gaiety never inclining to levity; their frankness never approaching to freedom; with reputations not the less securely protected because of the absence of suspicion, and that the natural guardians of honour though present are unseen. Their information is without assumption; their cultivation without parade; their influence is never ostentatiously exhibited; in no position of life do they assume an ungraceful or unbecoming independence. The character is, indeed, essentially and emphatically feminine; the Irishwoman is 'a very woman,' with high intellect and sound heart.

"In writing of Irishwomen, I refer to no particular class or grade. From the most elevated to the most humble, they possess innate purity of thought-word, and deed; and are certainly unsurpassed, if they are equalled, for the qualities of heart, mind, and temper which make the best companions, the safest counsellors, the truest friends, and afford the surest securities for sweet and upright discharge of DUTIES in all the relations of life."

Such testimony is not due to Irish*men*. I would, on this topic, rather than my own, give the testimony of Sir Emerson Tennent, M.P., an Irishman, who writes:—

"Thus it will be observed that the character of the Irishman is made up of extremes, and that his most conspicuous virtues border upon their neighbouring vices. His patriotism is asserted by fits of riotous and extravagant fanaticism, his generosity runs into profusion, the brilliancy of his wit is occasionally tarnished by his devoting it to flattery, and the ardour of his friendship is too often the result of the influence of impulse."

Akin to this topic—as being another proof of thriftlessness—is that of EARLY MARRIAGES. They were fertile source of over-population and its attendant miseries, of household discomfort and terribly restricted means. I refer more especially to the humbler classes.*

It was no uncommon thing for the bachelor to borrow a friend's "dacent clothes" for use on the wedding-day, to be returned the next morning; and when the priest's dues were paid, and the whisky laid in for all comers (for that night at any rate), not a single shilling was left for housekeeping to begin the world with.

I was present at a wedding where the bride, the bridegroom, the parents of both, and their neighbours, could not together make up the priest's fee of ten shillings; he refused to marry them until it was paid;† there was much "colloguing," and evidence of grave disappointment; I went forward and made up the deficiency.

* "A Killarney car driver told me he married at sixteen: two pounds were collected for the priest, neither he nor his wife having a shilling beforehand. A waiter at the hotel at Kilkenny where I stayed, I was told, had a collection of £18 made at his wedding for the priest: and I have heard of instances among respectable farmers of much more extravagant sums being thus given. Now is it human nature to suppose that any priest, depending for his livelihood on fees—the marriage fee amongst others—will not promote marriages? I have heard of many instances of their doing so. I do not blame the priests, I blame the system. The priests must live; they live by fees, for the State gives them nothing, and the best fee they get is at a wedding. Depend upon it, that as long as the priests are thus paid, early marriages, with all their attendant evils and mischiefs and miseries, will continue."—*Campbell Foster*, 1846.

† Not long ago I heard a whimsical anecdote of a young couple similarly placed; the refusal of the priest was to this effect: "Ye must beg, borrow, or steal the money before I marry you." So they retired. But passing through the chapel yard, the young man chanced to see the priest's unmentionables drying on a hedge: he took them, pawned them, and returned to the chapel, paid the required amount, was married, and when the ceremony was over, handed the priest the pawn-ticket, reminding his reverence he had told him he must either "beg, borrow, or *steal*" the required amount.

Imprudent marriages are now comparatively rare; yet I do not hear that there is any increase in the number of unwedded mothers.

Although sixty years ago "abductions" were no longer carried out on the systematic and daring scale of half a century earlier, cases were by no means unfrequent, and were still barely regarded as crimes. Though every assizes contained records of trials for such offences, and though the usual result was the handing over to the hangman of the leading culprit and one or two of his abettors, these Sabine weddings could not be wholly put down. Again and again, young girls would be torn from their homes and hurried up into the mountains, where some degraded hedge priest was always in waiting to make "the twain one." The unhappy bride had no choice but to submit, and when brought back to her parents generally thought it better to consent to the marriage that had been forced on her than to lose caste and character.

Savings Banks.—So long ago as fifty years, the Savings Bank was the cabin thatch — the inside of the thatch of course—and the purse that held the "Banker's Book" was usually an old stocking. The study of the tenant was to "make-believe" that he had no money at all; his rent being always in arrear, outer manifestations of poverty were essential to security. Now and then, when a lease was to be renewed, there were drawn from odd hiding-places numbers of old guineas; but as to savings that bore interest and so fructified, such investments were never thought of.

Concerning the change that has come over the spirit of Irish thrift since those days, it will suffice to quote a brief extract from Hancock's report for 1875–76 as made public in the newspapers:—

"Last year the deposits increased to the extent of £980,000, and in ten years the increase has amounted to £12,067,000. The aggregate of savings in the Joint Stock Banks, deposits in Savings Banks, and Indian Funds is now £70,180,000. In the Joint Stock Banks there was an increase last year of £1,785,000 and of £14,900,000 in ten years. In Post Office Savings Banks the deposits increased £70,000."

Private banks were frightful evils in Ireland in the old days.* Sometimes, pound and thirty-shilling notes accumulated in the old stocking for years, to be drawn out at last and to prove of no value whatever—the bank having "broke." Few now living can recall the terrible sight of a wrathful and mournful crowd round a bank on some morning when the shutters were not taken down and the door remained unopened at mid-day. One such scene is in my mind's eye at this moment—that attending the stoppage of the Roches, in Cork, I think in 1818. I can see now the enraged men and moaning women who battered at the closed doors of the bank, holding in their hands bits of soiled paper; and, with vain fury and horror-stricken looks, protesting against the robbery for which there was neither remedy nor relief. But Savings Banks!—many years ago the Irish

* It was not uncommon for men who had saved money to pawn it and pay pawnbrokers' interest on the sum pledged. It was considered safer in the pawnbroker's hands than in their own, or in the keeping of frequently failing banks.

peasant would as much have thought of crossing a river by making a bridge of a rainbow.

NEGLECTED LAND.—Sixty years ago, you might have walked a score of miles in some parts of the country, and over a hundred farms, such as they were, without encountering a plough or harrow: all the work of husbandry was done with the spade. And in what state was the land? The dung-heap at the hall door supplied manure for the "garden"; but to get it for the fields was out of the question, except near the sea-side, where sand and sea-weed were easily obtained. There was no desire to reclaim and improve—the fatal characteristic of the Irishman at home. A disposition to let things remain as they were, illustrated by the common expressions, "Sure, it 'ill do," "Sure, it was always so," was in nothing more fatal than in the management of the land: every writer concerning Ireland has commented on that disastrous fact. The certainty of obtaining offers for any bit of land that was to be let, a score of applicants being always not only ready but eager to outbid each other; the fatal proneness of landlords to close with the biggest offers, heedless as to the sort of tenants they were procuring, was the main source of evil. Once the land was secured, the single study of the tenant was to get the most he could out of it, without expending aught to enrich it.*

* Many years ago I was standing beside Grogan Morgan, of Johnstown, Castle Wexford, when a man addressed him and asked for the lease of a certain farm. "I have no objection to you," was the answer, "if you offer me a fair rent for it." A few days afterwards, I was walking with Grogan Morgan, when the

Ireland, that more than any other country of the world depends on tillage, has more than any other country of the world neglected to practise it scientifically. No doubt agriculture has made great strides there of late years; but even now, according to indisputable authorities, one-half of the soil is left uncultivated; while the other moiety does not produce half the crops that, by skill, capital, industry, and science, it might be made to yield. For the land is still divided into what have been called "microscopic farms," and we find a score of acres often cut up into nearly as many lots, each portion being a separate holding; so divided,* sometimes by leases often at will, partially planted; a third of it perhaps covered with the pest of the Irish farmer, "the yalla boucklaun," while a cow picked up a scanty living from such grass as grew between these huge weeds that a boy

same man came up and protested he had been ill used, another person having got the farm, although "his honour had given him (the man then present) a promise of it." "I made you no promise of the kind," said the landlord; "I told you I should have no objection to you if you offered me a fair rent for the farm. Your offer was considerably more than the offer of the person to whom I have given the lease. You did not offer me a *fair rent*, for you offered me more than the land was worth. Too much is as *unfair a rent* as too little. If you paid it and I took it, I should be a rogue and you would be a fool. Go home and think over this matter, there will be another farm vacant soon. If you become a tenant of mine, you must make enough by your industry to live comfortably, have a sufficiency of good food, bring up your children respectably, and keep your land well manured and stocked, instead of draining it of all it is worth in a couple of years." I give this one example of a just landlord.

* "Their farms," wrote a schoolmaster, addressing the Lord Lieutenant concerning poverty in Donegal, "are so small, that from four to ten of them can be harrowed in a day with one rake." And in the same county, when (in 1837) Lord George Hill bought an estate there, among eighty tenants on one of the properties, ten shillings annual rent was the highest rent paid by any one of them. It was by no means uncommon for a tenant to pay five pounds for that for which the head landlord received five shillings. There were whole districts in which the rents were so small as not to be worth the trouble and hazard of collecting.

would, in the spring, have eradicated for twopence.* Well might an English grazier, travelling in Ireland, exclaim: "Did you ever see a country so brutally used?"

On this subject I may subjoin another extract:—

"Let any one look at the armies of docks and thistles, enough to seed a parish in every field he passes—even in the beloved potato gardens—and the matting of couch besides—which the farmer and wife and children look at with idle hands because such weeds are supposed to keep the crop warm."—*Bence Jones on Ireland.*

Where were the sheep?—nowhere. Yet there was fodder running to waste on the slopes of every mountain on which flocks might have fed luxuriously. I travelled thirty miles through Connemara, the then recently alienated estate of Dick Martin, where the grass was sometimes up to my knees, and saw not only no flocks and herds, but not a solitary sheep or bullock turning into beef and mutton the wealth of food that nature had supplied. Let that most excellent landlord and estimable gentleman, Mr. Mitchell Henry, draw a picture of Kylemore as it is now. As for domestic fowls, what was the method pursued to prepare them for market? It was a universal practice periodically to pluck the geese and send them, bare of feathers, to the common,

* It would seem that this evil still flourishes. I copy part of a letter published in *The Times* of a recent date. The writer makes mention of "the pest of the land called ragweed," which, like a cancer in the human breast, sucks the vital principle out of the land wherever it grows, and at maturity sends forth broadcast its millions of seeds. Every one I speak to on the subject acknowledges what a pest this weed is, but no one puts forth a hand to eradicate it. "What's the use," say they, "when the neighbours will let it grow thickly in hedge, ditch, and field, and seed our land again?" "The other day I drove over some forty miles of road, and had the best opportunity of witnessing the enemy of the farmer, flaunting in immense abundance its rich golden-hued head of flowers right and left."

to roam over it and live as they could. The fowls were left to peck up anything they might find; as to systematic feeding, that was never attempted. The ducks were better off; they had always the manure-heap—the filthy pool at the cabin door.

As with the land so with the sea: fish were there in plenty; but the fisherman waited until they came to him instead of putting to sea in search of them. Sometimes a shoal would appear; but before the nets were ready they were off, "bad luck to them"; and it was seldom that it entered into the fisherman's mind to follow. Even when they were taken in large quantities there was no market at which they could be sold; and, as to household preservation for household consumption, that was only one more of the many things in Ireland that might have been done but never were done. I have seen mackerel exposed for sale at a penny a score, and herrings for sixpence a hundred—there was no means of curing and preserving them. More than once I have seen the land manured with sprats. Fishermen, English or Scotch, came across the Channel, loaded their boats, returned home, salted their catch, and exported to Ireland the very fish they had taken out of its own bays. I tested that fact in Galway—the finest fishing bay in the world, perhaps. I had ordered fish for dinner: two salt haddocks were brought to me. On inquiry, I ascertained where they were bought, and learned from the seller that he was the agent of a Scotch firm, whose boats were at that moment loading in the Bay.

"MIDDLEMEN."—It is with almost a shudder I write of the MIDDLEMEN of sixty years ago, so keenly do I recall the misery of which they were the cause. The term is hardly known to this generation, except as it occurs in Irish novels that deal with life in the Sister Isle as it was half-a-century back: as a system, the system itself being no longer a curse to Ireland.

My father had leased from Lord Audley some lands in which were veins of copper ore. His lease, however, only made him lord of the estate underground: all the soil above was in the hands of a man named Swanton. This Swanton was what was termed a "squireen" (another name now obsolete); and, though he had himself sprung from the people, was totally without bowels of compassion for them. He let and underlet the estate in acres or half-acres, as might be; and usually for twice or thrice the fair rent. It was impossible for the tenant to pay it and live comfortably or even decently. There were always "arrears;" they were neither asked for nor expected to be paid; they could not be paid; but their effect was to make the tenant the bond-slave of the middleman. His landlord the poor wretch had never seen. "My Lord" was an absentee whose interest in his Irish estate was confined to the regular receipt of a sum the middleman had agreed regularly to furnish to him; so that the amount was raised the noble owner never inquired how. He left his representative to wring that sum, and as much over as might satisfy himself, out of the sweat and sinews of the tenants, and contented himself with regularly forestalling the time of payment by requests for "advances."

Swanton had but one unchangeable excuse for grinding down the wretched peasantry: "His lordship *must* have supplies. See his letter." I do not think Lord Audley had ever seen the barren tract of country he inherited from his ancestors—"forfeited estates," of course.

No expenditure of a nature that might incur the hazard of his appearing to be in prosperous circumstances was ever thought of. Woe to the man who appeared in a new hat or coat, or whose wife boasted a decent gown! It was as much a sign for the middleman to swoop down on him as the sight of a well-filled purse to a robber. True, the next instalment of rent might not be due for months; but there were always the "arrears." The money spent in buying gown or coat ought to have gone to lessening *them*. To my certain knowledge it has often occurred that, when a farmer contributed a respectable sum towards the repairs of a chapel, the dangerous fact was kept a profound secret by the priest.

I was once present when Swanton distrained for a very small sum. The "sticks" of furniture had been removed; but there lay in a corner a little heap of potatoes. When the poor man saw these about to be taken away, he fell on his knees, held up his hands, and exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. Swanton, for God's sake don't take the bit from the mouths of the childer!" It was, however, taken, and in my presence. I could tell other tales of the kind. Swanton ultimately died in his bed; but he was seldom seen out of doors unaccompanied by two armed men. Though but a boy then, I used to feel that I could scarcely have sought to turn aside the hand that aimed a murderous blow at him.

I am not giving an exceptional instance. This man was the representative of a class—a large class. A great proportion of the landed property of Ireland was in the hands of middlemen—not a whit better or worse than the one I have pictured.

TITHES.—I have elsewhere treated this subject, yet recur to it. There were always circumstances attending the collection of tithes that made the debt, the distraint, and the ruin, that frequently accompanied the latter, exceptionally odious. The farmer or cotter knew that his own priest needed the money; that he was living, at best, with restricted means, and sometimes in positive poverty. He knew, on the other hand, that the Protestant clergyman whose *legal* dues the tithes were, and in whose name they were collected, was rich in this world's goods; sometimes a pluralist, and not unfrequently an absentee, who lived comfortably in Cheltenham or Bath on money wrung from poverty-stricken creatures of another faith than his own. Even if he were resident, what did he give in return for the tithes so mercilessly extorted? His flock might be counted by units, while the priest's numbered hundreds. Yet the peasant saw him dwelling in a mansion that was a palace in comparison with the wretched shelter that fell to the lot of the Catholic priest; and riding a good horse while the priest, when summoned to a distance to administer the rites of his Church, had either to borrow a steed or trudge a-foot. But bitterer than all to the Irish peasant was the thought that the law did him the

double injustice of forcing him to pay for the good things that fell to the share of the Protestant clergyman, and of hindering him from ameliorating the lot of his own priest. No wonder that the collection of tithes in Ireland was a work of difficulty and danger.

In the Ireland of to-day, the tithe-proctor is as much a memory of the past as is the Pillory.

Under the rule of the middlemen it was worse than labour wasted for the holders of the miserable little farms to reclaim land. When some poor wretch had, with incredible toil, converted a waste piece of ground into soil that made an approach to fertility, all he had to look for, on the expiration of his lease, was to be charged with a largely increased rent in consideration of the land he had literally *made*, or else to be evicted from it and replaced by some stranger who had outbidden him. It is scarcely astonishing that ignorant and passionate men, when goaded by such cruel wrongs, often dipped their hands in the blood of the middlemen who turned them out of their holdings, or of the new tenants who leased their farms over their heads.

Similar wrongs are now almost impossible, for not only has recent legislation laboured to make them so, but public opinion is instantly and fiercely stirred up against any act of the kind—sometimes too easily and too hotly—and its power is greater than that of any Act of Parliament to excite sympathy for the oppressed and detestation of the oppressor.

I am justified in classing evictions of the sort I have just described among the things that have all but passed away in Ireland.

The cry is often raised that Ireland is over-populated. Under-cultivated would be a more fitting term. It was so even when the population was eight millions instead of five.* If the country had its millions of acres either not cultivated at all, or only half cultivated, in every direction there were "lands wanting hands and hands wanting lands." On this vast farm, the peasantry, as it were, squatted, the bond-slaves of landlords and middlemen, and tilled in a makeshift way the acres their fathers had tilled before them, winning from the land the half or third of the harvest that skilfully-applied industry would have made it yield. "Over-populated" meant, in the case of Ireland, that for every three human beings the land ought to have supported, it was barely made to furnish food for one.

ABSENTEES.—This famous Irish grievance is of such old standing that it was sought to provide a remedy for it five centuries ago. In the reign of Richard II. legislative enactments were made "to prevent gentlemen of estate and office from living abroad." I have seen a book—printed in 1729—enumerating the "lords, gentlemen, and others who, having estates, employments, and pensions in Ireland, spend the same abroad;" and making also an estimate of the yearly sum thus drawn from Ireland as computed from data obtained in the

* In 1841 the population of Ireland exceeded eight millions, by the Parliamentary census it was 8,175,124. In 1851, it had fallen to 6,515,794; in 1861 it was 5,764,543; in 1871 it was 5,402,755; and in 1881 it was 5,159,839. In 1882 it barely exceeds 5,000,000. In 1841 the population of Great Britain and Ireland was 26,707,065; and the public expenditure was £49,285,396. In 1881 the population of Great Britain and Ireland was 34,852,495; and the public expenditure was £83,108,000.

months of May, June, and July of that year. But many Irish landowners may urge the plea that, if they lived on their Irish estates, they would be absentees from their English estates; nay, there are "absentees" who actually dwell in Ireland; I have known persons living in Kerry County who owned in Donegal land they had never seen.*

But the absentees were not always persons of wealth or rank; the aristocracy of Irish intellect has also generally avoided the land of their nativity. Even Swift, in the zenith of the popularity his "Draper's Letters" had given him in Dublin, looked longingly towards a deanery in England, and vainly sought to obtain one. "Ireland gave me birth," exclaimed the painter Barry, "but she would never have given me bread." The visits of Moore to Ireland were short and far between; and Lady Morgan, though the brilliant central star amid a host of satellites in Dublin, had no sooner obtained a pension than she transferred herself for the remainder of her life to London. The list might be enlarged!

Absenteeism is still an evil; but it is by no means now the evil it was sixty years ago, and for centuries before. During the reign of the first Edward, and later, during that of the eighth Harry, absenteeism be-

* The writer of a quaint book published in 1729 divides them into three classes. First, "those who live constantly abroad, and are seldom or never seen in Ireland." Second, "those who live generally abroad, and visit Ireland now and then for a month or two." And third, "those who are occasionally absent, their numbers being commonly the same, for if some come home others go abroad and supply their places."

He adds, "'tis melancholy to observe that now we are labouring under great disadvantages of trade and struggling with penury and want, the humour of living and spending abroad still increases among our men of quality and station."

came a ground for such complaint that the defaulting landowners were threatened with forfeiture. For the most part Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans, these lords of lands, which they had usually won by the sword, and held by the same title, got what they could out of their Irish estates, and were utterly indifferent to the means employed in getting it. All their desire was to spend in England the fruits of the toil of their miserable serfs, whose "four bones" created the wealth their conquerors squandered. I forget which of the "Ladies Lieutenant" it was who said there was but one good prospect in Ireland — the west wind, for it usually blew towards England. Some of these very serfs were lineal descendants of former lords of the district, and might look from the summit of any adjacent mountain over lands spreading in all directions, east, south, north, and west, that had been the hereditary estates of their ancestors.*

* During one of my journeys in wild Kerry, I spent a day at a poor shebeen-shop among the Carra mountains; it was kept by a fine handsome young man named O'Sullivan. He could see, from the mountain-top, a hundred thousand acres, of which his forefathers had been the owners; he was as truly, legitimately, and lineally their descendant as Lord Salisbury is a scion of the Norman Cecils. He knew it well, and all the "neighbours" knew it well. I forget who it is that tells a story of driving towards Macroon, when he heard "the keen," and asked what the cry was for. This was the answer of the car-driver. "Sir, *the Prince* is dead! We heard the Banshee last night, and knew what it was for." The travellers found a large assembly of mourners gathered around a cabin door. It was "The O'Leary" who lay dead within.

Walking in the neighbourhood of Cork with a gentleman named Parker, he pointed out to me an aged labouring man hoeing a potato garden, and told me he was the lineal descendant of a family that had owned all the land between Monkstown and "the beautiful city," much of which had been to his (my informant's) family "assigned."

I knew a domestic servant who would cheerfully do any amount of indoor drudgery, but nothing could induce her to wash the hall-door steps. It was her habit to say *that* would be a degradation to the blood of the O'Briens. I found her boast that it flowed in her veins not unwarranted.

I might multiply cases. There is no county, nor any barony of any county,

Very few of the old families hold estates, and some of them long ago accepted the religion of "the oppressor"; for examples, the O'Kavanaghs of Carlow, the O'Neals of Antrim, and the O'Briens of Cork and Limerick. Not even for these "Irish" will Ireland be "re-conquered and re-gained": and, surely, not for the Bodkins and Blakes of Galway, the Herberts of Mucross, the Blackwoods of Clandeboye, the Whites of Bantry, the Chichesters of Donegal, the Browns of Kenmare, the Devereux and Percivals of Wexford, the Howards of Wicklow, and the Forbes of Granard.*

It is recorded of a famous Irish chieftain who, riding by a castle and asking who lived there, was answered by a name that denoted English origin, and was told his family had been settled there for two centuries: "No matter," was his comment, "I hate the Saxon churl as if he came over but yesterday." As it was with the Norman conquerors, so it continued to be with the native chieftains, while any independent septs remained. So it had been from the earliest times. All that chronicle or fable preserves in connection with the ancient Irish kings is the record of the wars they made on one another.†

in which there is not a peasant who expects to enter on possession of his forefathers' estates, when they are wrested, by treaty or by force, from "the Saxon oppressor."

* "Out and out the best, the cleanliest, the most improved and improving of the people of Ireland are the people of Wexford; there is seldom a cabin without a pigsty attached to it, and if you meet a woman without shoes and stockings you may be sure she is a stranger. The people of Wexford are the descendants of the Anglo-Norman settlers; in customs and in language they preserve traits of their ancestors of six centuries ago."—"*Ireland: its Scenery and Character.*"

† In the list of one hundred and seventy monarchs of the Milesian line, enumerated by Irish historians, only forty-seven died natural deaths; seventy-one were slain in battle, and sixty murdered."—*Cooke Taylor.*

The Irish are, perhaps, the most "homogeneous" people on the face of the globe; no traveller can fail to observe the remarkable varieties that indicate descent through many channels—the Celt, the Dane, the Saxon, the Norwegian, the German, the Spaniard, the Norman, the Frenchman (after the repeal of the Edict of Nantes), the Scotchman, and the mere Englishman. Perhaps it would be difficult to find in all Ireland a score of pure-blooded Milesians.

A Parliamentary return of 1870 supplies evidence that the evil of absenteeism is by no means what it was. More landowners reside on their properties than of old; and even in the instances where landlord and tenant seldom or never see each other's faces, the fact is often productive of a blessing instead of a curse; for the representatives appointed are of a far other type than the middlemen of old days; and the Irish estates of many great absentee landlords—as, for instance, the Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of Lansdowne—are among the most liberally, and at the same time judiciously, managed in the island.

But the fact must not be passed too lightly over, that many of those landlords who are still absentees are so because they dare not incur the hazards attendant upon residence. To seek one's own is still in Ireland a crime on the part of a landlord; to prefer Donald to Patrick as a tenant, though Donald may be an honest, industrious man, and Patrick a lazy scoundrel, is a deadly crime. He who presses for overdue rent, or evicts a worthless tenant, is often forced to do so through an agent, simply because he knows that if he

were on the spot, action in defence of his rights would be taken at the peril of his life.

Before closing this division, let me once more repeat that the Irish agent of to-day is almost invariably a very different type of man from the middleman of the past. Where he is determined as well as far-sighted, and courageous as well as enterprising, he frequently accomplishes wonders, both for his employer and the tenantry—though the benefits done to the latter have, as a rule, to be forced on them in spite of themselves: often at risk of the benefactor's life. I may illustrate these remarks by quoting a passage from the "Realities of Irish Life," by Mr. Stuart Trench—a gentleman who for years literally carried his life in his hand, and, under Providence, preserved it only by the exercise of iron determination joined with sleepless vigilance. The writer is referring to the estate of an absentee—Lord Digby—for which he was the agent:—

"When I recollect," says Mr. Trench, "the miserable condition of this estate not quite ten years ago, the tenants disaffected, industry paralyzed, Ribbonism rampant, and conspiracies to murder those who were most anxious for their welfare, filling the minds of many of the peasantry, it is some consolation to find that steady and persevering determination, combined with kind and liberal treatment, will, even in much-abused Ireland, produce the most satisfactory results."

I could from my own knowledge adduce many instances of estates similarly improved, and by similar means. In our work on Ireland we described at length a visit paid in 1842 to an estate in Donegal, managed for an absentee landlord by Colonel Pitt Kennedy. He had literally made the desert to blossom like a rose.

The same happy results have since been achieved on numerous estates in Ireland, where the tenantry hardly know the actual owner of the land even by sight.

What resident landlords are better landlords than the London Companies who purchased estates in the "bleak north" in 1613 (which in 1883 they continue to hold)—when four "wise, grave, and discreet citizens" went to view the country they were to colonise, and reported that "it yielded store of all necessary for man's sustenance,"—as it does to-day?

The houses of the gentry in country parts exhibited the same carelessness of appearance as did the cabins and dwellings of the "squireens." Nor did they, as in some countries, atone by elegance for the absence of the qualities that give ease and pleasantness to life. Gardens they had, through which you drove to the hall door; but they were potato-gardens. Flower-gardens were seldom seen; fruit-trees were scarce, and ornamental trees and shrubs scarcer. Verandahs, or any exterior decoration, one never saw. Naturally the prevailing aspect of the Irish gentleman's mansion was that of bleak and bare discomfort. I regret to add that in some parts of Ireland these attributes of the old days linger still.

I have given some gloomy pictures of the realities of Irish life in the early years of the century; but I appeal to all who knew Ireland sixty years ago to say if the picture is overdrawn. Indeed, the most highly-coloured "pictures" would hardly exaggerate the deplorable aspect presented by the hovels and small houses of the country in the days of which I am writing.

Certainly attempts were even then being made to effect a change, and introduce a better order of things, but for a long time with little or no effect.

I could give many illustrations, but may content myself with one or two. In 1842, while a guest at Johnstown Castle in Wexford County, the seat of Grogan Morgan, I found his lady had built not only a healthful and well-lit school for the children of the tenants, but a row of comfortable cottages for the tenants themselves, in place of the miserable cabins they had previously inhabited. I was walking with her one day when a woman addressed her, asking some favour, which was refused. Out came instantly the woman's indignant comment: "And shure, my lady, is that the thanks I'm to get for making the children go to school and wear shoes to plaze ye?" On another occasion I entered with her one of the neat slated cottages. We actually found a man threshing corn in the parlour, and as the ceiling was not lofty enough for him to use his flail, he had dug a hole in the floor, in which he was standing, and so was busy at work. I knew a gentleman who imported a number of smock-frocks, as at once cheap, convenient, cleanly, and pleasant to wear. Not a peasant could be tempted to put on one of them, and they were converted into dusters, but even then enjoyed pretty much of a sinecure. There was a village in which a considerate builder had appended to each cottage a small but convenient outbuilding. So universal was the ridicule to which he was subjected, in consequence, that he found it expedient to take all the conveniences down. It was nearly the same with those landlords who erected pigsties; the

tenant could not be persuaded to submit his pig to durance vile within four walls. It would be easy to enlarge upon this topic. There is no person who has had experience of Ireland of the long ago who will not testify to the exceeding difficulty, almost impossibility, of effecting beneficial changes in the habits of the Irish "people."

I rejoice to record a recent testimony, that of the estimable (late) Knight of Kerry, to the effect that, at all events things are very far from being what they were,* and that, if legal compulsion was found the only means of providing accommodation for the pig, of whitewashing the cabin, and removing the dung-heap from the hall door, other degradations, "sanctified by time," have been voluntarily done away with. Though there remains much to grieve the philanthropist, and make the political economist angry, there is much to gladden and render hopeful those who can compare the Ireland of the present with the Ireland of the past.

Of THE INNS of Ireland fifty years ago, what shall I say? In country places even now they may not be all the English traveller desires and expects; but in fre-

* I rejoice to have this opportunity of testifying to their wonderful general advance, within the last few years, in material prosperity, in practical intelligence, and above all, in independence of mind. That independence often exhibits itself in ways very little agreeable to the landlord. It even occasionally runs full tilt against the clergy of their own faith. Such ebullitions are almost inevitable in the exercise of a newly-acquired faculty, but he must be a very sorry and short-sighted patriot who would wish for a retrograde action on this account, or desire to see a return to the miserable state of subserviency in which they once were, whether in relation to the priest or to the landlord.

quented parts, and especially along the lines of railways, they are quite as good as they are in England. All through the country, even the humblest of existing Irish inns are great improvements on the wretched accommodation of days long past.

I slept in Connemara, at an "hotel" where some boards, placed across, from wall to wall, separated the ground-floor from the first-floor; that was in 1843. Immediately underneath me were a cow, a litter of pigs, and a number of fowls. About daybreak, when weariness had at last induced sleep, a rattle at the door aroused me, and, on inquiring what was the matter, I was informed that the priest, having been summoned in haste, wanted his vestments, which were locked up in a closet in my chamber.*

And the Irish inn-waiters of old times, they exist no longer; the inns are hotels; the waiter is at least as well dressed as the landlord, wears a white "choker," receives your orders and executes them, but with no word of greeting, no smile of welcome, no sentence of advice asked or unasked: no joke, no fun, no question; you come and go; he takes no note; "service" is charged for in the bill. The most original of the race

* "The look of the inn was most unpromising. A pile of lime and sand for building a wall adjoining blocked up the doorway, but a bright peat fire and a boarded and sanded floor—a luxury not to be met with everywhere in Ireland—made me hope for a comfortable rest. The brightness of the fire gilded over the discomfort of the room. It was perfectly Irish. Two large and apparently much-frequented rat-holes showed no want of company of that kind. The table was propped; its cover torn and dirty; one of the windows had before it a broken looking-glass to dress by, a corner of which still remained in the frame; the whitewashed walls were marked round with candle-smokes, where candles had been stuck with their own tallow, and two beds at one side of the room had a most unpromising appearance.—*Foster's "Ireland."*

I ever knew was Charley, at the Victoria Hotel, Killarney. He was a natural wit, and had always something to say that raised a laugh; but he was prompt and ready at call, and his bow might have been studied at Court during the Regency.

How altered are the ways of the Irish CAR-DRIVER of to-day from those of his father and grandfather! They were pleasant fellows, the drivers of forty and fifty years ago—always pleasant in the country, and commonly so in the towns—full of wit, attentive and obliging, and though poor to the extent of raggedness, ever rich in repartee. Rags are no longer the badges of the car-driving fraternity; but in putting on decent clothes they have put off much of their humour, and more of their courtesy, and I cannot say that in these respects the race has improved, although in all other ways it has. Perhaps I could select nothing that to me so strongly indicates the improved condition of Ireland as the contrast of the neat and well-kept cars of to-day with the jaunting-car of the past. Years ago, whenever a lady was compelled to use one of them, the precaution was seldom omitted of spreading her pocket-handkerchief on the seat, which was invariably dirty, and often greasy. To wash the wheels and body was considered a work of supererogation. The horse was generally a used-up animal that it was cruelty to drive; the driver was always in rags; his caubeen was proverbial as an illustration of Irish head-gear, and the harness was generally a mixture of rope and leather straps. Such

was the Irish car-driver fifty, forty—even thirty years ago.*

The honesty of the race was proverbial; indeed, honesty was everywhere, at all times, one of the admirable features of Irish character. [I may note here that during all my travelling in Ireland—sometimes in very queer places indeed—I never lost by theft the value of a shilling, though I rarely locked my portmanteau, and never my chamber door.†]

Will any one, whose acquaintance with Ireland dates a quarter of a century back, imagine such things as "cabmen's shelters" in Dublin streets? and not in that city only. If he desires to realise a still wilder dream, will he fancy Street Fountains, at which any passer-by may take "a sup" that costs nothing? These and their like may be minor matters: but they are sure and certain indications of progress—of the "march of intellect" that has brought Ireland nearer to England than even the huge steam-ships that make the voyage from one

* But the old race of car-drivers is nearly gone now. It went out with the whisky, and has not come back with its return. The drivers are now short in their answers, and seem as if they thought the person who seeks to stimulate conversation has some offensive motive for what he is doing. I doubt if a traveller who journeys from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear will pick up a dozen anecdotes from that source worth telling again; while half a century ago it would have been a barren harvest that did not yield a dozen in a day. I may give two samples of the yield of former times. A driver was wrapping himself in a thick greatcoat because the heavens gave some threat of a storm. "You seem to take good care of yourself, my friend," said his fare. "To be sure I do, yer honour; what's all the world to a man *when his wife's a widdy?*" "I'll not *give* you anything," said a gentleman to a driver, "but I'll *lend* you a shilling." "Ah, thin, may yer honour live till I pay ye," was the answer.

† It is not out of place here to state that I was never but once injured or insulted: that once was when I was seated on a "low-backed car," with Mr. Isaac Butt, M.P., who in the midst of a mob refused to shout for O'Connell and Repeal. I was in his company and shared the beating that followed on his refusal, from the effects of which I did not recover for a week.

island to the other a mere pleasure-trip—easier than, and almost as quick as, used to be the car-drive from Merrion Square to Dunleary.

"THE BIT OF LAND."—One of the most important and valuable of the results of increased means of obtaining employment, created by the opening-up of the natural resources of the country, is that land is not so eagerly coveted and competed for as it was in days gone by. It would be difficult for an Englishman to understand the eagerness with which the Irishman of fifty years ago coveted "the bit of land." It was to him a necessary of life; for without it how was he to obtain the scanty supply of potatoes—his only food, and the food of his family.

I have described how "the land was let and underlet, and underlet again, till six rents had sometimes to be provided by the actual cultivator before he was allowed to feed himself and family."

Thomas Campbell Foster, Q.C., the *Times* Commissioner in 1845, gives a list of alleged causes of Irish "degradation, misery, and consequent outrages." He adds one to which he attributes all, or nearly all, the evils of Ireland—"want of employment." That was, indeed, a national curse in 1845; it is no longer so in 1883. There are now in Ireland as few persons able and willing to work who have little or no work to do as there are in England.*

* In 1845, when the *Times* Commissioner wrote, the average wage, except during harvest-time, was eightpence a day, and it was rarely that employment

In considering the melancholy history of Irish crime, all, or nearly all, agrarian outrages are found to be traceable to disputes concerning "the bit of land." Forty or sixty years ago the retention of his little holding was a life-and-death matter to the occupier. In England a tenant who was unable or unwilling to pay his rent could, at least, become a day-labourer; in Ireland labour was so little sought for and so wretchedly paid that eviction meant in general to the wretched tenant the exchange of insufficient food for absolute starvation. "Death by hunger"—such was the sentence he saw pronounced on his family and himself, and in madness he turned to seek revenge on all who had been concerned in uttering it.

> "You take his life,
> When you do take the means whereby he lives,"

reasoned Mr. Blackburne, Attorney-General for Ireland about 1840, in discussing this subject. He added, "Land is to the Irish peasant a necessary of life, the alternative being starvation."

Turned out on the world to starve, the evicted tenant readily lent an ear to the suggestion that "the State was not his friend, nor the State's law," and that, as he had nothing to hope for in that direction, to take vengeance on those who had reduced him to utter misery would be but an act of wild justice. It is well known that the form such revenge commonly assumed, and continues to assume, was the murder of the man

at that rate was obtained for more than six months of the twelve. I have elsewhere stated that at Ballydehob, early in the century, my father employed in working one of his mines between four and five hundred men, women, and children; the wage of a man was fivepence a day.

who dared to take a holding from which the previous occupier had been evicted.

Out of this dark phase of Irish character has grown much of the prejudice that still, to some extent, prevails in England against the Irish people. Unhappily, in spite of the disappearance of the race of middlemen, the immense extension of means of obtaining a living apart from the cultivation of the land, and the most sweeping reforms of the land laws, agrarian crime is still the darkest blot on the fair fame of Ireland. Why it should be so, let those pests and curses of the country—secret societies—answer. The Irish peasant is no longer the crushed serf of sixty years ago. Eviction and starvation are no longer synonymous terms in Ireland. Yet the hand of the assassin is still as readily lifted as in the days when an impartial observer, while lamenting and abhorring the deed, could not but lament and abhor also the cruel provocation that had led to it. Bad though the excuse may have been for the agrarian crimes of 1822, it is wholly wanting in the case of the horrible and dastardly murders of 1882. One is inclined to take a gloomy view of the future of Ireland when the fact is made so terribly apparent that, although almost every provocation that could goad the Irish peasant into crime has been removed, the old readiness to shed blood is still so prominent and hideous a feature of his character.

The most hopeful direction in which efforts for the benefit of Ireland can be made is that of the development of her natural resources and advantages. With

seas swarming with fish, harbours that are among the safest and most capacious of the world, water-power everywhere abundant, and the mineral riches of the country at once varied and extensive, the wonder is that, instead of being one of the poorest, Ireland is not the richest country on earth.

The failure of schemes for working mines in Ireland to repay their projectors has generally been traceable to one of two causes—bad management or insufficiency of capital, and sometimes to the two combined. Of the more precious metals, Ireland will probably never again yield enough to repay the expenses of obtaining them, though her ancient legends, confirmed by the abundance of ornaments that have been dug up at various times, would seem to point to a period when the yield of native gold and silver was considerable;* but in copper, lead, sulphur, and marble various districts are rich, and greater rewards than have already been obtained probably await those who shall in the future bring capital, skill, and energy to the working of these deposits.†

* In our work "Ireland," &c., we fully described our visit to the Wicklow gold mines, where we saw the bits of native gold taken from the gravel and subsoil. The mine was worked, indeed, but did not pay for the labour of working it: yet that gold, native gold, is there is certain; although the lines of Moore are verified:—

"Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine;
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone."

† The estuaries of several Irish rivers have long been celebrated for yielding pearls. These are sometimes of great purity and very respectable size. So far back as 1688, Sir Robert Reading reported to the Royal Society that he had seen

Surely the most casual looker-on, no less than those who go deeply into the matter, cannot fail to see that Ireland needs nothing but tranquillity, freedom from the fatal thrall of agitation, and the consequent inflow of capital, to become a manufacturing country as well as "a country of raw material." The failures—and they have not been many—bring conviction that failures they would not have been if they had not, so to speak, been wilful failures. Certain "industries" in the north have been successes. In Belfast several flourish. Irish linen maintains its supremacy in all the markets of the world. It may be a comparatively small matter, but it is, at least, evidence of what may be —that Marcus Ward has established a trade in art paper-work, perhaps more extensive, certainly more meritorious, than that of any other country in Europe; and in Fermanagh County there is an art pottery that long ago entered into competition with the best of either Staffordshire or Worcester.* I am aware I write of com-

a pearl found in the Bann that weighed thirty-six carats; and though the yield is now much less considerable than formerly, pearls continue to be found. Mrs. Hall had one of large size and much purity that came from the River Slaney. Perhaps a reason for the decay of Irish pearl fisheries may be found in the fact that the fishing has only been carried on in shallow water; whereas, if the experience of pearl-collecting in other parts of the world may be taken as a guide, it is in deep waters that the best pearls generally lie.

* It is some years ago since I visited the pottery at Belleek, in the County of Fermanagh, not far from beautiful Lough Erne. I engraved many of its art productions in the *Art Journal*. It was then, as it continues to be, a struggling concern; its main difficulty insufficient capital, but of its capabilities there was not then, and there is not now, any doubt. The manager, and I believe principal proprietor (but it is in the hands of a Company) is Mr. R. W. Armstrong, a gentleman of great intelligence, much judgment and taste, and sound practical knowledge and experience. The productions of the works are by no means limited to art utilities—things for daily use: although these have been subjected to marked improvement. The household pottery is certainly as well decorated and as good as any made in Staffordshire. Its issues of high-class works are of admirable

parative trifles, but the national produce of Ireland is a powerful aid to make the small the great and to remove that ever fatal bar to progress, the total and entire dependence for employment of the people on labour of the hands with which the brain has nothing to do.

Of this vitally important subject I am merely skimming the surface; it is for those who are better able than I am to bring it fully before a willingly-listening public.

TITHES.—With this subject, always odious and unbearable, I have sufficiently dealt as one of the prominent evils of the older time, but which came continually under the consideration of all who gave thought to Ireland fifty years ago. Tithes are now as thoroughly forgotten as any other relics of the penal laws. The long dominant Church was disestablished in 1869, but several years previously, tithe payments had ceased to exist in the old oppressive form. It is, however, impossible to treat of Ireland toward the close of the nineteenth century without adverting to the impost by which the Church clergyman was sustained, when the Roman Catholic priest of the parish was living in miserable and degraded poverty in the midst of the flock, the fatness of whose land fed the clergyman by law established. I believe the Protestant

character, exhibiting originality of conception, refined manipulation, beautiful in form and in colour. Is there in Ireland no patriotic capitalist who will invest capital there, so that while promoting and extending the interests of his country, he may enrich himself? For sure I am that a few judicious changes at Belleek would make that manufactory of pottery one of the most flourishing establishments in the kingdom.

clergy at least as thoroughly rejoiced as did the Roman Catholic priests when that evil impost was removed from Ireland, and ceased to be a sign of serfdom.*

I for one do not consider the abolition of the Irish Church by any means *entirely* a good for Ireland. Whatever they may have been in long ago times, of late years the clergyman was often, I will say almost universally, a boon and blessing to the parish in which he was located. His wife was generally its "Lady Bountiful," to whom the peasant applied in all ailments with a certainty of obtaining gratuitous relief, the nearest dispensary being perhaps a dozen miles off. His few school children were models of well-clad cleanliness that became examples; of his little he was ever ready to give a little; the beggar seldom shunned his door; he was, in a word, the only "respectability" in his neighbourhood, the only person in whose integrity the people had confidence. It was notorious that whenever remittances came from emigrants—gifts to relatives at home—it was to the clergyman, and not to the priest, they were sent. It was known and felt that with the one they would be safe and sure, while if transmitted through the other a host of accumulated "dues" would have to be deducted before delivery. For aught I know, the practice may be in operation A.D. 1883, as it certainly was during the earlier half of the century.

* "At the Quarter Sessions at Gort one tithe proctor processed eleven hundred persons at Gort for tithe. They were all of the lower order of farmer or peasant. The expense of each process was about 8s."—*From the "Galway Advertiser," Oct. 18th*, 1822.

DUELS.—With the subject of duelling I have dealt elsewhere. I refer to it here as exemplifying one of the many changes wrought by time in Ireland. Many years have passed since a duel was fought on Irish ground. He who sent or accepted a challenge now would not be the pride and glory, but the shame and scorn, of his countrymen and countrywomen of all grades, from the highest to the lowest.

THE OLD SCHOOLS AND THEIR TEACHERS.—Sixty years ago, in "country parts" the only schools for educating the children of the peasant were "Hedge Schools." Whether the locality and the name were due to the fact that, not very long before, it had been penal in Roman Catholic priests to teach at all—and so they taught out of doors "on the sly,"—or whether, because in consequence of the dense atmosphere of the cabin that was the school-house, the lessons were for the most part learned under a hedge, I cannot say, but certainly the whereabouts of a dominie was always indicated by groups with their slates or worn "Goughs" (arithmetics) gathered under the shelter of hedges, or, as they were generally called, "ditches."

The humbler Irish have been always eager in the pursuit of knowledge, and a peasant must have been brought very low indeed if he failed to send his children to a school, although often it was distant four or five miles from his dwelling.

The master was usually a low, pretentious, ignorant, and evil man, not unfrequently the leading member of a

secret society, and under his roof most of the seditious plots were concocted. He was paid usually in "kind," money being rarely at command. Sods of turf, pieces of bacon, occasionally a fowl, and when a pig was killed, part of him, were the coin in which decenter farmers paid the school bills. The master was almost invariably a drunkard, the presiding spirit of the shebeen-shop (the pot-house), and exercised merciless and brutal sway over the girls and boys he "taught." Books for study there were few or none; those for entertainment and consequent "instruction" were the lives of rogues and rapparees—"Redmond the Horse-stealer," "Freney the Robber," and so forth: with books even more pernicious, such as not only made vice appear laudable, but inculcated bigotry, intolerance, and hatred of neighbours as sacred duties. The Protestant was execrated as at once the personal and national enemy of the Catholic. I can write nothing concerning hedge-schools so strong as that which was written by an Irishman, Carleton, who knew such schools well, and had been educated in them.*

Other educational influences were at work, but they were Protestant in character, and equally tainted by bigotry and intolerance with the Catholic hedge-schools. Consequently the peasantry looked on them with aver-

* "Their (the pupils') education, indeed, was truly barbarous: they were trained and matriculated to cruelty, revenge, and personal hatred in these schools: knowledge was directed to evil purposes, disloyal principles were industriously insinuated into their minds by their teachers, most of whom were leaders of illegal associations. The matter placed in their hands was of a most inflammatory and pernicious nature, as regarded politics; and as far as religion and morality were concerned, nothing could be more gross and superstitious than the books which circulated among them."—"*The Hedge School*"; *Carleton*.

sion: few would consent to send their children to schools where they were reared in an alien faith.

Mr. Froude writes:—

"From the beginning of the eighteenth century, and perhaps earlier, charity day-schools had been scattered about by the exertions of individuals, where the children of the peasantry had been taught the catechism, and had received some kind of industrial training. In 1710 there were thirty of these schools, where seven hundred boys and girls who would consent to become Protestants were being taught to read and write, to cultivate the ground, to grow hemp and flax, and spin, and knit, and sew. In 1719 an educational association had been formed, one hundred and thirty of these day-schools had been established, and the number of children receiving education was 3,000."

I can picture the hedge-school from personal knowledge. I was a "pupil" in one of them. During our residence at Glandore, a village distant a few miles from Ross-Carberry, my father was anxious that we should be learning something, or, at least, should not quite forget what we had learned; and sent my younger brother and myself to a famous "philomath" in the neighbourhood. As young gentlemen, we were of course subjected to no rough treatment, did exactly what we pleased, taking a "spell" at the Latin Grammar now and then, but usually rambling the fields or "mitching" altogether, and had more often a rude fishing-rod than a "Gough" in our young hands. The evil influences of the "scholastic establishment" we could not then perceive. I may, on that head, safely accept the testimony of Carleton; but I well remember the miserable cabin, the atmosphere of smoke, the ragged boys under the hedges, and the dissipated master who was preparing them for the battle of life. The darkest

picture I could draw of the scene, and its several accessories, would not be overdrawn.*

There were, however, some happy exceptions to the general character of the hedge-schoolmaster — such exceptions as Mrs. Hall has drawn in her sketch of "Master Ben," the schoolmaster at Bannow, in Wexford County.

At all periods of the history of the Irish peasant there was a desire amounting to craving for the acquisition of knowledge. The poor scholar is not a fancy sketch; I remember him in the West, when we resided in West Cork, almost a daily passer-by, sometimes a visitor, and not unfrequently an invited guest, from whom it was pleasant to hear news of the world he was traversing, the world being to him the high road from one end of the county to the other. The poor scholar was always a Latin and sometimes a Greek scholar; but of useful knowledge he had only a bare smattering, and it was rarely with any result he was consulted on any subject. I do not know how it is now, when a "boy" of this calibre can find his way into the Roman Catholic University. I believe it was a very rare thing indeed to find that a "poor scholar" had become a mechanic or settled down to any reputable trade.

You may journey far and wide through Ireland without finding a hedge-school now; but you will scarcely travel a dozen miles in any party of the country without

* I quote another passage from Carleton: "When we consider the total absence of all moral and religious principles in those establishments, and the positive presence of all that was wicked and immoral, need we be surprised that occasional crimes of a dark and cruel character should be perpetrated?" The truth is, that it is difficult to determine whether unlettered ignorance itself were not preferable to the kind of education which the people there received.

coming upon one of the National schools that have replaced them. When the enlightened policy that permitted the children of Roman Catholic parents to be taught in State-supported schools without seeking to make proselytes was first inaugurated, the Protestant population of Ireland raised a great outcry against the scheme. "Better," said one clergyman, who did but express the sentiments of many others, both lay and clerical, "better that the Government should leave the Irish children ignorant than bring them up papists."

Although the National Schools of Ireland have been brought more completely under the control of the priesthood than was the intention of the Legislature, great good has resulted from their establishment. Only in the wildest parts of the country is it at all common now to find a peasant who cannot both read and write. Sixty years ago the X mark was affixed to nineteen out of twenty of the leases or other documents that required the signatures of peasants.

In those days, English was a language as foreign to the majority of the peasantry as French or German. When you landed in Ireland it was by no means unlikely that the porter who came to take your luggage from the boat to the inn could speak no word of English. If you chanced to land at any out-of-the-way port, that difficulty was almost sure to be in your way. When a lad, the ship in which I was a passenger struck on a rock in the harbour of Kinsale. I can well remember the despair of the captain when he ascertained that among the boat's crew that came alongside to render assistance there was not one man who could understand

a word of English. Now, probably, there are not two in a hundred "natives" who are entirely ignorant of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In fact, Irish is rarely heard, even in the cabins in remote districts.*

We have the authority of Mr. Sullivan for the assertion, that there is now scarcely a farm-house or working-man's home in all the land in which the boy or girl of fifteen, or the young man or woman of twenty and upwards, cannot read the newspaper to the old people and transact their correspondence.

There are now in Ireland more than seven thousand national schools, with above a million of enrolled pupils. "The coming race" will very rarely have to make their marks instead of writing their names.†

* At the Social Science Congress in 1881, Lord O'Hagan thus said, "I cannot refrain from giving a few figures which tell a marvellous tale of twenty years' endeavour and success. In 1860, the schools of the Board were 5,632; in 1880, they were 7,590; in 1860, the pupils on its rolls were 804,000; in 1880, they were 1,083,020; in 1860, the children in average attendance were 262,823; in 1880, they were 468,557; and the Parliamentary grant, which in 1860 was £284,468, was in 1880 £722,366. These figures exhibit the information obtained in 1861 as to 1860, and the information obtained in 1881 as to 1880. They need no comment, and are, in themselves, happily demonstrative of a great increase in the means of primary public instruction and the number of those availing themselves of it; notwithstanding that, in the meantime, there has been no corresponding advance in the amount of the population of Ireland. The apparatus of teaching has been ample and effective."

In the year 1840, the total number of persons over fifty years old in Ireland unable to read or write was over three millions, or fifty-three per cent. of the entire population; but in ten years the percentage had fallen to forty-seven. In 1861 it was only thirty-nine per cent., and in another ten years it had been reduced to thirty-three per cent. There was an increase of over twenty per cent. between 1841 and 1871 in the number of those who could both read and write, a similar large increase in the number of those who could read only or write only.

The Irish-speaking population numbered in 1861 over 1,100,000, over 940,000 being able to speak both English and Irish; but in ten years afterwards the number had fallen to 817,875 and 714,313, so that in 1871 only 103,562 people in the country spoke Irish only, a decrease of 60,000 in the ten years.

† To buy a book, or stationery, except in the larger towns, was an impossibility a few years ago; now at every railway station there is a book-stall, where

How very very different it was fifty or sixty years ago, when, excepting the priest and the schoolmaster, when there happened to be one, it was hard to find in a whole parish a single person who could write a letter, or even read a printed book.

I have referred to the schools scattered through the country in old days, where the chief object pursued was to bring up as Protestants the children who attended them. These were the CHARTER SCHOOLS, incorporated by Act of the Irish Parliament in 1733. So avowedly were these establishments machines for the manufacture of proselytes, that not only were they described at the time of their incorporation as designed to teach "the poor Irish" the English language and Protestant religion, but at a later date it was resolved, while the scholars continued to be brought up in the Protestant faith, "not to admit any but the children of Papists into the schools."

Language can hardly do justice to the intensity of the abhorrence with which the charter schools were regarded by the mass of the Irish people. "Few Catholics," said a writer on Ireland early in this century, "pass by these schools without looking on them with a jealous eye, and venting their feelings by curses and execrations, with gestures and emphasis which bespeak their heartfelt anguish." Protestant landlords refused to allot ground for the erection of schools, and from this refusal, and the exertions of the priesthood, it

there is an ample supply of both; a most beneficial system, introduced and sustained by one who has been in that way a public benefactor—William Henry Smith.

ensued that in most parts of Ireland the National School-house was made an appendage to the Roman Catholic chapel—the chapel-yard being the only ground that could be readily obtained. Still, with all their internal evils, and the detestation in which they were held by the Catholic Irish, the charter schools continued to the last to obtain pupils, for they held out powerful temptations to the baser feelings of human nature in the fact that they took both day-pupils and boarders, educated them all *gratis*, and lodged, fed, clothed, and apprenticed the boarders at a similar easy rate.

The children were, for the most part, either the offspring of vice, or of parents too degraded to care for the reproach that the fact of having attended these schools would attach to their children's names. Commonly, indeed, such immature "renegades" returned, as soon as they quitted the school, to the creed they were supposed to be converted from; or, if they continued Protestants, afforded examples by their lives at which Catholic fingers might point with scorn and loathing.

DOMESTIC QUARRELS.—It is a very fertile theme I have to deal with here. Mr. A. M. Sullivan hit the nail on the head when he wrote concerning the earlier Irish contests—"The Irish chiefs may be said to have fought each other with one hand, while they fought the English with the other." What the Irish chiefs did so long ago is precisely what the leaders of the Home Rule party are doing now.

Let us go back so long ago as the year 1661: when the

then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Ormond, was accused of favouring Papists by permitting them to hold a public meeting in Dublin, he indignantly repelled as a calumny the accusation that he in any way favoured them; but admitted that he gave them leave to meet, "*because*," said he, "*I know by experience that Irish Papists never meet without dividing and degrading themselves.*"

Yes, division has been the curse of Irish counsels, and "divide to reign" was for century after century the golden rule of the English conquerors in their dealings with the native tribes. From the day when Strongbow and his Norman knights landed to assist one of the petty kings of Ireland against another, down to the day when the disgraceful squabble took place at the banquet that commemorated the centenary of the Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, the Goddess of Discord has never ceased to be adored in Ireland. So recently as October, 1882, we find two Home Rule Members of Parliament quarrelling fiercely at a public meeting in Dublin, the one "thrusting back in his teeth" the assertions of the other, and entreating indulgence for the Irish faction in Parliament, as having "*to face not only the enemy in front, but the more bitter enemies behind!*"

There is an Irish saying that is given as the invariable excuse for all short-comings, wrong-doings—all sins of omission, if not commission—

"Sure 'twas always so!"

The words apply with peculiar force to the domestic quarrels of Irishmen with Irishmen.

The whole story of the agitation for Repeal may be

summed up in some words that I borrow from Mr. A. M. Sullivan: "Dissension and doubt among the leaders." In the same words is told the history of the periods of veiled rebellion or of Fenian outbreaks that have followed the death of the Liberator.* As it has been in the past so will it surely be in the future, and "'twas always so!" will remain to the end an appropriate comment on the disputes of Irish agitators with one another.†

As well might a number of spiders be expected to combine for the purpose of spinning a single web as a band of Irish "patriots" to pursue one and the same policy. Every man of them has invariably his own threads of intrigue, and labours to combine them for his personal advantage. When, in pursuing his own ends, one Irish politician happens to get in the way of another, the Saxon world has long since learned to expect that there will follow what Sir Lucius O'Trigger terms "a very pretty quarrel."

There needs very little, either of evidence or argument, to show what a restored Parliament in Ireland would be, and how little it would differ (except in religion) from that which the Union abolished. The revived Parliament in Stephen's Green would retain all its ancient, odious features and evil principles—except that from being, like that which existed up to 1800,

* One is reminded by the history of Irish agitation against England, of Curran's story concerning a new lodging in which he had passed a single night —finding the "fleas so numerous and so ferocious that if they had but been *unanimous* they would have pulled him out of bed."

† I once heard these words uttered by an indignant patriot. "I'd let every man be free to hold his own opinions; and if he wouldn't, *be jabers, I'd make him.*"

exclusively Protestant — it would become, from the Speaker to the door-keeper, entirely Roman Catholic— or, at all events, a senate in which Roman Catholic members would so largely predominate that Protestants would be nonentities. It is to-day, as it was eighty years ago, impossible for the two parties to act together for the common good of their common country. While the Parliament for the three kingdoms meets at Westminster there is little scope for the display of religious animosities; but let a so-called National Parliament be set up in Dublin, and everywhere throughout Ireland the Catholic and the Protestant would soon be at "daggers-drawn."

If Ireland was a kingdom before the arrival of Strongbow, it had many kings. To restore to his throne a chieftain whom four others had combined to expel was the assigned motive of Strongbow's invasion; secretly, it was from the first intended to attach Ireland to the English crown. But for internal dissensions, one ruler striving against the invaders, another assisting them, a mere handful of English knights and their followers could never have subjected the country. At first the English rule had at least the recommendation that, wherever it extended, it to a great extent substituted order for anarchy, and law for savage license. Among the Irish, things were then pretty much as Sir John Davies described the state of Ireland to be, at a later period: "No man could enjoy his life, wife, land, or goods in safety." But the spirit of the conquered race began, in process of time, to make its influence felt among the conquerors. "Imbibing the genius of the Irish soil,"

writes the author of "Ireland and its Rulers," "the Anglo-Normans and the Anglo-Saxons quarrelled among themselves, as the 'mere Irish' had done. The Fitzgeralds of Desmond and the Butlers of Ormond, each with their hundred castles and tens of thousands of followers, having vanquished the O's and Mac's, fought it out between themselves. 'Where is now the proud Earl of Desmond?' was tauntingly asked of the wounded chieftain by a band of Ormond's adherents as he was borne on their shoulders from the field. 'Where he ought to be,' was the answer; 'still on the necks of the Butlers.'"

It is a long stride from the days of the O'Briens and O'Haras, or even from those of the Desmonds and Ormonds, to Napoleon at St. Helena. But the genius of the Irish for squabbling among themselves had remained as marked as ever, and the keen eye of Bonaparte had noted the fact. "If," he said to O'Meara at St. Helena, "the Irish had sent honest men to me, I would have certainly made an attempt on Ireland. But I had no confidence either in the integrity or the talents of the Irish leaders that were in France. They were divided in opinion, and were constantly *quarrelling with one another.*"

COURTS OF JUSTICE, sixty years ago, were rotten to the core: from the High Court of Chancery down to the "Courts of Conscience," as they were called, over which generally presided a citizen-tradesman (Protestant, of

course) whose decision was "Law," who administered "Justice," and whose knowledge of the one was on a par with the amount that he dealt out of the other. The decisions of these Solomons of the bench — their "Honours"—were frequently matters for laughter: being indeed, as a rule, more merry than wise, for they were often wits, and always "jolly companions every one."

Higher up in the world of law, matters were very little better. An Irish judge of those days did not so much hold his dignified office during good conduct as by virtue of being a ready hand with the pistol. That was always the final arbiter both with the Bar and the Bench. In 1821 I knew Lord Norbury, of whom it was said—and correctly said—he had *fought* his way to the judicial seat.

Sixty years ago the declaration that a Roman Catholic might be an impartial judge would have been hooted down. The thought of a Roman Catholic Chancellor on the woolsack would have been sufficient to stir the whole Protestant population of Ireland to frenzy. But ever since the Catholic was admitted to full civic rights, a gradual but mighty revolution has been in progress. I, who knew Ireland in days when there was not, and could not be, a single Roman Catholic on the bench, have lived to see a time when the majority of Irish judges are of that religion; and a Catholic, in the person of Lord O'Hagan, has worthily upheld the dignity of the woolsack. Yet the Bench and the Bar in Ireland are now, to say the least, impartial and upright as regards the former, and irreproachable in conduct in the case of the latter. That could not have been said at the beginning of the century. Lord O'Hagan, during his occupation

of the woolsack, was never once suspected of bias towards a plaintiff or defendant because he was of his own religion.

Murmurs are still heard sometimes against Irish juries, but how seldom can they be justified by anything deserving the name of evidence. It was not so sixty years ago. The GRAND JURIES especially—always exclusively Protestant—were notoriously given to preferring party interests to the claims of justice. Their presentments were invariably one-sided—often shamefully, or rather shamelessly, so. I cannot find space to sustain this assertion by the quotation of facts; but who that knows what Ireland was early in the century will question it? Another fertile source of grievance was the *packing of juries.* Perhaps the evil was sometimes exaggerated; for the limited choice exercised in the matter of juries resulted in a class of men being available for the pannel who were intellectually much superior to the Irish juries of to-day; but still to set twelve "good men and true" who were all Protestants to try a Roman Catholic was utterly unjust. In such cases, especially when the offence was political, the verdict was generally a foregone conclusion.

I once saw at Castlebar a slip of paper, perhaps sixty years old, that some curiosity-monger had preserved. It contained simply this sentence—"The Right Honourable expects you'll acquit the prisoner." I learned its origin; it was as follows: While a man was on trial for his life, "the Right Honourable"—in other words the High Sheriff, a brother of the Marquis of Sligo, who ruled with a rod of iron the counties of Mayo and Sligo—had

handed to the crier the slip, in open court; and the crier in turn handed it to the foreman of the jury. The accused was, of course, acquitted; but the result would have been quite as certain if the Right Honourable had informed the fearless and independent jury that he expected them to *convict* the prisoner.

If any thoughtful reader of these pages will look into the records of the Irish Courts of Law and Equity early in the present century, he will find the tale told to be one of systematic oppression. From the highest in the State downwards, tyrannous injustice prevailed, and venality was its common accompaniment. How is the government of Ireland conducted now? No matter what may be his religious or political creed, an impartial observer will answer that it is based on rectitude, and animated by the conviction that even-handed justice is politically wise as well as morally right. Yet Mr. Parnell did not shrink from describing this altered state of things as the subjection of Ireland "by the power of a perfidious, cruel, and unrelenting English enemy."

What would Lord Palmerston have said had he lived to read such a comment as that on the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, such a response to the words I quote, addressed by him to the House of Commons more than half a century ago?

"I cannot sit down," said Lord Palmerston, "without expressing the satisfaction I feel, in common with the nation at large, at the determination which the Government has at last adopted to give peace to Ireland. The measure now before us will open a career of happiness to that country which for centuries it has been forbidden to taste, and to England a prospect of commercial prosperity and national strength which has never yet been recorded in our annals.

The labours of the present session will link together two classes of the community which have long been dissevered; they will form in history the true mark which is to divide the shadow of morning twilight from the brilliant effulgence of the risen sun: they will form a monument, not of the crime or ambition of man, not of the misfortunes or convulsions of society, but of the calm and deliberate operation of benevolent wisdom watching the good of the human race —an act which will pass down to the latest posterity as an object of their respect, gratitude and admiration."—"Lord Dalling's Life of Palmerston," p. 341.

It was long *after* the passing of the "Relief" Bill, that placed the Roman Catholic on a level with the Protestant without any qualifying clause—for, as the Duke of Wellington said in the House, on the 2nd of April, 1830, "He had so framed the measure as to concede everything, and ask nothing"—that attempts were made to obtain civil rights and freedom of conscience for THE JEWS.

In 1830 an effort was made to relieve *them* of *their* disabilities. Mr. R. Grant moved in the House for leave to bring in a bill to that effect, and although supported by Macaulay and Mackintosh, no issue at that time followed. It was stated by the mover that in Great Britain the Jews were excluded from holding any office, civil or military, under the Government; that they were excluded from practising law or physic; from holding any corporate office, and from being members of Parliament; and they might be prevented from voting for members of Parliament if the oath were tendered to them; that in the metropolitan city they could not obtain the freedom of the Companies, nor exercise any retail trade. Mr. R. Grant little foresaw the time when

an estimable and honoured Jew was Lord Mayor of London, another Jew was Master of the Rolls, and several Jews had become members of the Imperial Parliament.

It was but natural that supporters of the motion should refer to the rights so recently accorded to the Roman Catholics. Here, it was argued, there was no foreign head; no divided allegiance; no bulls; no indulgences; no priests exercising a despotic influence over their flocks; no agitations; no violent addresses; no mobs disciplined with almost the regularity of men-at-arms; no attempts at proselytising. The Jews "were proud *not* to make proselytes." It could not be said, as it had been said in the other case, the Government was showing its weakness by yielding to clamour. The Jews asked for relief in a calm and temperate tone.

Among the leading opponents was Sir Robert Peel—mainly on the ground, that if Christianity was not the basis of representation in Parliament, atheists and infidels would not be refused admittance. He asked why Quakers were excluded. They were not long so. The Jews were within a very few years afterwards placed politically and socially on a par with Christians of all denominations.

It has surely proved a wise as well as a just decision. There are no more loyal subjects, no better citizens, no abler or more willing constitutional helps. *They* have not taken advantage of the power given them to excite hostility and hatred to England, making it a foreboding boast that England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity, threatening to shackle the right arm of England in the

event of any perilous dispute with any foreign nations; exciting, in time of domestic difficulty, to shake public credit by a run upon the banks; counselling domestic discord as evidence of wisdom.

The Jews were thus made thoroughly English, and it is well for England that so powerful, so wise, and so loyal a body became "part and parcel of the State." A people who were a great people centuries before

"Great was Diana of the Ephesians,"

and had historians and poets long before the wolf suckled two brothers on the barren plain where after ages saw the Coliseum.

These notes concerning the admission of Jews to the benefits of the Constitution—more recent than that of the Roman Catholics—will not be considered needless or out of place by those who think what "Catholic Ireland" might have been had Ireland received the boon in the same spirit—in grateful remembrance of conceded rights. What, by this time, might not Ireland have been if her patriots had directed their energies into channels at least as favourable for progress to tranquillity, happiness, and prosperity!

Alas! it was the vain hope of Richard Lalor Shiel, when all he asked for, in addressing the famous meeting on Penenden Heath—nay, far more than he asked for—had been accorded to Irishmen by Englishmen: "You will make a permanent acquisition of the affections of Irishmen, and make our hearts your own."

In fact, sixty years ago, the Irish peasant had right good reason for believing there was law enough in Ireland; but he had almost equal reason for refusing to believe that the Irishman by nationality and Catholic by religion could anywhere find justice. What confidence could a Roman Catholic have in the justice dealt out by courts where the judge, the jury, the leading members of the Bar—nay, the very officials of the court, down to the jailer and the tipstaff—were all of them zealous Protestants.

Whilst dealing with the subject of Irish Courts of Justice I may take occasion to revert to one that did not exist sixty years ago, but was the creation of comparatively recent times. I refer to the Encumbered Estates Court. In 1848, the Bill that called it into being became law; and the court set to work to deal with numerous Irish estates that were in the hands of broken bankrupts, impoverished spendthrifts, or (as was often the case) of men whose fathers' excesses had left them the nominal owners of large properties, while their actual incomes were so small that they sometimes failed to keep the wolf from the door.

To comment on the immense changes effected by the passing of that Bill would require much more space than I have at my command; but some idea of them may be formed from the words of John Francis Maguire, M.P.:—

"From October, 1849, to August, 1859, the gross amount realised by the property sold in the Court of Encumbered Estates reached to the prodigious sum of £25,190,839. The sacrifice of property during the first years of the operation of this Court was sad to contemplate. It ruined many and enriched others. It annihilated the owner, robbed the later encumbrancers, and conferred estates for

half their real value on purchasers lucky or daring enough to speculate in land at such a period of general depression and alarm."

Nevertheless, the operation of the Act was eventually productive of the extensive and material benefit to Ireland that its framers had in view. It took a large portion of the land out of the hands of owners too extravagant and too deeply in debt to expend capital in the improvement of the soil, and transferred that soil to men who were possessed of both the will and the means to develop its resources. All over Ireland prosperous landlords replaced poverty-stricken predecessors, and by this change the tenantry largely benefited.

Very recently a crowning improvement has been effected in the administration of Irish justice. I refer to the reform of the jury system due to the Act of 1871. That Act, in the words of Lord O'Hagan, "took away the possibility of any malversation on the part of the sheriff by depriving him of his power of arbitrary choice, and for the first time since the introduction of English law to Ireland, gave the people an absolute assurance that, for no purpose and under no circumstances, should a sheriff thereafter select a jury to perpetrate injustice."

"Packing" juries in Ireland was the regular thing; and it was certain that sheriffs were often bribed. Mr. Brougham, speaking in the House in 1823, "would not say that the man who would pack one jury to acquit a prisoner of felony might not readily pack another to convict a man of high treason."

In many cases the sheriffs received regular fees not to call to serve on juries the persons who paid them. Thus the wealthier and better-educated classes were

exempt, while those who were less able to discharge the duty, and more easily influenced for or against, were "to well and truly try and true issue make."

Moreover, the proof is not left to novelists that money was regularly paid to the sheriffs, by persons who anticipated writs, to give due notice in time to keep out of the way of them.

CITIES AND TOWNS.—I have pictured the cabins, and the men, women, and children who lived in them, fifty or sixty years ago — the one miserable, the other wretched, if judged by the standard of rural life in England. The peasantry born and reared in these hovels were—and are—the men, examples of fine physical manhood, the women, unsurpassed in any country of the world for the purity that hallows the sex. It was not so in the cities and towns. While the rural atmosphere was healthful, that of the congregated houses, many or few, was poisonous to body and mind. Let us picture the capital, Dublin, as it was sixty years ago, and continued to be up to a much later period. I borrow details from Whitelaw's "History of Dublin," left incomplete by him in 1817, and finished by my friend the Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D. The statements found therein may be relied upon.

Speaking of the district called "The Liberty," Whitelaw says, "The greater portion of the streets was occupied by petty shopkeepers, the labouring poor, and beggars, crowded together to a degree distressing to humanity."

Three or four families inhabited a single apartment,

so as to lighten the rent two shillings to one shilling per week. "Hence we may find ten to sixteen persons of all ages and sexes in a room not fifteen feet square, stretched on a wad of filthy straw swarming with vermin, and without any covering save the wretched rags that constitute their wearing apparel. . . . . Thirty-two contiguous houses contained nine hundred and seventeen inhabitants. There was not one covered sewer in the district, the filth from each house being flung out of the window into the back-yard, where it accumulated until sometimes it reached the level of the first-floor before it would be removed. Some houses were without back-yards, the inhabitants being obliged to throw all filth into the street, into uncovered sewers."

Mr. O'Connell in 1824 stated that "within ten miles of Dublin, out of fourteen or fifteen families there were only two found in which there was a blanket;" that in many parts they "slept in their clothes;" seldom having bedsteads, and "no covering for their beds."

Whitelaw further says, "On the subject of dram-shops, the most alarming of all nuisances," one street, Thomas Street, had one hundred and ninety houses; of those fifty-two were licensed to sell raw spirits, "a poison productive of vice, riot, and disease, hostile to all habits of decency, honesty, and industry, and, in short, destructive to the souls and bodies of our fellow-creatures. They are open day and night, causing scenes of unceasing profanity, which even the sanctity of the Sabbath cannot suspend."

Notwithstanding the naturally salubrious position of Dublin, he complains of nineteen churchyards and nine

slaughterhouses tainting the air, the death-rate being about one in forty-one. Small-pox was very prevalent, one person in three dying, the prejudice against vaccination being very strong.*

In twenty years the coal consumption of Dublin has been doubled. This is largely attributable to the greatly increased consumption of the article in manufacturing and other purposes quite apart from domestic duties. The Alliance and Gas Consumers' Company used, during the last twelve months, about 100,000 tons, and the various railways having their termini in Dublin use probably another 100,000 tons. The harbour-dues in Dublin increased in the three years ending 1879 by nearly £14,000. There was an increase in the period 1841 to 1871 of over 18 per cent. in the number of inhabited houses, and of 5 per cent. in the population.

I append to this retrospect of the past of Dublin the warning of Mr. Justice O'Brien, uttered in November, 1882, and leave the case to speak for itself. It is a warning of what the fair city may be hereafter. "It was," he said, referring to Dublin, "only too evident that decay was silently, but speedily, invading every interest which depends upon the prosperity of the city. Trade was languishing, if it was not entirely extinct. Houses—he might almost say streets—are deserted. Every person who could carry his fortune elsewhere was fleeing from it as from a place infested with the plague,

* Thomas Reid, F.R.C.S., writing in 1822, says, "I invariably found the increase of children in Ireland to be in an inverse proportion to the means possessed by their parents to support them. I have often seen nine, ten, or eleven children all of one family—some ragged, others quite naked—existing, rather than living, in places that would shock the humanity of an English gentleman to see his dogs or swine driven into."

and destitution was settling down steadily but surely upon the humbler classes of the population—upon all those who depended upon employment for their daily living." Truly the agitators of to-day are to be—congratulated: but not by Ireland or the Irish.

It would be a curious and an interesting calculation to estimate the loss to the country by the forced absence of the Empress of Austria from Ireland during the hunting season of 1882; adding to it that which has been caused by expressed, and, in some places, executed, threats against the gentry of the country who keep hounds—mainly for the enjoyment of their neighbours, and who dare not venture on the almost national custom of following them to cover. These are but minor results of the war—peasants against gentry—stirred up by the evil men who have been worse than evil advisers of the people.

The ASSASSINATIONS of 1882 gave a shock to humanity. Fifty years ago such crimes were more numerous—and worse. That assertion will hardly be received as truth; but it is capable of proof. The murder of a household at Cong—the Maamtrasna tragedy—has a frightful parallel in the butchery of the Sheas. If it were my design to excite horror I could supply a very long list of appalling atrocities perpetrated in Ireland forty, fifty, or sixty years ago.*

* In 1831 Mrs. Hemans thus described a visit to Kilkenny, the residence of her brother, Colonel Browne. "We paid a visit to a clergyman's house . . . . and found a guard of eight armed policemen stationed at the gate: the window-ledges were all provided with great stones for the convenience of hurling down upon assailants, and the master of the house had not for a fortnight taken a walk without loaded pistols."

Yes, things may be bad in Ireland now, but they have been worse. Let any one turn to the hundred and fifty volumes of the *Annual Register*, and he will find, year after year, nay, month by month, startling and gloomy records of its condition during a century before the present time. "Fearful state of that country, and increase of homicide and outrages," seems to be a stereotyped sentence in every Report. Landlords were shot by scores every year, and arms were stolen from every respectable house.

I well remember the horror excited by the burning and butchery of the Sheas in 1821. Their offence had been only the dismissal of an obnoxious tenant. Their thatched cottage was set on fire by a gang of miscreants, and its inmates, to the number of seventeen, were either burnt to death or slaughtered as they sought escape. Seventeen bodies in all were found in the yet burning embers, when the police arrived at the terrible scene. Among them was a young woman, who, during the burning, gave premature birth to a child. She strove to conceal it in a tub in which was some water; the bodies of both were found among the dead. The number of the murderers was about forty. All of them were known to the neighbours—some were "friends" of the Sheas, and several persons were actually looking down on them from an adjacent height, and therefore well able to identify the miscreants. These were examined by the magistrates, but denied all knowledge. The eager, anxious, and busy police failed to procure a tittle of evidence; a year and a half passed before any was obtained. Large rewards were offered in vain. At

length the remorse of one of the witnesses prevailed; her priest had urged her to confess publicly, and the awful story at length came out. For the murders of the Sheas a number of people, I forget how many—eight, I think—were hanged close to the blackened ruins of the cottage, that for a long time afterwards continued to appal those who visited the Golden Vale of Tipperary.

I reluctantly recall this awful event—describing it thus briefly. The murder of the four victims at Maamtrasna—bad enough, truly—was as nothing compared with the butchery of the Sheas sixty years ago.

The murder of the policeman, Kavanagh, in 1882, excited general abhorrence. The victim was doing only his duty, he was as much the guardian of the poor as the rich, of the tenant as the landlord. In the churchyard of Kilmogany (Kilkenny County) were, in December, 1831, laid the bodies of fourteen policemen and their commanding officer, butchered at a place called Carrickshock. The police had been lured into a narrow defile; the ascents on either side were thronged by more than two thousand men, armed with scythes, pitchforks, and reaping-hooks; but their most effective weapons were stones. Of the party of thirty-six, fifteen were slain, others being wounded, of whom two died, while but two of the peasants were shot.*

* The historian of this tragedy must state, however, that when the police were in the defile, and found themselves surrounded by more than fifty to one—with the almost certainty of death—the peasantry offered to retire and do them no harm, on condition of their giving up to "wild justice" the person of the tithe process-server they were protecting in his perilous business of serving writs. The demand was, without a moment's demur, refused; to the honour of the constabulary be it recorded. The process-server was mortally wounded.

On the 14th of December, 1831, that frightful massacre took place. Although the worst, it was but one of many fatal fights that arose out of tithes—fifty years ago the most detested and loathsome of all the tax-oppressions to which the Irish had to submit.

True, we have the Fenians now; but are the Whiteboys, the Peep o' Day Boys, the Carders, the Steelboys, the Oakboys, the Ribbonmen, the Thrashers, the Caravets, and Shamavests,—are they and their doings forgotten, not to go so far back as the times of the Rapparees, and a score of rebel—utterly lawless—associations under other names, that have infested Ireland in the past?

[In 1838 or 1839 Government offered a reward of £5,000, and a hundred acres of land in any of the colonies, for information that would lead to conviction of the murderers of Lord Norbury, and about the same period £3,000 in the case of the murder of Mr. Butler Bryan. They are undiscovered to this day.]

INFORMERS.—There is nothing in the Irish character so fruitful of evil as the "crime" of being an "informer;" "crimes"—at least some of them—that applied to other people, and under other circumstances, would be characterized as heroic. There are few brighter scenes in Scottish history than that which shows to us "bonnie Prince Charlie" hiding in the caves at Arasaig, sleeping every night in the hovel of a peasant, to whom a single guinea would have been wealth; yet none betrayed him. There are hundreds now in Ireland, and there have been

during every period of its history, to whom treachery would have brought riches.

I dare not pursue a topic that would lead me upon dangerous ground; but while I know the principle to be most calamitous and fruitful of evil, I cannot admit it to be altogether evidence of the darker, and not the brighter, side of Irish character. I might give many cases to prove it is often the one and not the other.*

Yes, the name of "informer" was always inconceivably odious in Ireland, and the people almost universally joined in execrating that which they believed to be the blackest of all crimes. Unhappily the principle remains when the excuse for it has ceased; but I could tell stories, and not of a very far-off period, that would make the Law, as it operated in Ireland, almost as detestable in the sight of the readers of these pages as it was in the view of those who suffered from it.

In Tipperary, some forty years ago—a county, by the way, in which I spent a week, distant from any town, and in the house of a wealthy holder of land, where *not a single bar or bolt was ever drawn upon door or window*—I remember making the acquaintance of one of a singular

* While at Limerick, in 1840, I heard this anecdote. The incident had just occurred. A man named Byrne was well known to be in possession of full knowledge as to who had committed a murder for which some "suspects" were in jail. A shrewd attorney induced him, on some pretence concerning his lease, to visit him at his office. It was market day: many persons were passing by his window, and the window was open. Byrne suspected nothing. But while he was in consultation with the attorney, several witnesses of the audience were sent about with rumours that Byrne had become an informer. The rumours obtained ready credence, two men actually being arrested while he was the attorney's guest; it was more than intimated such arrests resulted from his visit. And when the attorney told him of the "mess" he was in, out of which there was no escaping—that in fact he was caught in a trap—the man saw and knew there was but one way out of it: that he was *forced* to become an informer. He did so become, and on his evidence three men were hanged.

class—a man who had been a process-server there for a quarter of a century, and was still alive! It is needless to say that his escapes had been many; some of them, indeed, were so extraordinary as almost to exceed belief. He was a tall, powerfully made fellow, known by the sobriquet of "Long Jim," and as he lived in the good old times, and in a locality where the law seldom ventured to touch gentle or simple, both his daring and his cunning were often exercised. I contrived to obtain his confidence, and the stories he related to me of his perils and escapes might fill a goodly volume. I have only space here for one or two of them.

There was one gentleman who had long set at defiance all legal missives. He lived in the midst of his tenantry in a very secluded part of the country, where a sheriff's officer would as soon have ventured as into a den of hungry lions. Jim at length undertook to serve him with a writ. How to deliver it, and get off with a sound skin, was, of course, the dilemma. In this perplexity, Jim happened to learn that his intended victim was very partial to a goose-egg for his breakfast. That was cue enough. Jim set out at midnight, arrived at the mansion before daybreak, and climbed a tree that directly fronted the hall door—having first taken care to place a goose-egg on the steps, and under it a narrow strip of paper. All turned out as he expected; the gentleman issued forth early to breathe the morning air, and at once perceived the egg that had been deposited at his threshold. "Ah, ah!" said he, "that's the grey goose, I'll go bail, that always has such consideration for my breakfast," and seeing a

piece of paper on the ground he very naturally took it up to examine it. On the instant a voice from the tree bellowed out, "That's the copy, and here's the original;" and, added Jim, when he told me the story, "while he ran in for his pistols, didn't I show him the heels of my brogues!"

I remember the story of another fellow who had to serve a writ on a fire-eating magistrate. He so managed as to be caught cutting sticks in the gentleman's demesne, was brought before him by the policeman, charged with the offence, and committed to prison. Immediately upon which he served the writ, and, turning to the policeman, said, "I'm under your protection," and was marched off safe and sound.

Though I might fill several of these pages with anecdotes of "Long Jim's" shrewdness, I prefer to close my brief notices of the race of process-servers with a story related to me by another of the proscribed tribe.

A man who turned from his wicked ways and had become a car-driver, once drove me some twenty miles through a very disturbed and dangerous county. Dick, who was, unlike Jim, a small and delicately formed man, was "out" one day with a comrade serving writs. They had but one horse between them, and as evening was drawing on, their duty being done, they were about to commence their homeward journey, when they saw the peasants gathering on the hills about them. They well knew what was meant, and his comrade, who was on the horse, called to Dick to mount instantly; but in the attempt he fell. His companion galloped off, and Dick, thus deserted, made a rush into the nearest cabin,

which happened to be empty. His enemies were soon after him. Dick fixed himself in the farthest corner of the cottage, and took out his solitary pistol. Now Dick squinted terribly, and as his foes gathered about the door he presented his weapon, his eyes rolling frightfully as he exclaimed, "I can only shoot one of ye, and *I have my eye* on the man I'll shoot." The obliquity of his vision made each of the party think himself the man doomed; they shrank back and retired to deliberate, and had actually proceeded to remove the roof, in order to stone him to death in comparative security, when Dick's comrade, with a party of police, hove in sight, and Dick's life was saved.

And what of the POLICE? Sixty years ago they were few in number, and worse than useless. When not objects of hatred, they were of indifference; never liked, and seldom feared. Powerless to prevent or detect crime, evil-doers rarely took them into account at all; and, generally, they were better away than at hand, when any outbreak threatened or any private conspiracy against a landlord was on the point of breaking out.

Anthony Trollope, in describing them in one of his novels, divides the force into two parts. The one body, he tells us, was employed to prevent the distillation of potheen—illicit spirits brewed in the mountains, "where kings dinna ken"—or to seize it when made; the other was intended to quell the riots created by its consumption.* Early in the century it was with the Irish

* Dr. Walsh states that the first appointment of a night-watch in Dublin was so late as 1723, when an Act was passed under which the different parishes

police literally a case of "their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them." It was almost the same with the Coast Guard—the "preventive service" organized to suppress smuggling. A large proportion of the gain made by seizure was given to the officers and men; consequently, notwithstanding the unpopularity of the force, which inferred continual danger, there was no difficulty in obtaining recruits amongst either the gentry or the commonalty of the country.

The first introduction of an *armed* police force into Ireland was in 1787; prior to that time constables were appointed by *Courts Leet* and by magistrates at Quarter Sessions. By the 27 Geo. III. some improvements were made. Powers were given to grand juries (all, without exception, being Protestants) to appoint sub-constables, "being Protestants," and payments were ordered to be made to "armed Protestants" who assisted them in conveying prisoners, &c. In 1792, 32 Geo. III., there were other alterations made; but no Papist was admitted into the force. The constables wore no uniform, and generally continued to follow their customary avocations. In 1814 Sir Robert Peel, then Chief Secretary, introduced some salutary changes. The force, as a term of scorn, and in evidence of hatred, were thence called "Peelers." It became so obnoxious to the peasantry, and consequently the service so perilous, that few men of good habits joined it. The appointments were generally given to "followers" of gentlemen of influence—in

were required to appoint "honest men and *good Protestants*" to be night-watchmen. Sixty years ago, if there was a Roman Catholic in the force he kept the secret of his religion to himself.

many instances the men were their gamekeepers, and in some cases their domestic servants. It was not until 1836 (6 Will. IV.) that the force, as it is now constituted, was introduced into Ireland. Thenceforward all distinctions of religion ceased; and it is of very rare occurrence that the mixing of Catholics with Protestants has led to disputes in the force—certainly not more frequently than happens in any marching regiment. The change has been a blessed change. The old idea that all persons in the service of the law were to protect the rich from the encroachments of the poor has been abrogated; in a word, the police force has the *confidence* of the people, and by degrees, from being a most unpopular body, it has become almost universally popular. Not only in the detection, but in the prevention of crime, it works well. The knowledge that it is invariably on the alert to detect crime has naturally been efficacious in preventing it.

"The constabulary force has been of the greatest advantage to Ireland, whether considered socially or morally." That was my view in 1842,* and succeeding years have confirmed it. I may add to it the declaration—concerning these men—of the historian Froude: "They are at once the most sorely tempted and the most nobly faithful of all subjects of the British race;" and Dr. Forbes, a physician of rare intelligence

* The Royal Irish Constabulary force consists of an effective strength of about 11,000 men and 230 officers, costing about £1,100,000 per annum; but the Exchequer collected from counties and proclaimed districts for extra police force in 1878—9, nearly £27,000, nearly £28,000 in 1879—80, and £19,000 in 1880—81. The Dublin Metropolitan force, established by Act of Parliament in 1836, consists now of 158 officers and 978 men, the service, with that of the Courts, costing in 1880 £138,938, the Treasury contributing £88,000 of the amount.

and keen habits of observation, after spending "a Holiday in Ireland," thus wrote of them in 1852: "They are the picked men of Ireland, and being so, I verily believe it is scarcely an exaggeration to say are also the picked men of mankind." This passage is from Dr. Macaulay: "The more I saw of the force, the more I was impressed with its efficiency and its peculiar adaptation to the requirements of the country."

Testimony equally strong has been supplied by every writer concerning Ireland. That which I gave in 1842, when the force, if not in its infancy, was in its youth, is the testimony of all who have since had opportunities of testing and estimating its worth. Courteous, obliging, always ready and willing to communicate information and render aid, every traveller has found them; loyal to their oaths; trusted, and invariably to be trusted; patient under the severest tests of temper; faithful found when avoidance of duty might have seemed excusable; shirking no personal peril, never counting the odds, though often half a score have been surrounded by hundreds of infuriated enemies—it would be difficult to praise overmuch the police of to-day, when contrasting them with the force of the times to which I have taken my readers back.

Surely it ought to be added, even at the risk of repetition, that though the major part of the force is Roman Catholic, cases of quarrels between the members of that faith and their Protestant brethren have been so rare as not to have been taken into account at all. They live together in harmony, each, no doubt, preferring his own, but neither considering *creed* a subject for acri-

mony—even for discussion—as interrupting or disturbing discharge of duty.

DRUNKENNESS.—On this subject I have written so fully elsewhere, that reference to it only is necessary here—as manifesting the changes wrought by time in Ireland. I have said that a drunkard in an Irish drawing-room now is as rare as a pickpocket; while the peasant, when drunk, skulks to his home from the public-house through by-ways, ashamed to let the "neighbours" see him. These blessings remain—the bequests of the good Franciscan friar, the Rev. Theobald Mathew. "God be wid ye!"—you who carried the Sunday Closing Bill, and will coax or force through Parliament even greater and more important measures for averting from Ireland the national curse.

So it is of FACTION FIGHTS. Now and then the ghost of one is seen—to terrify, instead of gratify, a parish, and magistrates are called upon to inflict nominal fines for breaches of the peace. But those who would study them, in association with the calamities they brought and wrought, must go a long way back into the history of things that have been.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIEF BILL.—The passing of the Bill for emancipating the Roman Catholics is, of all the debates to which I have been a listener and have

reported, that which has the strongest hold upon my memory. The great advocate of their claims—Canning—was dead; so was Macintosh; so was Tierney; while their great opponent—Peel—and he who had opposed them with equal bitterness—Wellington—were still living. But it had been for some time known that both of these famous leaders of the Tory party had changed their opinions and had become what some termed "converts" and others "renegades." When the Iron Duke felt that the time had come to bow to the force of circumstances and of public opinion, no man could longer doubt what the end would be. It was not long deferred, in spite of the weak King's reluctance to the proposed measure and feeble attempts to defer it. In his speech of the 5th February, 1829, George IV. published to all his subjects the fact that his Ministers had persuaded him against his will, by directing Parliament to "review the laws which imposed civil disabilities on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects." The main battle was preceded by a skirmish, or rather by a mere parade of forces; for the Bill that provided for the suppression of the "Catholic Association," as dangerous to the public peace, inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution, and "effectually obstructing every effort permanently to improve the condition of Ireland," passed through both Houses with little difficulty—the friends of the Catholics regarding it as the stepping-stone to emancipation. On the day the Royal Message was read, Mr. Peel, who sat for Westbury (Oxford University, which he had previously represented, having rejected his appeal for re-election to the seat he had voluntarily resigned on declaring his

change of opinion, with a view to taking the opinion of his constituents on such a change of front), rose on the 5th of March and moved that "the House resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, to consider the laws imposing civil disabilities on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects," and began by stating that the advice given to the King was the advice of "an united Cabinet." In a long argumentative speech, full of facts and clear in reasoning, he gave his reasons for believing that "the time had come;" that the necessity for yielding to the claims was irresistible; but, as may readily be imagined, there was lacking in his long speech the tone of earnestness; for Peel was not speaking with the vigorous convictions of a man who saw the cause he had long battled for about to triumph, but as a statesman conquered by the force of circumstances and convinced against his will.

He was supported by the old advocates of the claims and by the converts, Huskisson, Goulburn, Charles Grant, North, Sir George Murray, and Sir Thomas Lethbridge.

The majority was much larger than was expected: 348 voted for the motion and 160 against it.

The country was "agitated;" and the protesting voices of those who foreboded in Catholic Emancipation disaster to Church and State were everywhere heard; but their demands that the constituencies should be appealed to were negatived; and Peel triumphantly carried his Bill into the House of Peers, where it was also passed by a large majority, 213 voting for the third reading, and 109 against; that was on the 10th day of

April, 1829; and the Bill received the Royal Assent on the 13th April, 1829.

Up to that time, or very nearly so, the three estates of the realm had opposed Emancipation earnestly and with resolute determination. And not only was the majority in either House hostile, but George III., by his stubborn declaration that he would never consent to Emancipation, had made the full enfranchisement of the Catholics impossible while he lived.* Nor had George IV. been sparing of similar declarations; but his will, less obstinate than that of his father, yielded when the King found himself hard pressed by Wellington and Peel.

Great as was the boon of Catholic Emancipation, its good effects to Ireland were largely neutralised by the unhappy agitation for Repeal. What might not O'Connell have done for his country if, instead of leading millions after him in the chase of a Will-o'-the-wisp, he had directed his energies and theirs to turning to practical account the freedom obtained in 1829?

"Let us," said Macaulay, long ago, "let us consider what by this time the condition of Ireland would have been if, after the passing of the Bill, a system of conciliation had been inaugurated in Ireland; if its great leader, at that time more powerful to sway and direct its people than any sovereign who ruled over any com-

* The opposition of George III. was based on his interpretation of the Coronation Oath. His speech on the occasion is on record. "I can give up my crown," said the King, "and retire from power; I can quit my palace and live in a cottage; I can lay my head on a block and lose my life; but I cannot break my oath."

The words of the Duke of York, spoken many years afterwards, when the speaker was heir to the throne, were, as I have elsewhere stated, equally emphatic in refusing the claims of the Roman Catholics to be admitted within the pale of the Constitution.

munity, had set his mind and heart to the work of—in a single word—improvement."

Poor Laws—Workhouses.—I need not go over the Act intituled, "An Act for the more effectual Relief of the destitute Poor of Ireland," that received the Royal assent on the 31st July, 1838.* The words "more effectual" were inserted as showing that some kind of relief had been given in Ireland, though it had not proved effectual, *e.g.*, hospitals, dispensaries, &c., supported principally by County Cess: but no State provision previously existed. The halt, the maimed, the blind, and the afflicted of all diseases, the destitute, the aged, and the forsaken infant, were left entirely to private charity. Those who know Ireland, know that charity is there a fountain that is never dry. Among the poor this duty of man to man is considered as the most solemn and sacred of all; next to man's duty to God! To render the appeal of the hungry and naked more forcible, superstition came to the aid of nature; and to turn away the starving, or refuse shelter to the houseless wanderer was considered to evoke a curse under which none could thrive. No worse a character could be given to any man than that "he was a hard man to the poor." But in spite of these generous features of the Irish character, it was none the less a disgrace to civilisation that the highways and byways were crowded with the destitute of all ages, of whom the State took no charge, and to whom the legislature

* The Poor Law for Ireland, when introduced into the House of Commons, was strongly opposed by O'Connell; but so it was by Mr. Shaw, a prominent representative on the other side.

had given no thought. That evil exists no longer. It is by no means my intention to canvass this subject, a subject in England, as in Ireland, very difficult, intricate, and upon which opinions are much divided. I must consider the change as fruitful of benefits incalculable to the Irish people. In the workhouses cleanliness is not only inculcated as a duty, but rendered imperative; and out of this must arise immense benefit, if not to the present, certainly to the after generation. Ventilation is made to contribute to health, and to give the valuable influence of example. Decent beds in place of miserable heaps of wet and filthy straw, not only contribute to existing comforts, but they become necessaries—necessaries that will be procured thereafter by those who have had experience of their advantages. Wholesome food—poor as it would be considered by the English pauper—and in sufficient quantities, instead of food insufficient in amount and of bad quality; shelter from the weather; warm and comfortable apartments, both by day and night; good and ample clothing; habits of cleanliness, decency, and order;—such are, in brief, the advantages which the workhouse presents; if they are advantages to be described and treated as the RIGHTS of the English poor, they are, in truth, "novelties" with which the Irish poor had been theretofore utterly unacquainted. The love of liberty—or, to speak more correctly, the hatred of restraint—that has ever characterised the Irish peasant, will always prevent the workhouse from being over-full. In truth, the marvel is not that so many resort to "the house," but that it is avoided by any who are in penury and want. The natural love

of liberty and abhorrence of restraint, added to the force of family attachments, keep many back from the refuge provided, until the extreme of destitution compels application for relief.

As a consequence of the establishment of a Poor-law system in Ireland, the beggars are all gone, or very nearly so. Those who remember Ireland fifty years ago will recall the terrible scenes of wretchedness they encountered whenever the coach stopped to change horses at a way-side inn, or when they were walking abroad to take the air. Frequently, when travelling, our car was surrounded by beggars, numbering from a score to a hundred. One evening I remember (it was at Macroom) I had promised, in order to induce the beggars to leave us alone while we visited the castle in quiet, that I would give them nothing then, but would give to each a penny the next morning. I had actually to produce twelve shillings to redeem my promise.

The wit of the beggars in Ireland, supplied, perhaps, the rarest and best examples of its natural growth. It was of course ever mixed with blarney—that particular mode of speech which the Americans term "soft sawder," but which the Irish only know how to use to perfection—flattering so speciously and so delicately that offence is out of the question.

The most remarkable assemblage of beggars I ever encountered was during a visit I paid to Maria Edgeworth, at Edgeworthstown. Driving with her one day into the neighbouring town of Longford, the carriage was

soon surrounded. She said to one of them, "You know I never give you anything." Quick and ready was the answer: "Oh, the Lord forgive ye, Miss Edgeworth, that's the first lie ye ever told."

I am not inventing or drawing on imagination when I repeat the sentences I caught, to remember and record, from that very group. "Good luck to your ladyship's happy face this morning, sure you'll lave the light heart in my bosom before ye go." "Oh, then look at the poor who can't look at you, my lady; the dark man that can't see if your beauty is like your sweet voice." "Darlin' gintleman, the heavens be your bed, and give us something." "Oh, the blessing of the widdy and five small children that's waiting for your honour's bounty be wid you on the road." "Oh, help the poor craythur that's got no children to show yer honour; they're down in the sickness, and the man that owns them at sea." "They're keeping me back from the penny you're going to give me, lady dear, because I'm wake in myself, and my heart's broke wid the hunger." "Oh, then won't your ladyship buy a dying woman's prayers—chape."

At the time of which I write, the poor, if they would live, were compelled to beg. The destitute condition of the very poor in Ireland had been for centuries a reproach to the legislature; but although the State made no provision for the aged and incapable of labour, the tax of their maintenance had been always a grevious tax on the country — pressing not the less heavily because it was voluntary—for it fell upon the generous and released the mercenary—being levied to a con-

siderable extent on the classes only a degree removed from the destitution they relieved.

Although beggars are still encountered, as they will be everywhere, they are not the frightful nuisances they used to be, when towns and villages swarmed with them. What else but beg could the poverty-stricken do? The most attractive scenes in Ireland were usually the most infested with the plague. At Killarney, the evil was frightful: beggars swarmed at every point where tourists were expected to stop. The moment the car halted, it was surrounded by what might be termed an animated mass of disease, infirmity, and dirt, that disgusted the fastidious, and filled nervous people with fears of infection. In fact, the Irish beggar had been, time out of mind, one of the chief impediments to intercourse between England and Ireland; presenting sights that made humanity shudder. The misery witnessed, and the discomfort endured, were but partially compensated by the often touching eloquence of the appeals made, and the genuine bursts of wit that would have elicited applause and laughter had they come from other sources. That sort of beggar is entirely gone. The police would soon put in durance him or her who plied such a trade now. They must be searched for in the pages of Carleton and other writers. There are not many now living old enough to have met them at Lough Dearg and the other Holy Wells of which they were the pests and the oracles.

I must again remind the reader that my anecdotes of this description are mainly derived from the past. He will travel through the country now without meeting à

score of professional beggars. Be sure, then, that those who beg will be in sore need.

The language in which they framed their petitions was always pointed, forcible, and generally highly poetic. I remember a woman with a huge mass of red hair; some one called out to her, "Foxy head, foxy head." "Yah!" said she, "that ye may never see *the dyer!*" I was travelling outside a stage-coach, and while we were changing horses at Naas, where, it was said, the "native beggars exceeded the population," a persevering beggar was asking for pennies; one irate inside passenger hastily drew up the window, telling her to go to ——. I shall never forget the inimitable humour of her look and manner as she said, "Ah, then, it's a long journey yer honour is sending us; may be ye're going to give us something to pay our expenses on the road."

To beg was in truth a business: there was first the beggar by profession, often a strong and sturdy fellow, able, but not willing, to work, having pride rather than shame in the calling he had taken up. Such sturdy mendicants were to be counted, not by hundreds, but thousands, and were of both sexes; the occupation was chiefly that of men. This kind of beggar was usually a wit, full of sly, and even wicked, humour; pandering to vice; the running medium of scandal; the worker of mischief in families; a gross flatterer where he expected alms; a pretender to religion; a devotee and a canting upholder of his Church; a quack, who pretended to cure ailments; often a seller of "*bades;*" a haunter of the chapel door; and generally, though less for love than

fear, a welcomed guest at the tables of well-to-do farmers, as well as at the hearth of the peasant.

It was a common course, when harvest time approached, for a man to make his way to England, and send his wife and children out "on the road," that is, to beg, until he returned with the money he had gathered by his labour, paid the rent, and so ensured shelter for another year. He had worked and lived miserably; saving all he could; remembering the home claims, he grudged himself a single luxury; often resorting to mean and discreditable shifts to earn, or rather to prevent the spending of, a penny.*

It is not tradition of a very remote past, that which relates how, at the pass between Cork and Kerry counties, the agents of the landlords, at certain seasons, awaited the home-coming of beggars and took from them the moneys they had gathered—thus securing the payment of their rents; I can credit a story I was told of an agent who received so many rents in pennies and halfpennies, that the horse he rode was unable to carry the load.

Yes, the Irish beggars are far-off memories; a part of old Ireland, that the remodelled Ireland of these days has forgotten. The Poor Law provides for the very

* In illustration of this custom I recall an incident. On board a packet from Bristol to Cork there were a number of Irish labourers homeward bound. When the captain was gathering his fares, one fellow protested he had not the money, or any money. He was searched, but none was found. The captain said he would have his coat, a bundle of rags that had been taken from his back; looking at it with loathing he suddenly jerked it overboard. The deck rang with the scream that followed the act. The agony of the man was so great that one of the passengers said he should have another coat. It was then discovered that sewn up in his wretched jacket were sundry pound notes which he was taking home to the "grawls." The man was rightly punished for his duplicity; but his utter misery was a sight I have not forgotten, though it was sixty years ago.

poor; and although it was at first bitterly and indignantly opposed, the immense benefits wrought to the country by the introduction of the system have gradually made themselves felt and silenced clamour, while the improvement of such portions of it as were found to work badly, removed objections that had ground in reason.*

* When last I was in Ireland I heard but one new story. It illustrates the old characteristic of the ready wit of the Irish. Two boys were sleeping together; one was Catholic, the other Protestant. When they woke in the morning the latter thought to get a rise of the former. "Oh!" said the one, "I had a horrid drame last night." "Well, tell it to us," said the other. "Well, I will," said the Protestant boy. "Ye see, I dramed that I saw Purgathory opened, and all the Papists fell down into Hell." "Och, murder!" exclaimed the Catholic boy, "the poor Protestants—*won't they be crushed!*"

This story was told me by Mr. Raffles, the stipendiary magistrate at Liverpool:—Paddy Mallowney was brought before him and ordered to pay five shillings for being drunk and disorderly. "Pay five shillings for being drunk!" he exclaimed. "Och! the divil a five shillings ye'll git out of me." "Very well," said the magistrate; "take him to prison for seven days." "Is it take me to prison—barring I pay the five shillings?" deliberately counting them one by one, and he said, "there they are, yer worship, and now I'll trouble ye for mee resate." "Oh, we never give receipts here." "Och! the divil a bit o' me 'ill pay the money without a resate," he answered, as he gathered the shillings together. But as he was about to be removed by the tipstaff, he took wit in his anger, restored them, and was about to withdraw, when the magistrate, tickled, said, "Now, my man, tell me what you want of a receipt—what's your motive for seeking one?" "Well, I'll tell yer worship," answered Paddy. "Ye see, ye worship, when I go up to take mee trial there'll be St. Peter there, and he'll say to me, 'Paddy Mallowney,' he'll say, 'we're glad to see ye, and we're going to let ye in; but before we do, we must ax ye a few questions: first, while ye were on earth, did ye pay all yer debts?' and I'll say, 'Every one of 'em, yer holiness, every one.' And he'll say, 'Well, if ye paid them all, where are your resates?' and I'll say, 'I have 'em all here, yer holiness, in mee big coat pocket, every one, barring one.' And he'll say to me, 'Paddy Mallowney, ye must go and get us that one, for we can't let ye in widout it;' and a mighty inconvenient thing it 'ud be to me, your worship, to be *going down below*, looking for yer worship to get mee resate."

Not long ago this incident took place in Kensington, where the "pro-Cathedral" was in process of erection. A man was busily making mortar; a gentleman passed by and addressed him: "What are you building there?" "A church, yer honour." "Oh, a church; of what denomination?" "Of no denomination at all, yer honour; it's a holy Roman Catholic church." "I'm very sorry to hear it." "*Yes, sir, that's what the devil says*," said Paddy as he resumed his work.

I doubt if a traveller who journeyed from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear would pick up a dozen new anecdotes; while half a century ago, it would have been a barren harvest that did not yield a hundred.

There are now no towns, and few villages, that are without DISPENSARIES, and not many districts without a diploma'd doctor. Sixty years ago medical and surgical practitioners in out-of-the-way quarters were "fancy men" and "bone-setters;"—man, or horse, or cow were patients alike. The class is now extinct in Ireland; but half a century back such was the medical administrator and surgical operator for a score of miles round.

REPEAL OF THE UNION.—"Repeal the Union—Restore the Heptarchy!" The sentence was uttered by George Canning more than half a century ago. "It is madness," said Sir Robert Peel, in 1830, "to attempt to sever the Union." These are the words of Lord Althorp: "I sincerely hope that the object of those who are in favour of the Repeal of the Union will not succeed; and knowing that they cannot succeed, except by successful war, I must say that though no man is more averse from war, and particularly a civil war, than I am, yet I must confess, that to me even civil war would be preferable to the disembodiment and destruction of the empire." And this passage is quoted from a speech by Macaulay; commenting on O'Connell's demand for Repeal in 1833. "Copious as his vocabulary is, he will not easily find in it any foul name that has not been many times applied to those who sit around me, on account of the zeal and steadiness with which they supported the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. His reproaches are not more stinging than the reproaches which, in times not very remote, were endured unflinchingly in his cause. Those

who faced the cry of 'No Popery' are not here to be scared by the cry of 'Repeal.'"

There has not been a statesman in England since the year 1800 who has not declared Repeal of the Union to be as utterly out of consideration as would be a solemn proposal to erase from the statute book the Habeas Corpus Act.

Sordid as were the means by which the consent of the Irish Parliament to its own extinction was secured, the measure has been productive of incalculable benefit—not to England alone, but in a still greater degree to Ireland.

The Bill for the Union was read a third time and passed on the 10th of June, 1800, and received the Royal assent on the 1st of August in that year. Nobody questioned that Ireland had been bought and sold; but if those who bought it were English, those who sold it were Irish. That outspoken member of the Hibernian Parliament who "thanked God he had a country to sell," only gave expression to the secret sentiments of a majority of his colleagues. Lord Castlereagh, the English "Commissioner," came to Dublin on his mission of "Union," armed with golden weapons that proved irresistible to the patriots of the Parliament House.

It was Grattan's prophecy that Ireland would be revenged on England for the Union by sending eighty "rapscallions" to the Imperial Parliament. How many instalments of the debt have been paid between the year 1800 and the year 1883?

There is abundant evidence that the Union was, from the first, to Ireland a gain and not a loss. But what is

the worth of evidence to those who will not hear it or are predetermined to reject it? But the Irish Parliament was no more a national Parliament, than the Irish Church was a national Church. Both were exclusively Protestant.

In 1831 a "declaration" was issued, signed by a very large number of the leading noblemen and gentlemen of Ireland, concerning the political discussions upon the question of a Repeal of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland; it contained this comprehensive passage:—

"We are of opinion that such repeal is a measure totally impracticable, and we are convinced that the agitation of it is peculiarly injurious to the prosperity of Ireland by diminishing that public confidence in her tranquillity without which it is vain to expect that capital or enterprise can largely or beneficially be directed to the cultivation of her resources and the profitable employment of her people."

It was signed by Roman Catholics as well as Protestants: indeed the document was prepared by one of the then most prominent of the Roman Catholic leaders —Pearce Mahony. The Orange Society drew up a document to the same effect.

It was true in 1831, it is true in 1883 that the agitation for Repeal has frightfully retarded the progress of the country. The vain pursuit of a shadow, while the substance of national prosperity is neglected, has been a blight to Ireland even more disastrous than the potato famine of 1847.

Although, as I have shown, the present agitation for Home Rule is by no means parallel with that of the last

century, it will not come amiss to inquire here what sort of Parliament Ireland had previous to the Union.

Lord Russell said that the Irish Parliament was "chiefly remarkable for intolerance and corruption."

Of three hundred members of the Irish House of Commons two hundred were the nominees of private persons—peers or commoners—and forty of these members represented constituencies varying in number from one to twelve "voters." *

Both Houses of Parliament were hotbeds of corruption. The few really sincere and honest politicians in them were lost among a crowd of venal upholders of the Government of the day, and of equally venal opponents to it, whose noisy pretences of patriotism could always be silenced when necessary by similar arguments to those that converted so many patriots on the occasion of the Union.

When, on the 5th of June, 1800, Grattan's motion for an address to the King protesting against the Union was negatived by 135 votes to 77, the majority of the supporters of the Government had sold their votes as distinctly and directly as the electors for their respective boroughs sold theirs.

Such was the Irish Protestant Parliament of last century. Who can doubt that a Dublin Parliament of

* One example will suffice. Bannow sent two members to Parliament. There was no dwelling better than a hovel in the "borough." A dilapidated chimney in the churchyard indicates where a house had been; seated upon its bricks and stones the "representatives" were returned. The chimney yet remains. I have stood upon it often. It is one of the few relics of the Irish Herculaneum: a town swallowed up by sea-sand; but there is not even tradition to describe it; all the evidence of its existence is a list of some streets, with their inhabitants, preserved among old records in the city of Waterford.

to-day would speedily present a spectacle of even more hopeless anarchy? Two hundred years ago, the appeal of James II. to the native Irish called, for a short time, an assembly of Irish Catholics into power. That "senate" was speedily scattered by the crushing overthrow of James, but it had sat long enough to give evidence of its total incapacity to govern. The edicts it issued were alternately calculated to provoke the rage of the Protestants and their derision. Who can doubt that in these particulars, history would repeat itself—that a Home Rule Parliament would combine insult to England with incapacity for domestic legislation? And what would be the end of the perilous experiment? Either that Ireland would have to be bribed into surrendering the privilege of making laws for herself, as in 1800, or conquered again as in 1649 and 1689—some would add, as in 1798. If ever Irish clamour should succeed (but that is incredible) in obtaining Repeal of the Union, those who have laboured to that end will have called down on their country, not a blessing, but a curse.

In November, 1843, I published a letter on the subject of Repeal addressed to Irish Temperance Societies, included in which societies were at that time two-thirds of the Irish people.*

* The letter had the fate of all attempts to steer a middle course between parties in Ireland. It gave offence to both the Liberal Catholic party I desired to conciliate, and the Protestant Conservative party with which surely I was allied. It led to a hostile message to me from Charles Lever, the then editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, who had assailed me as a person "*hired*" to do the work. I was indignant, and replied—certainly with bitterness. We were both soldiers of the pen, and it was the only weapon with which we ought to have fought; Mr. Lever did not think so, but came over to London, and in the parlance of the time, "called me out." Fortunately we had sensible "friends" who saw the absurdity of a duel between two men of letters. While they dis-

What I wrote thirty-five years ago is as directly applicable now as it was then. Repeal is as much an impossibility now as then. Mr. Butt knew it, as did O'Connell; Mr. Parnell knows it as well as did either of his predecessors.

It could be obtained only at the cost of a civil war; the most powerful nation in the world opposed to a people ill-supplied with the means of making war, divided and subdivided in interests, in affinities, in race, in blood, with a strong and determined adversary in their very midst—the Protestant—who cannot forget the warnings he received in 1798.

Yes, "Repealers" know Repeal to be an impossibility,* that England would "rise as one man" to prevent it—to prevent Ireland from being given over to one part of the Irish,—the part infinitely the least capable of self-government. They know well that Repeal, however much it might injure England, would utterly ruin Ireland; they know more than that: they know that civil war would be the inevitable result of Repeal, that—as in 1641, in 1688, and in 1798—there would be frightful massacres; but they know also, that even if England were to look calmly and indifferently

cussed the affair at Chalk Farm, Mr. Lever was in one house and I in another close at hand waiting their decision.

The marvellous peacemaker, *if*, settled the affair. *If* the offensive term had not been applied to me I should not have written the offensive letter. The one was "withdrawn" and the other was "withdrawn." Mr. Lever and I never *met*, either metaphorically or literally. I went home, he returned to Dublin, and so the affair ended: the present Lord Ranelagh saying pleasantly to my friend Colonel Clarke, as they two were homeward bound, "he believed it was the first time three Irishmen had met to kill one Englishman—and didn't do it."

* O'Connell, in 1843, declared that the Repeal of the Union "could not be delayed longer than eight or ten months, when your country shall be a nation once more," and added, "believe me who never deceived you!"

on the struggle, not sending a single soldier to aid "its own" in a war between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, the Protestants would triumph; the numbers would be, indeed, one against four (not as it was in '98, one against seven), but the one would be well fed, well armed, well clothed, well disciplined, well led, while the four would be a rabble destitute of all these guarantees of victory.*

I cannot close this chapter better than by quoting the words of Macaulay, uttered in the House of Commons in 1833. Having stated he was prepared to show that Repeal of the Union would not remove the political and social evils that afflict Ireland, but that it would aggravate every one of those evils; he added, "for my part *I should prefer the total separation which the honourable and learned gentleman (O'Connell) professes to consider a calamity to partial separation, which he has taught his countrymen to consider as a blessing.*"

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* Milo McCaskey, one of the generals of the Pope, said in a warning letter to O'Donovan Rossa, "If it ever came to a fight, four thousand regular troops in Ireland will rout fifty thousand of your undisciplined rabble. In all that you see strength, I see weakness; and where you read power, force, resource, and victory, I only infer debility, dissension, and defeat. Out of such miserable materials you think to make an army—you might as well stock a jeweller's shop with paving-stones, and tell him to make rings and bracelets of them. Tell me, if you can, what popular rising ever made even a decent stand where the men of station held aloof and refused their assistance to it? Irish Republicanism! Do you not know that respect of rank, and especially for the rank that is associated with ancient blood, is amongst the most cherished feelings of all Irishmen? You want to put in the place of your priests a gin-juleper from New York, or a tailor from Dame Street. The gallows or the hulks is a smart price to pay for a drill in the dark, or the possession of a Federal uniform and a six-shooter. I have no desire to grace the dock of Cashel or Tralee, and I decline the command of an army that does not exist, and which will only muster to be hanged or transported." The letter from Milo McCaskey is dated from Rome in October, 1865, and was found by the police in searching the lodgings of O'Donovan Rossa.

EMIGRATION.—In the twenty-two years prior to 1871, 2,670,664 Irish people emigrated from Ireland, and in 1880, 95,800. Possibly, however, the famine period, which began in 1845, may have had something to do with the large exodus of the earlier years. For in 1851 there were over 250,000 paupers in the workhouses throughout the country, whereas in 1861 the number was but 50,010, and in 1871 only 48,000. Of the emigrants in 1880 75 per cent. were between fifteen and thirty-five, 14 per cent. under fifteen, and only 10 per cent. over thirty-five years of age. How greatly emigration has affected the population is shown by the fact that in 1821 the number of people in Ireland was, roughly speaking, 6,800,000, whereas in 1881 it was but 5,160,000, there having been a decrease of over 4 per cent. during the past ten years. Between 1841 and 1851, however, nineteen persons in every hundred, or nearly one-fifth, left the country.*

On this important subject I offer no remarks; satisfied with merely giving "Returns," except that I fully coincide with the view taken by "An Ulster

* The number of emigrants who left Irish ports in 1881 was 78,719, the number of males being 40,317, and of females, 38,402. Of the 78,719 emigrants in 1881, 78,417 were natives of Ireland, and 302 were persons belonging to other countries. Of the 78,417 persons—natives of Ireland—who left in 1881, 16,232 were from Leinster; 21,752 from Munster; 24,101 from Ulster; and 16,332 from Connaught, the total number being equal to 15·2 per 1,000 of the population of Ireland in 1881.

The total number of emigrants, natives of Ireland, who left the Irish ports from the 1st of May, 1851 (the date at which the collection of these returns commenced), to the 31st of December, 1881, is 2,715,604—1,446,582 males, and 1,269,022 females. Munster contributed 939,092 persons; Ulster 802,649; Connaught 352,792; and Leinster 510,403. It appears that 76·0 per cent. of the persons who left Ireland in 1881 were between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five years, the percentage over that age being 9·3, and of children under fifteen years 14·7.

Farmer," writing to the *Times* in 1881: "There is but one escape for the Irish peasant, and that is to carry him where land is a drug and labour at a premium." The subject *must*, ere long, find its way to the front. Emigration and immigration (the infusion of new and healthy blood into the body politic) would do that which I believe may be done—place Ireland on a par with England in all that produces contentment, prosperity, and happiness.

RAILWAYS.—One of the earliest passages in our work —"Ireland, its Scenery and Character," 1840—is this: "In Ireland there are no railways." It is needless to dwell on the disadvantages that hence arose. How is it now? Let us compare the present with the past as regards this immense power over *all* the ramifications of life.

The first railway in Ireland, that from Dublin to Kingstown (six miles), was opened in December, 1834, and it was for some years the only one in the country. In 1849, however, several others had been made, there being then 428 miles open, and the receipts that year for goods and passengers being £418,066, the passengers having numbered six millions. Ten years afterwards, 1,265 miles had been opened, and in 1859 the receipts were £1,296,063. In 1869 the receipts had increased to £2,260,000, and the length open was 1,975 miles. In 1880 the mileage was 2,370, the revenue was £2,262,619, and the number of passengers carried in the year was over sixteen millions, with twenty-one

thousand season-ticket holders. The average cost of these lines in Ireland has been £16,000 per mile, and it is stated that the capital held by resident proprietors is about seventeen millions. Several new lines have recently been finished and opened, and others are in course of formation.*

The PRINTING PRESS, with its enormous increase of power during the last forty or fifty years, has done literally nothing to aid and advance progress in Ireland. Forty or fifty years ago, so few of the "common people" could read—according to Mr. A. M. Sullivan, there are now as few who cannot read—that efforts to produce suitable literature for them would have been futile. But, even then, such publications as those of "Martin Doyle" (my friend the late Rev. William Hickey), on agriculture and kindred topics, had a large circulation, and by no means exclusively among cultivated classes.

It is true, we have now the railway bookstalls of "W. H. Smith & Son" in towns where formerly there was not a book to be had "for love or money;" but the Stations are not often visited by men or women of the peasant class, nor are the books found there such as are likely to be appreciated and valued by them. Moreover, there is sometimes the certainty, and always the dread, that the cheap sheets they might purchase will contain something hostile to their faith, and prejudicial to what

* The usual lack of business habits in Ireland is, I fear, the curse of the railroad, as in more important matters. I send generally thrice a year a large package to "Kenmare, *viâ* Cork or Waterford." It rarely arrives at its destination under ten days—as long a time as it would take to transmit it to New York. The last package I sent—in 1883—had not arrived at the end of twelve days.

they consider their interests; while, as importations from England, they are met, on the threshold, by a greeting of—unwelcome.

While it is undoubtedly true that some well-meaning and, it may be, well-intentioned, societies, work solely with this view—*making instruction subordinate to proselytising;* ostentatiously caring more for the "souls" than they do for the bodies and minds of those to whose "needs" they profess to minister. Such was always the curse that crept into literature intended for the Irish people—the production of pamphlets and books that never were read, never could have been read, by one out of a thousand who were desired to be readers.

I am strongly of opinion that if cheap and good books, pointing out many of the changes that have taken place, explaining others that may be made or are in progress, manifesting the blessings of tranquillity, and exhibiting the virtues of social life, were circulated among the peasantry, they would be accepted and read. They might be subtle, but by no means delusive—there is no human being so hard to deceive as an Irishman. Especially they must touch upon no points calculated to excite alarm, on the ground of either religion, politics, or rights, real or presumed. Surely there are prudent, wise, and good men who might devise such a series as—while risking no offence, stirring up no suspicion, disturbing no rational prejudice — might work its way among the people as antidotes to the fatal poison they now greedily take—most of it foul and evil, thoroughly atrocious importations from the United States of America.

I have no doubt whatever that such a series might be devised as would obtain the sanction of the Cardinal-Archbishop, several of the bishops, and a large proportion of the clergy of the Catholic Church—while receiving the approval of those of the Protestant Church. It would not be easy to produce such a series—I am fully aware of that; but it may be done, taking especial care that every questionable topic is carefully excluded, that the subjects treated be, as far as possible, interesting as well as instructive—and involving no fear that the writers and editors have given thought, directly or indirectly, to "conversion." I repeat, it would be a task of much delicacy and some difficulty; but it may be done, and national money, spent to do it, would be wisely and profitably spent.*

Will any person obtain information—not difficult to obtain—as to how many mayors and how many town councillors, being Roman Catholics, represent in corporate bodies the several cities and towns of Ireland? To contrast the returns of the present with those of the past, when—some forty years ago—the seven millions of Irish Roman Catholics were represented by *one* person—Major Bryan, of Kilkenny, a popular gentleman, well known and largely appreciated—not as a politician, but as a performer in amateur plays! I leave others to comment on the change from *then* to *now*.

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* Some years ago Mrs. Hall published a little book (Partridge & Co.) entitled "God save the Green!" It was a kindly and affectionate address to

Does it ever occur to Irish "patriots" that if "Boycotting" is found to answer in Ireland, it may be resorted to in England; that—to the million of Irishmen employed in that part of the Queen's dominions, Irish emigrants to the sister country, where they receive good wages, good food, good raiment, good treatment, as truly and as fully as English workmen of their grade do, or can, obtain, the same measure of liberty being accorded to the one as can be enjoyed by the other—there may come a day when the master-builders, the merchants, and mill-owners of England may restore to newspapers the long rejected and condemned paragraph — "No Irish need apply!"

I have said before, and I repeat, that the teaching is infamously wicked which tells the people of Ireland to rejoice at any evil or misfortune that may befall England, on the ground that "England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity"—that the English and the Irish cannot, and ought not, to mingle any more than oil with water. The propagators of such doctrines are not only the foes of England: they are the worst enemies of Ireland. Their teaching, while pregnant with incalculable evils to both nations, has brought down in the past, and must again bring down in the future, if listened to, infinitely more terrible mischiefs on the weaker than on the stronger country.

It is one way of serving Ireland—the way counselled

the men and women of her country: full of anecdote, and valuable as presenting a contrast between the present and the past; but not such as I should advise in a series I contemplate and presume to recommend.

at Wicklow in December, 1882—that "patriots" should be surrounded (?) by "fighting men," "serried phalanxes," whose properties were taken from them "seven hundred years ago" (I quote the speaker, one of the "rapscallions" sent to the Imperial Parliament in revenge for the Union of eighty-three years back—with whom Grattan threatened us in 1800). But the "fighting men" would not be all on one side; there are those—not in the "Black North" only, but in all parts of Ireland, who protest against such teaching—none the less wicked because it infers insanity. (I quote from the *Times*, Jan. 1, 1883):—

"They proclaim hatred of English rule and law, to brand with infamy and hold up to execration the loyalists who are true to the Crown and union of the two countries, and to preach a crusade against property, inflaming the passions and exciting the cupidity of the populace."

Evil men they are who teach to a credulous people the evil doctrine of what they term "felonious landlordism" —which in so many instances means persons buying land and paying for it, using it not for their own benefit alone, but for the interest of all, of every class — that it is to be "eradicated" by teachings and bowie-knives imported from the United States of America, openly advocated by men who are no more Irish than are the existing leaders, a large proportion of whom are merely "Hibernes ipsis Hiberniores," which a high authority pronounces to designate "Anglo-Normans and Anglo-Saxons sunk into savages." There are plenty of Anglo-Normans and Anglo-Saxons now, who, if not

themselves "sunk into savages," patronise, comfort, encourage, and aid those who are.

These memorable words are the words of Lord Aberdare:—

"I have striven to show, not with the poor aim of exalting the present over the past, but with the just object of inspiring hope and courage and perseverance by pointing to victories already won and conquests which may yet be made. . . . . We have received from those who immediately preceded us a world much better than they found it. Let it not be our fault if we do not transmit it to our successors improved, purified, and invigorated."

On the subject of the changes that have given good government to Ireland in the place of bad, let me, before I close this chapter, cite the evidence of Lord O'Hagan, an Irish Roman Catholic, who has been—to his own honour, and greatly to the content of the British people of all religions, all parties, and all grades—Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.

At the Social Science Congress in Dublin (1881) the noble lord delivered an address dealing with a period of Irish history much less remote and infinitely less oppressive than that to which I have taken my readers back. He contrasted the present with that comparatively recent past, and drew from the reforms of abuses he enumerated a cheering augury for the future. I copy from the *Times* a portion of an article commenting on his speech:—

"Lord O'Hagan's claim for his countrymen is of having made 'steps of real and cheering progress, improvements permanently conquered from the past, and auspicious, as they will be fruitful, of a happier future.' Twenty-one years back the judicial bench was crowded, and suitors waited long years before they could gain

a hearing. In criminal cases juries were ostentatiously packed. Towns large and small were abandoned to untempered squalor and filth. The stranger wondered as much in Dublin and Cork as in the poorest village how pestilence could fail to be chronic. . . . . Jobbery and waste and universal recklessness, which once distinguished everything Irish, have been retrenched, if not abolished. The materials for resting national life on a sound basis hardly existed in Irish institutions at the date from which Lord O'Hagan commences his reminiscences. At present the structure for securing public order is practically as complete in Ireland as it is in England.

"Lord O'Hagan can quote chapter and verse for his catalogue of 'amended laws, cheap and facile justice, education liberal, unconditioned, and available to all; the enforcement of the crowning virtue of a Christian civilisation by sheltering the friendless child, and watching over the unhappy lunatic, free and equal exercise of the rights of conscience, increased provision for the national health and comfort, and security in his possessions and encouragement to the tiller of the soil.' Ireland, within a short generation, has advanced along all these lines of national amelioration."

It was an Irish Member of Parliament, Mr. Mulholland, who said this:—

"The fact is that the spring forward which Ireland made when she was admitted to a free partnership with England was surprising. The people in their habits, their dress, and their food, had since that period shown the most extraordinary advance ever made by any country in the world."

I quote the yet more forcible language of another member, Mr. A. M. Sullivan. Referring to hereditary and instinctive "hatred and aversion," he describes himself as one who had been nurtured under the influence of that feeling, but he adds, "as he approached manhood and had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the great and noble characteristics of the English character, he looked back with intense regret upon the unreasoning hatred in which he had grown up from the days of his youth."

I again quote Lord O'Hagan :—

"There is no reason why the North and the South should not emulate each other in doing homage to the magnanimous endurance of Limerick and Derry, and associate in honour the gallant clergyman who held the maiden city against all comers, and the noble exile who caught up the life-blood welling from his heart, in a foreign quarrel on a foreign field, and murmured with his latest breath, 'Would that this were for Ireland.' "

Thus far Irish testimony. Let me, in quitting the subject, subjoin the words in which, on the 30th June, 1876, a distinguished Englishman, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, then Irish Secretary, summed up the changes that had placed the Ireland of to-day in a very different position from the Ireland of half a century ago :—

" Seventy-six years ago, when Dublin was a week or more distant from Holyhead, when railways and telegraphs were unknown, when communication from Dublin with the South or North of Ireland took as long as it does now with Egypt, when as far as regarded facilities of communication with the Government, Ireland was as far from London as Calcutta is now, then Parliament and the country abolished the separate parliament of Ireland. What had those seventy-six years produced? Increased prosperity in Ireland, all those facilities of communication of which he had spoken, common interests in banking, railways,* and every kind of trade and commerce between England, Scotland, and Ireland, and more than that, an emigration of more than three-quarters of a million of Irishmen *now resident in England;* and yet in the face of those facts honourable gentlemen propose to us to accept an anachronism."

I quote the passages that follow from Dr. Macaulay's

* Sir M. Hicks-Beach might have added that railways have not only united distant localities, but they have liberalized the people, invading and scattering the narrow prejudices of provincialism, infusing in every direction new blood and social health and vigour, encouraging commercial relations, opening new markets and sources of industry to remote districts, and inculcating the necessity of a strict observance of "law and order," better than a whole century of unintelligible legislation.

"Ireland in 1872," a small book written by an enlightened and liberal Scotchman, who has viewed the intricate subject in all its bearings with sound discretion, great wisdom, and generous sympathy.

"If half a century ago Ireland would have not only been willing to accept, but proud to assume the title of 'West Britain,' as Scotland has that of 'North Britain,' in addition to an ancient title, what a country of prosperity Ireland would ere this have become?

"The Highlanders of Scotland are as purely Celtic as the Irish: and were at no distant period in chronic rebellion against the Southerners. They are now the most loyal and orderly and exemplary of all the people under her Majesty's rule.

"The same revolution has taken place in North Wales, where the hatred of England was as intense as in any part of Ireland."

I quote also this passage from an article in the *Daily Telegraph*, November, 1882:—

"All the causes that have for centuries tended to keep Irishmen apart from Englishmen were originally at work in Scotland itself. The measure of 1700 was as much hated in the north as the statute of 1800 by the Irish Catholics of the time. The Scottish Presbyterian detested Episcopacy and all its works quite as fiercely as the Catholic Irishman did the Protestantism of the English Church. . . . Central Scotland during this period was as poor and as lawless as the Ireland beyond the pale at any period of its history. A description of the country and the people quoted by Sir Walter Scott has many points that make it resemble an account of the worst parts of Ireland. The writer says of the Highlands: 'There is no culture of ground, no improvement of pastures, and, from the same reason, no manufactures, no trade—in short, no industry. The people are extremely prolific, and therefore so numerous that there is not business in that country according to its present order and economy for the one-half of them. Every place is full of idle people, accustomed to arms, and lazy in everything but rapines and depredations. Here the laws have never been executed, nor the authority of the magistrate ever established. Here the officer of the law neither dare nor can execute his duty, and several places are about thirty miles from lawful persons. In short, here is no order, no authority, no government.' . . . . By what magic has the country emerged from that condition to its present state? Why is

it now enabled to support a population probably six-fold what it maintained two centuries ago? Why has Scottish prejudice against England and the Union died down? Why have Englishmen ceased to treat Scotchmen with the rancorous contempt shown faintly and half in jest in Johnson's constant gibes against Boswell? The explanation is that Scotland has lifted itself from a condition as low as any in which Ireland has ever been placed by the exhibition of qualities we have yet to desire on Irish soil."—*Daily Telegraph*, 30*th November*, 1882.

What does the awfully sad story of the Scottish "Covenanters" tell us? Consult history, or the scarcely less reliable evidence of Scott and other writers of fiction—of *their* struggles for freedom of faith. They endured and suffered far more than the Irish had to endure and suffer in the very worst days of *their* persecution. They were hunted to death by ruthless destroyers; butchered whenever they were "caught praying" to the God of love and mercy; worshipping in caves and in mountain crevices, always with outwatchers—warning when to disperse. Whole counties were given up to be "harried" by a profligate soldiery; infant children, child-bearing women, and white-headed men were victims of a cruel oppression, defended only upon the principle that it was crime to worship God contrary to rules laid down by a British Parliament, ratified by a Scottish Parliament.

What were the slaughters of Oliver Cromwell at Drogheda and Wexford compared with those of "bloody Claverhouse" and his trained bands of butchers, of which we read with a shudder to-day, though perpetrated just two hundred years back? Persecution "for righteousness' sake" was the curse of a long time ago; it no more exists at the close of the nineteenth century

than do the burnings of witches or the hangings for passing base coin.

I have stated that in 1843 I printed a pamphlet concerning "Repeal," which I addressed to the Temperance Societies of Ireland. It contained this passage, which, in 1883—just forty years afterwards—I repeat. It applies as forcibly now as it did then to the "patriots" who are crushing and, for the time, ruining their country:—

"But when the obstacles to the on-progress of Ireland were removed, what—I humbly ask—was the duty of your patriots? What, in especial, was that of your great leader? How much are you—the Irish people—the better for the removal of all civil and political disqualifications? How much the better might you not have been if your leader had expended these thirteen years—since the great triumph to which alone he will be indebted for a place in history—these thirteen years in counselling, inducing, or compelling practical improvement of his country, instead of wasting his mighty energies, his wonderful talents, his indomitable perseverance, and his abundant resources, in agitating topics worse than useless, in striving after objects unattainable, or mischievous if attained. Alas! the history of the world supplies scarcely a stronger example of a man endowed with almost unlimited power to do good effecting so very little. Where is the agricultural society of which he is a foremost and active member? What scheme for draining bogs, fertilising mountains, and

reclaiming "slobs," has had the aid of his convincing eloquence? Which of your thousand harbours has he converted into a profitable fishery? Where are the mines he has explored? What railway has been created under his fosterage? Into what salutary channel has he directed the tide of emigration? What factories have created trade, employment, and wealth—having the sanction of his name? Where are the vessels his voice has chartered? Which of your institutions for promoting the arts of peace owes a debt to him? In how many of your public charities has his name been heard? Alas! his course has been like that of one of the many rivers that run in all directions—east, west, north, and south—through the Evergreen Isle: angry and brawling, not producing and fertilising; possessing strength—any one of them—greater than that of the whole steam-force of Manchester, yet expending it all in wrangling with mountain stones. We see what it is and what it does—and know what it might be made to do. Ah! if your great leader were to fall asleep—continue sleeping for the next ten years, and then awaken to become a living witness of the changes these ten years might produce—contrasting them with the ten years of misery, want, and agitation by which they had been preceded, I can conceive no repentance so bitter as his."

INJUSTICE TO IRELAND!—The latest grievance is that an English company undertakes to carry to Dublin the mails for £40,000 a year less than the sum paid to an Irish company for that service.

I was, a few years ago, standing at a railway station in Liverpool when up ran a person saying, "I'm going to London!" "Too late," said the station-master, "train's gone." "Why," exclaimed the person, looking at his watch, "it's not nine o'clock." "Ah, you've forgotten that our time is twenty-five minutes before yours!" "Twenty-five minutes before ours! Do you call that justice to Ireland?"

Once a gentleman bitterly complained to me of English maltreatment of Ireland. "They send us their coals and make us buy them—when we've plenty of our own in Kilkenny!"

"Bad luck to 'em, the Scottish nagurs," said the waiter at Galway when he served for dinner two salt haddocks, "they catch our fish and send 'em back to us—and make us pay for 'em!"

I was in court one day, when a stalwart fellow entered the witness-box to prosecute for an assault another stalwart fellow who was in the dock. The lawyer saw he had a "character" to deal with, and thus addressed him: "Now, my fine fellow, what are you going to swear to?" This was the answer: "Anything at all, be J—s—*for satisfaction!*"

We had an Irish cook. Two Irish dealers supplied us with potatoes; one of them was jealous of the other, and tried to blarney Kitty into giving him a preference. Upon her protesting that his rival gave as good potatoes as he did, "Ah, Katty dear," said he, "*can't ye spile 'em in the biling!*"

I have thus shown what Ireland was within my memory—what it continued, to a great extent, to be within the memories of many who are much younger than I am. While picturing the unhappy condition of the country and people forty, fifty, or sixty years ago I have endeavoured to show that England has been for many years striving to make amends to Ireland for centuries of mismanagement and misrule; and I have pointed out that up to a comparatively recent period the odious and evil principle of religious tyranny was everywhere the guide of nations, and that, as far as British subjects were concerned, Nonconformists and Jews had to endure persecutions similar to those that oppressed and enthralled the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and all its dependencies,* but especially of Ireland, where the persecuted faith was that of the majority of the "Nation."

If I needed evidence to sustain my assertions that the nineteenth century has witnessed an entire change in England's policy towards Ireland, I could produce it in abundance; evidence to prove that for many years connection with England has been an advantage to Ireland and the Irish people—to show that the old unwise and wicked policy of governing Ireland as

* O'Connell, in one of his documents, gives a list of places in Ireland, "offices of trust, honour, and emolument," from which Roman Catholics were excluded previous to the granting of Catholic Emancipation. The list, amounting to 30,400, includes the Lord Chancellor, Master of the Rolls, Judges, Law Serjeants, King's Counsel, Mayors and all Corporate officials, all Ministers of State and their officials, and, of course, seats in the Houses of Parliament.

It would be interesting to know how many of the 30,400 places are now filled by Roman Catholics. Probably much more than the half; and let it be remembered that beside the late Lord Chancellor O'Hagan, eight out of twelve judges are Roman Catholics.

an alien country has been entirely abrogated; that the vile motto — "divide and conquer" — written in blood under the quarterings of the arms of the wedded countries, is at length worn out, and has been displaced by that of "conciliate and unite;" that the atrocious principles which distinguished a dark age and bad Governments, and treated Ireland only as a conquered country, are now as intolerable to Englishmen as they ever were to Irishmen.

Let me solemnly record my conviction that I may say for nine-tenths of the English people—there are no rights, no privileges, no advantages to which Protestants and Englishmen are entitled, that they would not strive to obtain for Irishmen and Roman Catholics—*if they have them not.* That is mere, simple, *rational* JUSTICE—which, infinitely more than Mercy,

"Blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

I may fittingly append to the above some striking words from one of many letters published in the English press, written by the excellent and estimable Duchess of Marlborough, to whom Ireland owes a large debt for valuable services during a heavy visitation of misery, and a yet larger debt for sympathy and affection:—

"I write in order that you should know that England loves Ireland, and is ever ready to help her in her hour of need."

THESE EVIL MEN — THE VERITABLE FOES OF IRELAND — KNOW THAT IN NO COUNTRY OF THE WORLD, DATING FROM THE REMOTEST PERIODS OF RECORDED TIME, HAVE THERE BEEN SO MANY PRIVILEGES GIVEN, SO MANY RIGHTS RESTORED, SO MANY BOONS GRANTED, AS HAVE BEEN, DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS, ACCORDED TO IRELAND BY THE RULING COUNTRY.

Who despairs of Ireland? Not I for one! And I have known the country and its people WELL—for much more than sixty years.

I do not apologize for the length to which I have carried these details. They may serve as records and guides when Ireland is in arts and manufactures, as well as civil and religious freedom, on a par with England—when she is competing with her in the race for the glory that is practical and useful—perhaps to arrive first at the goal. And that will be when the present accursed agitation has ceased; it will not be long afterwards, for many things are tending to a consummation so devoutly to be wished—when, in addition to their high natural qualities, the Irish will have acquired forethought, prudence, patience, charity, and continuous industry.

Thus Edmund Spenser wrote in the sixteenth century:

"And sure Ireland is a most sweet and beautiful country as any is under heaven, besides the soil itself most fertile, and fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereunto."

And thus, in the middle of the nineteenth century, wrote one of the wisest, kindliest, and best of the many travellers who have made Ireland the subject of close observation, continuous inquiry and generous report—CAMPBELL FOSTER.

"I have been over every part of Great Britain; I have had occasion to direct my attention to the natural capabilities, to the mode of cultivation, and to the produce of many parts of it. This very year I have traversed the country from the Land's End in

Cornwall, to John o' Groats in Caithness; but in no part of it have I seen the natural capabilities of the soil and climate surpass those of Ireland, and in no part of it have I seen those natural capabilities more neglected, more uncultivated, more wasted than in Ireland."

Am I indulging in a vision—if I hazard this prophecy—as one that will be reality to the generation that succeeds the present? I see in the prospect advantages to which those already obtained are but as dust in the balance; bigotry losing its hold; the undue or baneful influence of one mind over another mind ceasing; habits of thrift and forethought becoming constitutional; industry receiving its full recompense; cultivation passing over the bogs and up the mountains; the law recognised as a guardian and a protector; the rights and duties of property fully understood and acknowledged; the rich trusting the poor, and the poor confiding in the rich; absenteeism no longer a weighty evil; and Capital circulating freely and securely, so as to render the great natural resources of Ireland available to the commercial, the agricultural, and the manufacturing interests of the United Kingdoms of England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland?

It will be when the all-powerful arm of constitutional Law arrests in their course, and justly punishes, the evil and wicked men (it is with intense sorrow I add, and women also) who are curses of the country—moral and social pests, that blight the moral and social harvest.

According to the evidence of the "Informer," Robert Farrell, the "Society" of which he has been a member is "a complete delusion, that enables designing men to live on the people." He cannot have referred to those who fatten on weekly "four-pennies" and "twopence-half-pennies;" or rather, the residue of such "subscriptions," after "bowie-knives, revolvers, and breech-loaders" have been paid for. The commonest comprehension must understand him to mean their "Representatives;" among them being, certainly, some who flourish and have seats, not only in the Town Council of Dublin city —mayors, aldermen, and town councillors—but in the Imperial Parliament; men who, in the sight of God, are as guilty of the murders that disgrace, degrade, and despoil Ireland, as are the acting assassins who stab with the steel and shoot down with the revolver. They are as much of the "Inner Circle" as are the miscreants who do the actual work of assassination.

While such men dictate to the Irish what they shall think, say, and do, we may as well expect to sow the wind and reap the whirlwind, and gather the fruitage into garners, as to see Ireland "great, glorious, and free," while the hell-broth is brewed by those who are stirring the cauldron.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. S. C. HALL.

I MUST treat this subject briefly—briefly, that is to say, as compared with the space I might devote to it: for a thousand memories crowd upon me as I take up my pen—all of them happy, and suggestive of so much that was sweet, and bright, and good in her whose name consecrates these pages, that I may describe them as holy. Had I a volume to devote to the theme, I could fill it, with delight to myself, and, I think, with interest to my readers. But there is not space enough at my command to treat it otherwise than briefly and imperfectly. Perhaps, when I am gone from earth, better justice may be done to it by the loving pen of some dear friend; a biographer will have no difficulty in finding abundant materials.

It is not easy for me to separate that which concerns her from that which belongs to me. We were so thoroughly one in all our pursuits, occupations, pleasures, and labours, never having been separated for more than a month at a time, visiting together places either for enjoyment or business—to write about them; producing our books not in the same room, but always under the same roof, communicating one with the other as to what should be or should not be done; our friends the same, ou

habits the same—as nearly as they could be. It is no wonder that I find it difficult to separate her from me or me from her. I shall not try to do so. If I tried and succeeded, it would be for the first time during our "mingled" life of more than fifty-six years.

I pass over, with but slight reference, the birth of Anna Maria Fielding, in Anne Street, Dublin, on the 6th of January, 1800; her removal, when but a few weeks old, with her mother, to the seat of her mother's step-father, George Carr, Esq., of Graige, in the county of Wexford, in whose house she remained until her fifteenth year—his adopted daughter, who was looked upon as his heiress.*

From infancy to childhood she lived at Graige, under the watchful and loving care of her mother—one of the best women God ever made. I ought to know: for she lived with me for more than thirty years. I never saw evidence of wrong thought in her, or even of erring judgment. As to all that makes woman loving and beloved, the inscription I caused to be placed on the gravestone over her remains in Addlestone churchyard sufficiently indicates my estimate of her character:—

"Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Fielding, the good and beloved mother of Mrs. S. C. Hall, died on the 20th of January, 1856, in the 83rd

* He died suddenly and left no will; consequently, not being of his blood, Maria inherited nothing. His nephew was his heir, but a very few years sufficed for him to squander an already involved property. No part of the estate is now owned by any one of his descendants; yet the name of "Carr" is not obliterated in Wexford county. It is the name of several estimable men and women in New Ross, the descendants of a brother of George Carr.

year of her age. Her life was a long and cheerful preparation for death, and her whole pilgrimage a practical illustration of the text that was her frequent precept and continual guide, 'Keep innocency and take heed unto the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last.'"

She must have been very handsome when young; she was so when old—beautiful with the beauty proper to age. Judged by women of her time, Mrs. Fielding was highly accomplished. She sang sweetly, drew prettily, wrote verse with more than grace, and French may be said to have been her native tongue. Very proud she was of her Huguenot descent, though dating back two generations. Her mother and herself were of English birth; but her grandfather had been one of the refugees from France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and established a silk manufactory at Spitalfields. He was of illustrious birth and descent, of the family De Jaout (I am not sure that I spell the name correctly), in Renz en Champagne. Mrs. Fielding's grandfather was killed in the "Lord George Gordon riots." She has more than once described to me her sensations of horror when his body was brought to his home.

Graige is on the sea-side, at Bannow, Wexford County, opposite to—

"Bag and Bun,
Where Ireland was lost and won;"

in other words, where Strongbow landed with his knights. Bannow, a peninsula that runs out into the sea, is the scene of nearly all Mrs. Hall's early sketches. She loved the district very dearly; every association connected with it was vivid, and continued to be as truly a source of happiness up to her extreme old

age as it had been in her early childhood. To the last, she dearly loved the sea.

She drew this portrait of her childhood, in some introductory matter to her "Sketches of Irish Character," published in 1828:—

"In the early morning, returning from my sea-bath, up the 'long walk,' lingering amid the old trees, or reading beside the stream in the domain, which encircled an ornamental cottage that was covered with ivy, and formed a very city of refuge for small birds, from the golden-crested wren to the overbearing starling, that cottage with its gable, its rustling ivy, its low dark windows, its mossy seats and grassy banks, and pure limpid stream creeping over the smooth pebbles after escaping from a cascade, which for years was my ideal of a waterfall, its mysterious arch, composed of the jaw-bone of a whale, which I used to gaze upon with such grave astonishment—that cottage was my paradise! I could hear the ocean rolling in the distance; the refreshing sea-breeze, passing over fields of clover and banks of roses, was freighted with perfume. The parent birds would fearlessly pick up crumbs at my feet."

A petted yet singularly unspoiled child she was in those days, loving all beautiful things even then, and making pets of all living objects that came in her way, from the dog to a spider.* A more admirable and valuable teacher than her mother, no child ever had. I loved that mother very dearly: and she as dearly loved me. I think if the angel of death had said to her, "I am coming for one of your children. Which shall it be?" she would have paused to consider before answering.

* "She was a light-hearted, merry little maid as ever lived, and had learned the happy art of manufacturing her own pleasures, and doing much in her unfinished way to contribute to the pleasures of the few around her. In summer she walked, and ran, and bathed, and gathered shells and samphire, and sang with the birds, and galloped old Sorrel; and on Sundays always went, in the old carriage, driven by the old coachman, drawn by the old horses, and escorted by the old footman, to the very old church."—*"Grandmamma's Pockets:" Mrs. S. C. Hall, published by W. and R. Chambers.*

In 1815, some years before the death of Mr. Carr, the three—he, his step-daughter, and his adopted daughter—came to London to live. Mr. Carr died not long after my introduction to them in 1823, and in 1824 we were married. Easy to foretell was it that the happiness of my life was then secured; for beautiful, accomplished, good, was the wife that, on the 20th of September, 1824, God gave me, to be that life's chiefest blessing and most precious boon.* Perhaps—

"We married too young, and it may be too poor,"

but of the thousands who knew my wife there is no one of them will doubt that the fifty-six years that followed were—in so far as she was concerned—"blessed in very deed."

In 1825 Mrs. Hall had written nothing. There had been no token of her power given to her or to me; the rich vein of ore was, as yet, undiscovered. Her first essay was brought about thus. One evening she was telling me some anecdotes of her old Irish schoolmaster,

* On the 23rd of September, 1824, I received from a publisher, James Duncan, in Paternoster Row, a sum of £40 for a book, one of the series of "The Modern Traveller: Brazil," the editor of which was Josiah Conder. The volumes were merely condensations, skilfully and "readably" put together. The £40 sufficed for the church-fees and the wedding-trip to Petersham, near Richmond. I was then a reporter with a fair salary, and so we began life together.

It is worth recording that the anniversary of our fiftieth wedding-day was on a Sunday. We went to our parish church at Kensington. It chanced to be Sacrament Sunday. We knelt at the altar. Our good and much-loved friend, Archdeacon Sinclair, was astonished and displeased to hear me whispering, and looked so as he shook his head; but when a word or two conveyed to him the purport of my words, he smiled and held up his hands in token of a blessing, for the words that caught his ear were these, "With this ring I thee wed," as I slipped another ring on the third finger of her left hand. The two rings she wore during the after years of her life, and they were buried with her in her grave at Addlestone.

"Master Ben." Said I, "I wish you would write about that just as you tell it." She did so. I printed her story in *The Spirit and Manners of the Age*, a monthly periodical I then edited, and from that day dates her career as an author. Other tales of the friends and acquaintances of her childhood and girlhood followed. Eventually they were collected into a volume, entitled, "Sketches of Irish Character," and she became "an author by profession." *

It is a voluminous subject—that of her sketches and stories of Irish character: my limited space forbids any attempt to do justice to it here. Generally they were taken from life, for the most part being memories of childhood and early girlhood. A very small incident often sufficed to form a long story. Her mode of working may perhaps be best illustrated by the following words of her own :—

"I remember having a conversation on this topic with my friend Maria Edgeworth. She did not see, so clearly as I saw, the value of the imaginative in literature for the young, and was almost angry when she discovered that a sketch I had written of a supposititious scene at Killarney was pure invention. She told me,

* Her sketches and tales of that order are numerous; yet, even when their number is kept in view, the reader may find it difficult to credit the accuracy of the following anecdote. Somewhere about 1860 we were travelling from Liverpool to London. I had bought for amusement on the way some of the serial publications of that time. I saw her reading one of them with great attention. She put it into my hand, saying, "*Read that; it's a capital Irish story.*" I looked at it and said, "Well, that's modest, at any rate; for *it's your own.*" She had read it through, and had evidently pondered over it without the slightest idea that she had written it. The story may be comprehended when I add that whatever she wrote she rarely read after it was written, leaving it entirely for me to prepare it for the printer and revise proofs, never thinking to question my judgment as to any erasure or addition I might make. Several of her Irish sketches—one I particularly remember being "We'll see about It"—she wrote between the morning and evening of a summer day. I remember seeing her reading "The Whiteboy," pondering and wondering how "the author would manage to dispose of the hero of the tale."

indeed, that she had been so deceived by my picture as actually to have inquired for, and tried to find out, the hero of it; and argued strongly for truth in fiction. I ventured, notwithstanding my homage for that most estimable woman, to ask her if her portrait of Sir Condy, in "Castle Rackrent," was a veritable likeness, and endeavoured to convince her that to call imagination to the aid of reason—to mingle the ideal with the real—was not only permissible but laudable as a means of impressing truth.

"I think so still. I believe the author who does what I suggest may be, and ought to be, done, is no more guilty of wrong than was He who 'spake in Parables.'"

Of the reciprocity that, in Ireland, means all on one side, she knew nothing. Reading some of her books lately I am astonished at her "liberality" (according to the loftier reading of the term) towards Roman Catholics. I could quote a hundred passages in point: but as many to prove how with all her heart, mind, and soul, she preferred the Reformed Faith as better, happier, and far more in accordance with the teachings and example of the Master Christ.

I will quote only one extract from "The Whiteboy," a novel published in 1835:—

"There are few things in the world so touchingly beautiful as the respect and affection that subsist between the Roman Catholic priest and his flock; those who study the people cannot wonder at their strength and endurance. From the cradle to the grave, the priest is the peasant's adviser and his friend; who knows all his concerns—not only the great business of his life, but its *minutiæ;* his private cares and sorrows, his faults, and his crimes, are all in the priest's keeping. His judge, his advocate, his punisher, he is also his protector—very, very rarely his tyrant. The sympathy and kindness of the priest win and keep his heart."

I am very sure that no one can read her stories without feeling sympathy—I will add, affection—for the Irish people; their faults are recorded, or exhibited, with

so much considerate and generous allowance; their virtues are detailed with such evident delight!

Her books were never popular in Ireland, though very popular in every other country. She tried—as she did by her bonnet-ribbons—to blend the orange and the green. She saw in each party much to praise and much to blame; but what one party approved the other condemned, and "between two stools"—the adage is trite. Yet her stories are fertile of sympathy, generous, considerate, loving, and kind; pregnant with true wisdom, and indulgent as to faults on both sides—perhaps to excess. To pursue this topic would require greater space than I can give to it. It must suffice to say she loved her country and its people very dearly.

Her freedom in writing of her old friends of the humbler classes gave them dire offence; they "never thought Miss Maria would have done it!" I remember one incident in point. We had an Irish cook, who, far from possessing the loquacious qualities of her countrywomen in general, was extremely taciturn, giving her mistress the shortest possible answers to all questions. A "yes" or "no" seemed the most that could be extracted from her. Finally she gave warning. When asked her reasons, she admitted she had no fault to find with the place; but on being still pressed to declare why she left it, she turned suddenly round and quitted the room, exclaiming, as she reached the door, "Arrah, ma'am, lave me alone! *Ye know ye're going to put me into a book!*"

I cannot here write at any length of the numerous

books Mrs. Hall produced from time to time; they number, perhaps, two hundred and fifty volumes, including edited volumes, and small tracts that often may have done more vital service to humanity than her illustrated quartos. Of that long, varied, and admirable list there was, I think, none on which she looked back with greater joy than a little book entitled "Thanksgiving," an attempt to record the expression of a nation's gratitude (on the 27th of February, 1872) for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, when the prayers of a whole people ascended to—and, as she believed, were heard at—the Throne of Grace. That was a prize essay, for which £100 was awarded to her by the Beaumont Institution. I quote the concluding passage of the little book, concerning the universal joy for the convalescence of the Prince:—

"It is impossible to over-estimate the blessing it will take to every land on which the sun rises and sets. It will powerfully strengthen any government that may direct the destinies of this kingdom, its colonies, and dependencies; it will convey a sense of security to hundreds of thousands of British homes; it will remove all pretence that the sympathies of the country are with the band of treason-agitators who are speaking and doing evil against *all that are in authority*. It will be an example—at once an encouragement and a warning—to the well-affected and the disaffected, of every other kingdom and state; it will carry conviction everywhere that the Queen and her family are very dear to the hearts of the people; it will greatly advance and spread the principle of Christian loyalty under which Great Britain has prospered, and will, by God's help and blessing, continue to prosper.

"The nations not so blest as thee,
May in their turn to tyrants fall,
But thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all!"

In all our joint books her pen was ever ready to labour side by side with mine. Usually she gave me for every chapter or monthly part a sketch or short tale intended to vary and lighten descriptions of travel, details, or traditionary facts. The tale or sketch was humorous or pathetic as her fancy and the theme might suggest; but, whatever the locality we had in hand, it was sure to furnish her with a subject. The slightest groundwork was enough; any incident, however simple, supplied her genius with materials to work upon. I have shown as much in the anecdote of Maria Edgeworth recorded just above.

When I was editing the *New Monthly* and other works, she reviewed many books for me; but it was her stipulation that I was to hand to her none that were either to be abused or condemned. Such tasks were to be assigned to others. Many a time she has said to me, "That is a book I cannot like; you must get somebody else to review it." I doubt whether she ever wrote a review that was disagreeable to the author of the work reviewed. Yet I have no doubt I might affix her signature to at least a thousand reviews of published books.

Her work for the sacred cause of TEMPERANCE lives after her, and will continue to have mighty influence as long as that cause needs to be advocated, and the curse of intemperance remains to afflict and disgrace humanity.

I have made reference to Mrs. Hall's first published work. Her last, written after an interval (that was by no means one of rest) of nearly fifty years, was "Boons

and Blessings," published in 1875, and dedicated to the good Earl of Shaftesbury. The book is a collection of temperance tales, most of which had, in the form of tracts, done previous duty in many ways. They are here brought together in a volume, illustrated by several of the best artists—Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ward, P. R. Morris, A.R.A., Fredk. Goodall, R.A., George Cruikshank, Alfred Elmore, R.A., G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., N. Chevalier, &c. &c. Some of the stories, however, were original. The engravings were costly; the book was published at a low price, and the result was, of course, a loss to the author. So, also, it was with two books written by me, and issued about the same time—"The Trial of Sir Jasper" and "An Old Story"—Temperance tales in verse. We did not look for gain; far from it; but we did not anticipate the somewhat serious loss in which these publications involved us. Subsequently I disposed of the stock and copyrights to the Temperance League, and thus my main purpose was achieved. The sales had been extensive; but under no circumstances could the expenditure have been defrayed by the receipts.* The "presentation copies" numbered nearly a thousand. "Sir Jasper" was trans-

* In fact, the books were "too good for the money;" for in issuing them it had not been my object to make the publications remunerative. My main purpose was to introduce into Temperance Literature a higher class of pictorial Art than was usually found there, and that object I achieved, with the assistance of the distinguished artists I have referred to. To the poems I added notes, embodying copious evidence of the terrible evils of intemperance, showing what a social plague-spot is the public-house, and how rapid and easy is the descent from "moderate drinking" to habitual drunkenness; and furnishing, in the shape of the emphatic declarations of judges, magistrates, coroners, doctors, clergymen, and so forth, a body of testimony conclusive and convincing. I have reason to believe the books continue to be effective in disseminating the principles of temperance, and I humbly thank God for that belief.

lated into French, Dutch, and Welsh, and *clichés* were supplied by me, without charge, to all periodicals from which applications came for them. At least, if our pecuniary loss was somewhat serious, we had the reward we most prized—in the belief that by our labour in writing, and our sacrifices in publishing, these works we had advanced and strengthened the sacred cause of Temperance.

I may fitly append to the above a brief reference to that portion of Mrs. Hall's and my own literary labours in which temperance principles were more distinctly advocated, the following copy of a memorial drawn up by her at the request of the Rev. Canon Ellison, one of the most indefatigable and most estimable of the many clergymen of the Church of England who are engaged in combating the evils of the liquor traffic:—

"Memorial from the Women of England to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria (issued by the Ladies' Committee of the Church of England Temperance Society).

"The women subjects of your Majesty presume to address your Majesty concerning a matter of vital interest and importance to them, as mothers, daughters, sisters, or wives.

"They learn, with deep sorrow and alarm, that it is proposed, by measures now before Parliament, to lessen the restrictions which, by law, are placed on the sale of intoxicating drinks.

"They believe that to do this, especially as regards the hours of closing public-houses, could only be to bring heavy discouragement on the labours of the many societies, of the many clergymen and ministers of all denominations, and the other earnest workers, who have been for years endeavouring to arrest the progress of the 'national vice,' and thus to augment an evil that is threatening more and more to undermine the prosperity of the country. They see, in this widely spreading intemperance, that which is adding greatly to their own sorrows and troubles, destroying the capacity for work on the morrow, trenching upon their home requirements, diminishing their home comforts, promoting discord, making them

the victims of numberless outrages, visiting their children with the curse of hereditary disease and of neglected education, crowding with husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, the jails, poorhouses, and lunatic asylums maintained at the public cost, throughout your Majesty's dominions.

"It is as a woman's question, therefore, they respectfully claim to view it: and they humbly approach your Majesty with the confiding hope that the same gracious influence which has always ranged itself on the side of suffering of every description, may be exerted to shield them in the present instance, and further, by all legitimate and constitutional means, to promote the growth of those temperate habits on which their own happiness, no less than the well-being of your Majesty's dominions, so largely depends."

We always considered—and, as far as we could, proclaimed—that to plant the seeds of Temperance in the hearts and minds of the Little Ones, was the first, the highest, the holiest duty, of its advocates and upholders. It often gave us great delight when a Band of Hope (honoured and glorified be the title), headed by their pastors and teachers, marched by our house at Kensington, stopped for a few minutes at the door, and gave a cheer of grateful recognition. We used to contrast their outer condition with that of the poor pariahs of our streets; clean in person, and neatly clad; healthy in aspect; orderly as if they had been regimentally trained; amenable to discipline; armed cap-a-pie for the battle of life, with the armour of righteousness newly put on, to be never laid aside; they gave hostages to the future—to be thereafter good in *all* the relations of life: as fathers, mothers, wives, sons, daughters, subjects, citizens; in fact, to do the work of God for the benefit, temporal and eternal, of all humanity.

Much of Mrs. Hall's writing was addressed to these bands. They are at the commencement of a journey, long

or short, for which due preparation is being made. No self-denial is required here; no abandonment of a perilous habit that demands sacrifice—always difficult to make. They begin at the beginning, with almost assured security of endurance to the end: "happy and glorious," and by consequence "victorious"—victorious over sin and death. Their bodies made healthful, their minds invigorated and strengthened to learn any good lesson; their souls enlightened for the Hereafter in this world and the next. The little soldiers, from infancy to girlhood and boyhood, thus paraded, frequently cheered our hearts and set us thinking what we could do, and how we could do, that which might give them vigour for their work.

I think I never saw my beloved wife made so happy as she was often made by such a procession as that I have thus weakly endeavoured to describe. I well remember her arresting such a group, kissing several of the tiny ones, and breathing a blessing with the imprinted kiss.

I will give with these brief and comparatively inefficient remarks, an anecdote. It is one of the earliest on the subject we heard, and there is no saying how much it influenced Mrs. Hall in urging her ever-active pen to advocacy of Temperance in all its bearings and relations, but more especially as regarded the young.

A drunkard went to the public-house for his glass. While drinking at the bar he heard the flashy landlady angrily exclaim, "There are those nasty children again —turn them out!" He chanced to peer through the window, and saw they were *his* children at play with the children of the publican. They certainly were ragged

and dirty—quite unfit to be the companions of the boys and girls, well fed and well dressed, of the public-house where he spent money that they might be so.

Seized with a sudden terror of remorseful shame, he put down the half-emptied glass on the counter and passed out. From that hour he resolved that ere long *his* children should be as clean, as duly fed, and better dressed, than the children of the publican's wife, and that they should become playmates of little ones in a higher social grade than theirs. And, God aiding him, he kept his word. It was his last visit to the gin-palace: the first and only good lesson he had learned there. And long afterwards, when he told this story to Mrs. Hall, it was with thanksgiving prayer—for his children then occupied positions much higher than those the children of the publican filled—when the incident happened that changed the whole current of his life.

Yet another story I am tempted to tell. Some five or six years ago, while at Bath, we were called upon by Mr. Gray the temperance missionary in that city. He told us that, a short time previously, he had visited a widow who lived with her children in her own house. All about indicated respectability, order, and comfort. She informed him that her husband had been a drunkard, and that her home was then the usual drunkard's home—miserable, filthy, degraded; she and her little ones in rags, often hungry. One memorable day a stranger left at the door a tract-story. The man read it; from that time he deserted the public house, never took a drop, and as a result restored his family to happiness, saw them well clad and comfortable, and after a time succeeded in

saving money enough to purchase the house in which the widow and her children were then living. She told Mr. Gray she still had the tract, and would keep it as long as she lived. Mr. Gray asked to see it: there were brought to him some leaves of a soiled and evidently well-read pamphlet. It was "the Drunkard's Bible," by Mrs. Hall. Some of my readers may know it. It was originally published about forty years ago in the *Edinburgh Journal* of Messrs. Chambers, reprinted with their consent by (I believe) the temperance publishers at Norwich, and subsequently several times by other workers for the cause. It was republished in "Boons and Blessings."

I think there must have been more than half a million of that tract circulated.

I leave my readers to guess the feelings of Mrs. Hall when this anecdote was communicated to her by Mr. Gray. They may be sure there was sent to the widow a book that was then "in good condition," but which I fervently hope is now also soiled sufficiently to indicate that it has been put to frequent use.

In taking leave of this portion of Mrs. Hall's long literary career, I may repeat my conviction that, as a writer on Temperance, she was, and is, a power. Her appeals came from the heart: their persuasive and womanly eloquence was powerfully aided by the magic of the tales she had to tell of the evils of drink, and knew how to tell with such unpretending simplicity, and yet with such admirable mingling of humour and pathos.

There was another subject in which she was almost as deeply interested as in that of Temperance; but in this instance the cause was not one she laboured to extend. On the contrary, she viewed the spread of the movement with aversion and apprehension, and earnestly desired to see its progress checked. I allude to the agitation for so-called "WOMAN'S RIGHTS." *

As regards the evils to which it was her earnest conviction that the sweeping changes clamoured for by a few of her sex would lead—though it must occupy much space—I think I cannot better express her views than by reprinting here her own words:—

"It is matter for deep regret, for intense sorrow indeed—'be it spoken, to their shame'—that women have recently inaugurated a 'movement' for the creation of what they call 'Woman's Rights,' and that among its zealous but unthinking advocates are a few—very few—Women of Letters. I do not find many, if any, whose views are entitled to much attention, or whose claims to be heard are indisputable; but those who push and clamour will force aside the judicious and just: the foolish are proverbially bolder than the wise. Some will 'rush in' where others 'fear to tread;' and it may seem that those who are silent give consent.

"I believe the 'movement' to be pregnant with incalculable danger to men, but especially to women; and that, if the 'claims' be conceded and women be displaced from their proper sphere, society, high and low, will receive a shock such as must not only convulse, but shatter the fabric—which no after-conviction and repentance can restore to its natural form.

* "I have given 'Memories' of seven remarkable women. Each was a benefactor by her writings; these writings were specially designed and calculated to uphold the position of women in the several relations of mother, wife, daughter, friend, teacher, and companion; but neither Hannah More, nor Maria Edgeworth, nor Barbara Hofland, nor Jane nor Anna Maria Porter, nor Grace Aguilar, nor, later, Catherine Sinclair, foresaw a period when a wrangle for what is wrongly called 'Women's Rights' would not only be forced on public attention, but be pressed, with unseemly compulsion, on the Legislature. These truly great and essentially good women would have 'entered their protest' if they had lived to see the peril in which certain foolish brawlers are striving to place their sex."—"*The Book of Memories:*" *S. C. Hall.*

"I address this warning to my sex, from the vantage-ground of 'Old Experience,' that—

'doth attain
To something of prophetic strain,'

and I earnestly entreat women to beware of lures that in the name of 'Electoral Rights'—the beginning of the end—would deprive them of their power and lower their position under a pretence of raising it.

"I warn women of all countries, all ages, all conditions, all classes!

"And I humbly urge upon the Legislature to resist demands that are opposed to Wisdom, Mercy, and Religion.

"When women cease to be women, as regards all that makes them most attractive—and *that* must inevitably be the result of concessions which are asked for as "rights," which are, indeed, daringly demanded on the principle that the Constitution shall recognise no distinction between women and men; that whatever men are required to do, women shall be, at the least, entitled to do—it is surely a mental blindness—that cannot foresee the misery that must follow the altered relations and changed conditions of both.

"I do not consider it a degradation; but whether it be so or not, I am quite sure the leading, guiding, and controlling impulse of women is to render themselves agreeable and helpful to men—whether by beauty, gentleness, forethought, energy, intelligence, domestic cares, home-virtues, toil-assistance, in 'hours of ease,' in sickness, or amid the perplexities, anxieties, disappointments, and labours that environ life. It is so, and it ever will be so, in spite of the 'strong-minded' who consider and describe as humiliation that which is woman's glory, and should be her boast.

"That custom and law press heavily and unjustly on women cannot be doubted. They will be benefactors who succeed in guarding her against oppression, in obtaining for her *protection*, and in securing to her those 'rights' which are based on policy and justice;* but the rights that are calculated to make women happier

* It is easy to fancy women doing men's work—with a smile and a sob. We have some sad examples of so revolting an evil; a few such cases in England, many more in Continental countries. I have seen, in Bavaria, a woman harnessed with a cow to the plough, the men and horses being away drilling for war; and in the "black country" there are women bending all day long under shameful burdens from the coal-pit to the barge. Agitation to limit women's work to work for which they are designed by nature—work, physical and

and better are very different from those that are designed to give to them equality with men—as regards pursuits, avocations, and duties, from which the minds of all right-thinking women will turn with instinctive dread.

* * * * *

"I believe the originators, and a large majority of the sustainers, of this monstrous project are not members of any Christian church. I hope it is so; for those who accept the New Testament as their guide can have no fellowship with those who put aside the first principles of its inspired teaching, and utterly ignore the precepts and example of our Lord and his Apostles. It is Christianity that places woman in her true position; and those who would remove her from it, repudiate the faith by which she is elevated, purified, and upheld. A woman without an Altar is even more degraded than a woman without a hearth.

"Those who might be expected to make their way to high places in professions, or as merchants or bankers, or even manufacturers or traders, must, admittedly, be the best of the sex. With men it is so; the intellectually weak seldom succeed in gaining the winning-post. But is it not the best who are most needed to rock the cradle, and, in the higher sense of the phrase, to sweep the hearth, ministering to the needs and comforts of man, and so promoting his interest and happiness as well as her own? Are the feeblest and the worst to be put aside for the duties of wifehood and maternity? or are all 'emancipated women' to ignore the sacred influences of Home?

"Woman has immense power; of a surety, it will be lessened, and not increased, by public manifestation of it—by a proclamation that 'she rules'—by an independence that destroys all trust—by a spirit of rivalry and a struggle for pre-eminence which, in fact, imply moral and social death!

"Yes; woman *has* immense power. It is the mother who makes the man. Long before he can lisp her name, her task of education is commenced; and, to be effective, it must be continuous. Alas for those who can teach but occasionally—by fits and starts—at wide intervals, between which there must be blanks, or worse! There are many to whom that destiny is inevitable; but what woman so utterly sins against nature as to wish for it and seek for it?

"It is no exaggeration to say that 'those who rock the cradle

intellectual—would be, indeed, a duty and a glory. But that is not what the "strong-minded" want.

rule the world.' The future rests mainly with the mother; foolish are all, and wicked are some, who strive for the enactment of laws that would deprive her of her first, her greatest, her holiest 'rights,' to try a wild experiment by which, under the senseless cry of 'equality,' women would be displaced from the position in which God has placed them since the beginning of the world, for all Time—and for Eternity.

"In these our times, unfortunately, women have in many instances been so busied about their rights as to ignore or forget their duties; striving to set aside the laws of God and Nature; untuning the sweet and gentle voice, given for the expression of prayer, of supplication, or mercy, charity, patience, hope, and faith—in *screaming* for more liberty. Proving their unfitness by the very temper of their demand for an impossible equality, they lose sight of the beautiful balance that constitutes society. Even in savage life it is the man who seeks the hunting-ground while the woman remains in the wigwam to nurse the infant and prepare the food, which the man seeks for and obtains. In every condition of humanity it is the universal law. That is indeed the great lesson taught by the teacher we call Nature. It is solely by the softening influence of the Christian faith that women are elevated to the position they hold in Christian lands; and the only course beneficial to them is that of strengthening and augmenting the qualities that will enable them still more to cheer and enlighten the social system, which it is their peculiar province to guide and adorn. A well-organized and properly harmonized woman has so much occupation in the sphere so clearly defined in the Book of Life, that she appreciates the high privileges of womanhood, in the several relations of daughter, friend, wife, and a 'joyful mother of children,' too highly to exchange them for 'advantages,' unseemly, out of keeping, and out of character. She values the power of forming the minds of those who are to be the great acting principles, the mental mechanists, the heroes, statesmen, rulers of the land, hereafter. Her proper sphere is so extensive, that she only fears her life may be too short, her power too limited, to fulfil its duties. What a spirit of harmony pervades her dwelling! Be her means large or small, she has still something to bestow. Her humanity extends to all around her; she never keeps the seamstress waiting for her work or her pay, and is too just to beat down the value of a necessary to obtain a luxury. A knowledge of her own defects instructs her to be merciful to those of others; and though her servants at first are not better than those of her neighbours, her patience and good

management render them so at last. She has so early taught the infant at her bosom the duty of obedience, that his pliant will bends without distortion; and instead of rebellious brawls racking his father's heart, the well-trained child already imparts the consciousness of future happiness to the parents. Woman, in the quiet noiseless circle of her domestic duties, has even more to do with the future characters of empires than man, whose bolder brain and stronger muscle must fight life's battle till life is done. For after all it is not an exaggeration to say—

"'Those who rock the cradle rule the world.'

"If woman but 'knows herself,' she can work miracles; be she high or low, rich or poor, her influence is unbounded—if it be properly exercised. It is possible to combine a perfect fulfilment of arduous literary or other labour with the devout and fitting attention to the more pleasing duties of a home-cherishing life. Those women are certainly the happiest whose occupations and pleasures are strictly of a domestic nature; but no woman pursues a safe course who calculates her happiness to consist in any but the path of duty, while she remembers that the road to real renown lies, not through mental endowments, however brilliant, or intellectual achievements, however great." *

Mrs. Hall wrote also some other words that I think may be fitly appended to her view of Woman's Rights. They take the form of a letter to a young wife; and express "a woman's view of woman's duty."

* I venture to add in a note copied from "Rhymes in Council," some lines that may strengthen Mrs. Hall's views of woman's duties.

"CONTRAST! Friend, counsellor, companion, wife,
Cherished for love, in this, and after life;
Reflective, prudent, wise, and sweetly kind;
A generous heart, a liberal hand and mind.
Giving a ready help to each who needs;
Though to her 'household' first, as wise and just;
Yielding with grace, and not because she must;
While she of greater troubles takes her share,
She treats the lesser as the garden weeds,
To be removed, and yet with gentle care,
That flowers as well are not uprooted there.
Thus love endures through all a chequered life,
In calm, in sunshine, or when tempest-tost,
The husband found, a lover is not lost,
The sweetheart still remains—a sweetheart-wife!"

"I have no words," she says, "to express the bitterness of my contempt for any woman who gives voice to her husband's faults. It is her duty to woo him from them within the sacred sanctuary of home—to entreat, to reason, to struggle against them heart and soul; but never to betray. Never—never put faith in a woman who, having knelt at God's altar, would go free of her bond, or abate her duty to the head and heart of her existence. I tell you, Mary—Mary dearest, believe me—this new seeking of womanly independence among married women is an outrage against God and nature; it is one of the works of Anti-Christ; it is what no Christian woman can dare to countenance. She can never remove the seal from the bond. Let her beware of signing it. If she find she cannot bend, let her not enter into the covenant; but having entered, no human law can unbind—no word of man can unloose—what God has joined. Man was created to protect and cherish—woman lovingly to serve; there is no reasoning, no arguing, 'If *you* cherish, *I* will serve.' If the man forget his duty let the woman be protected; but under all circumstances keep the bond inviolate. The one great poet, in a world of prose, has happily expressed the nature of this holy union.

> "'As unto the bow the cord is,
> So unto the man is woman.
> Though she bends him, she obeys him.
> Though she leads him, still she follows—
> Useless one without the other.'

Marriage, in my eyes, is no more a *civil* contract than baptism or the most holy Sacrament of our Lord; it is in every sense of the word *sacred*, only to be dissolved by death—*if by that!*"

In passing from the subject, I venture to append some other lines of my own extracted from "Rhymes in Council."

> "Away with women of new-fangled schools—
> God pardon them—who would unsex the sex:
> Of all their natural rights make ghastly wrecks;
> And let none rule who does not show she rules!
> Shadow for substance giving—where they bring
> A taint more deadly than an adder's sting."

There is another subject in which she took deep interest. In 1878 one of God's good women established, at 4 and 6, Kerbey Street, Poplar, a house of safety and shelter for the "friendless and fallen"—to be either would be bad enough: "in London there are tens of thousands who are both!"

The locality is about the worst of metropolitan outlets—in the neighbourhood of the "London Docks," where sailors are often trapped by women specially unsexed, inconceivably odious; where the brawls, the blows, the curses, are continuous by day as well as by night. Yet here these God's good women live and do His work.

"Among the drunken and the dissolute,
The rag-clad Circé, and the human brute,
With fiends that slay by fœtid atmospheres—
They walk, and breathe, and toil; yet have no fears.
Strong in God-given strength, what should they dread?
Guarded, and armed, and guided as they go,
By Angels, passing with them, to and fro:
ALONE THESE PERIL-PATHS THEY NEVER TREAD."

"There are sacred places in England to which pilgrimages are made, places in which battles have been fought for freedom, where grand and holy work has been done for God and man. Only ruined walls are some of them, yet often the wayfarer is tempted to cast the shoes from off his feet, for he is treading on holy ground!

"Coarse and common houses are these houses in Kerbey Street, but many Magdalens will visit them in grateful homage, and date their salvation from the day they saw them first. Shrines they may be to which rescued sinners converted into good mothers and good wives will make pilgrimages hereafter.

"The visitor to Kerbey Street will see two shops, No. 4 and No. 6. It was, I believe, an original thought—certainly it was a happy one—to devise that arrangement. A woman who has 'fallen' hesitates to knock at a hall-door; she must stand in the street before it is opened, and she may be watched. But into the *shop* she glides unnoticed, to buy it may be, or seem to buy, a half-

pennyworth of pins or a cotton-ball; thence the passage into the parlour is brief and easy. There one of the good ladies meets her, with loving look, a cordial handgrip, a hopeful smile, a cheering word, a word of welcome, and a gently-breathed prayer—and together they enter the inner room.

"Yes, it *was* a happy thought; the thought has borne seed. The friendless and fallen find their way to home, to repentance, to virtue, to happiness; and thank God (as I did) for the wise thought—a very small thing, yet, I verily believe, inspired.

"A front-door, shame-lowered women will not enter; a back-door infers a sense of degradation: but a shop is a place as free as the causeway of the street.

"Let the hint be taken, let the example be acted upon by all such Institutions in all parts of the world.

"The door is never closed—all day it is open; and at any hour of the night a ring of the bell is sure to have a response. It is often that, at midnight, the summons of a forlorn and outcast sister is answered by one of these grand almoners of Christ—a woman, God-taught, God-inspired, and God-blessed!"

I have quoted these passages from an appeal by Mrs. Hall in *Social Notes*, December, 1878. It was responded to, I know, by several persons who, having read it, desired to be helpers of the women who did the work; but there were results even more cheering than theirs. One of them reached the eyes and ears of the writer. Verily, we do not often plant good seed and enjoy nothing of the fruitage. It will be sufficient if I print a letter received from Mrs. Wilkes, dated May 27th, 1881, addressed to me.

"The Elms, Coppermill Lane,
"Walthamstow, Essex,
"*May* 27, 1881.

"My dear Sir,—

"At our last general committee, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Wortley in the chair, a vote of sympathy to you for the loss you have sustained was passed, and I am requested to write you by the ladies of that committee, of which Mrs. Hall was a member.

"I shall not ever forget the sympathy she felt and expressed in

my work when I came to her, or the words she wrote in *Social Notes*.

"There is another who will never forget her words either—a poor girl of nineteen, betrayed by a man who had known her from childhood. He took her to Brighton, left her there *enceinte* without a shilling; she pawned her clothes, came to London, and walked up and down the Tottenham Court Road, trying the dreadful life upon the street. Some one took her into a coffee-house, and there she picked up the number of *Social Notes* in which Mrs. Hall spoke of us. She walked over to Poplar, and was taken in at once. Her baby was born in course of time; we kept her twelve months, and she is now in a good situation, earning her own living and paying for her little girl. I often get a grateful, cheery letter from her; in my mind she is always associated with Mrs. Hall.

"We are full in Kerbey Street: full here. I wish you could see this lovely home; it is quite beautiful.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"ANNA WILKES."

HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS.—Mrs. Hall left some wise—and useful—observations, the birth and growth of experience, on this important subject. I think a page or two may be well occupied in printing them as one of the Memories of her:—

"Servants are, generally, not what they were when I first endeavoured to put in practice the training I had received in home duties from a mother whose varied accomplishments rendered her the admiration of those who knew her; neither are mistresses what they were in those days.

"But much can be done by judicious management to obtain and keep good domestics.

"For many years my servants, as a general rule, have only left me to get married. When obliged to replace them, I make the closest investigation, not only as to their characters, but the characters of those with whom they have lived. I explain what is to be done and must be done; and either in health or sickness they find their mistress their friend. As long as they perform their duty I can

honestly say I discharge mine; and if they stumble, and I can no longer retain them in my service, I do not forsake them, and have more than once had the happiness of knowing that my efforts have been rewarded, and the sheep that might have been lost has been saved—and happy in another land.

"I wish I could influence my fellow-mistresses to superintend their households, and to deal more patiently and kindly, yet firmly, with their servants. I wish they could see the happy result that, in my home, is produced by mingled firmness and kindness. We leave home with the knowledge that when we return we shall find everything in as perfect order as when we left it—for all our household gods are as much cared for by our servants as by ourselves.

"I am quite ready to admit that there are many "black sheep" among servants, but I fear it is so in all orders and classes. Servants have much for which to be grateful: few anxieties, few expenses, few wants that are not supplied to them without efforts of their own—reasonable time for rest, and not often a doctor's bill to be settled out of their wages. No doubt there will be 'draws' upon their purses, needy relatives requiring help. But these are seldom numerous.

"It will be the fault of the mistress if they squander too much on dress; and her fault if there is not a nest-egg in the savings-bank.

"After all, perhaps the simple secret is this: Let your servants be treated as part of your family; see to their comforts as they see to yours; lessen their wants, and be sure *your* wants will be less and less. There is a "familiarity that breeds contempt." But if we can be "familiar, yet by no means vulgar," we can be so without sacrificing an iota of dignity. The servant who presumes upon it is one to get rid of as certainly as she would be if you knew her to be a thief.

"As in all cases that concern humanity, the door through which happiness enters a household should have above it the words, "Bear and forbear." He or she who would strive to get much and give little is as foolish as was the dog of fable, who by grasping at the shadow lost the substance.*

"'Labours of love' is not a sentence of mere sound. They are so numerous and so palpable that to detail them is needless. Like

* "His is a miserable soul who tries
How little he may give for much he gets:
To *gifts* the truth more specially applies.
All obligations are but honest debts—
Debts which the honest debtor gladly meets:
Those who would try to shirk them are but cheats."

all other works, to be really, practically, and continuously serviceable, the heart must be in the work.

"Those who expect to get good servants must be good masters and mistresses; if they are so, I have not so utter a disbelief in human goodness as to think they will be often disappointed."*

FORCED BLOOMS.—To this comprehensive subject Mrs. Hall devoted much thought. One of the most valuable of her stories in "Tales of Woman's Trials" has that title. I hope it may be read by parents who think children cannot learn too much; who rear them as they do flowers in a hot-house—to bring out "forced blooms," and die early, or, at all events, fade to premature decay. She had a strong belief that children's books were by no means always books for children, and in that view was powerfully sustained by her honoured friends William and Mary Howitt. William wrote to her thus:—

"I am convinced that, with half the work and a proper amount of play and relaxation, our youth would ultimately acquire far more knowledge, and possess far more of the inventive and creative faculty. I am confident that from the free and ample exercise I enjoyed as a boy, I have not only passed through life free from all kinds of ailments, have been able to do an immense amount of literary work, and now, in my eighty-sixth year, feel all the freshness of my faculties and possess an amount of physical energy that amazes all who witness it. I think nothing of rambling away into the mountains, up steep and rugged roads, for three or four hours together, and without any sensible fatigue. Will this generation, driven relentlessly through the factories of knowledge, with no eight or ten hours' bill, compelled to anticipate the energies of their

* "I think we do not, in England, sufficiently appreciate the repose and support we derive from—if I may be permitted to combine two words that, according to popular opinion, have very different significations—I think we do not sufficiently value our *servant-friends*. We feel sensibly the annoyance and injury we sometimes endure from bad servants, but we are seldom grateful enough for comforts we derive from good servants."—"*A Woman's Story*" (1857), *Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

manhood in their growing and unripe years, be able to do the same? In a word, is our superabundance of knowledge, are the mountains of facts that we accumulate, wisely purchased by the sacrifice of a large amount of those years of confirmed manhood, when our early efforts should naturally produce their fruits and yield us their rewards?

* * * * *

"Nature demands for all young and growing creatures relaxation, unbending of mind, sport in the fresh air, and, in fact, the means of vigorous health, in order to enable them to bear the wear and tear of mental tension. But this is totally disregarded in modern education. All is work, work, force, force, and no play.

* * * * *

"A boy we knew in England who was thus drilled into premature knowledge by a very clever mother of the mathematical school, used to startle us by such remarks as seemed to come not from himself, but from some familiar that possessed him. Mrs. Howitt gave him a book that was a great favourite with those of his own age—about eight—but he found it infinitely too juvenile, and informed her that for his occasional light reading he had just finished Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' and was beginning 'Don Quixote'!"

These pregnant words of our venerable friend were comments on some articles written by Mrs. Hall and printed in *Social Notes*. I do not think my readers will complain if I reprint some passages from them. They cannot, I humbly think, be without effect on the future of children who are to be men and women:—

"There are plenty of children's books, but few books for children. The 'cause why' is easy of explanation. The little ones are to be treated as men and women before they have entered their teens. With not many exceptions, the volumes prepared expressly for them—in art as well as in literature—should be prefaced by a motto-line from the 'Night Thoughts'—

"'Imagination's airy wing repress!'

and, perhaps, there are more boys and girls, under ten, who could take respectable rank at a competitive examination than there are who could tell us 'all about' Puss in Boots and Red Riding Hood. I had a little girl on my knee, not long ago, who, desiring to

inform me as to the distance of the planet Jupiter from the moon, or some such calculation, too abstruse for me, looked at me with astonishment when I hummed for her a bit of the old rhyme—

"'Three little kittens had lost their mittens,'

and wanted to convince me that 'Jack and the Bean-stalk' could not be true! Many of the little men and women of tender age would join in the reproof administered to one of their 'order,' who was caught leaping over chairs and tables in the drawing-room, and, singing to her own tune the old nursery rhyme—

"'Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see the sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon'—

a reproof, instead of a blessing, on the merry heart that had not forestalled a weight of care and a burthen of troubled thought.

"I believe it is Dr. Johnson who says he would rather see a boy throwing stones at an apple-tree than doing nothing; but there is a worse state than even that of listless idleness: it is when the mind is crammed with food it cannot digest. I consider the perpetual inculcation of *facts* to be not only detrimental to a child's present but pernicious to its future; and that to leave imagination entirely barren is a crime against nature. It is against this evil—speaking from the vantage-ground of 'old experience,' that

"'Doth attain
To something of prophetic strain'

I enter my protest—against a principle that seems to guide and govern those who are to 'rear up' the men and women of Hereafter—against a system—for it is a system—which excludes imagination from its curriculum, and so depresses sympathy and puts charity out of doors, contracting and depressing judgment—hardening nature by limiting its exercise to granite facts.

"My convictions on this head are so strongly supported by a physician who has conferred immense benefit on humanity, Dr. B. W. Richardson, that my duty may be limited to endorsing his—as resulting from experience during a long life of intercourse with the young, and of large happiness derived from such intercourse. These are his 'burning words':—

"'The present modes of education are not compatible with healthy life. The first serious and increasing evil, bearing on education and its relation to health, lies in the too early subjection of pupils to study. Children are often taught lessons from books before they are properly taught to walk, and long before they are properly taught to play. Play is held out to them not as a natural thing, as something which the parent should feel it a duty to encourage, but as a reward for so much work done and as a rest from work done, as though play were not itself a form of work, a form of work which a child likes while he dislikes another form because it is unfitted to his powers. For children under seven years of age all teaching should be through play.'

"An authority more immediately suited to my purpose is the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, who, when distributing prizes to pupils at the Liverpool Institute, spoke on the subject of fostering and strengthening imaginative power.

"'He wanted the heart to be stirred as well as the intellect, the better to neutralise the dwarfing effects of necessarily narrow careers and necessarily stunted lives. . . . . It was not good for a man or woman to be always breathing the atmosphere of business; they should sometimes inhale the bracing ozone of the imagination, ... and he pitied children whose imaginations were not stimulated by fairy tales, and carried far away from the world in which their lot was cast. . . . . It was not only for the individual but for the national advantage that imagination should be cultivated.'"

STREET MUSIC.—There is another topic—comparatively insignificant—on which the heart of Mrs. Hall was much "set." She witnessed with sorrow the crusade against street musicians—placing it in the list of cruelties. A neighbour at Kensington had written to the newspapers, complaining of the "organ-boys" as "intolerable nuisances," complaining that while he was "thinking," one of them was "grinding under his window," and another "working away in the mews at the back." The grievance was—that the wandering

musicians "disturbed his thoughts." I select the following passages from some comments on that letter.

* * * * * *

"From *his* door there will be a threatening order to 'move on.' Not so from mine; although I too am a 'thinker,' and the sounds make me put aside my pen—for three minutes, at least.

"'*Disturb* my thoughts!' Yes. So would the coo of the cushat dove, so would the song of the up-springing lark, so would the hum of the honey-laden bee, so would the laughter of merry children; so would any of the God-given sounds that greet me where there is green grass, leaf-clad trees, and healthy breezes all around.

"'Disturb my thoughts!' Yes; for I am thinking in a suburb of a vast city where all sounds are noises—excepting, perhaps, that solitary one.

* * * * * *

"Music has ever been to me the chiefest joy of life—

> "'What know we of the Saints above,
> But that they sing and that they love?'

"If 'the meanest flower that blows' could delight the poet, the simplest or the rudest melody can give to me intense enjoyment, and make me almost fancy the sense of hearing is a happier gift than that of sight.

* * * * * *

"'In the mews!' Did you see that lonely sempstress put aside her work, open her window, and listen with intense delight? Did you mark the glow that made homely features beautiful, as she leant over the sill and with thin fingers beat time? For her it was a rare treat, a source—perhaps her only source—of happiness, as full of joy as a chorus would be to you, when a thousand mingled voices glorify the sublime creations of Handel or Mozart. She can give the poor organ-grinder only her blessing.

"But she does give him that.

"Is she too refined to say of the coarse strain—

> "'O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour!'

"And in the street, too—even while you write and 'think'—there is—another! Up starts Mary Jane from her den of pots and pans, runs up the area-steps, and has a feast of music, such as you

will have when you visit the Albert Hall. She will miss the penny she gives him; but she has had her penny's worth; and to make her entertainer 'move on' is to rob her of a pleasure that lightens toil and is a huge recompense for labour.

"Wait a minute longer, and what will you see? Out creep, or rush, the tiny little ones from the alleys near at hand; they are striving to sing and trying to dance. At all events, they jump up and down with unshackled glee, pull one another about, rudely it may seem to those who are in training of some professor, and ungracefully, no doubt, according to the judgment of practised waltzers, but with thankful joy in all their little hearts.

"Surely it must be a selfish nature that would deprive so many of so much happiness; and all because for a few minutes of the day he must put aside his pen and cease from 'thinking.' We do not laud the dog of fable who denied the ox the hay on which he lay, and which he himself could not eat. The lares and penates of a hovel may be the coarse bits of broken pottery a connoisseur despises; the coarse meal of unmentionable dishes may be to some the luxury the epicure abhors.

"Even so the music of the hurdy-gurdy, that 'disturbs' my neighbour and rouses him to unseemly wrath, may be—nay, of a surety is—the sole treat of music that a major part of *his* neighbours can, by any possibility, enjoy.

* * * * * *

"I appeal for considerate mercy on behalf of these 'nuisances intolerable'—the organ-grinders that 'disturb' our streets. Who knows how much they may teach by their coarse editions of melodies—unforgotten through life? Who knows how much of good seed, early planted but long unwatered—to all seeming, dead—they may revive and strengthen to bear fruit?

"I heard a story of a rude and rough sailor who had long warred with foes and storms. He was dying in one of our hospitals, heedless of Hereafter. Suddenly he started up—a note of street music had entered through an open window. The physician was startled by a sudden return of voice and strength: 'Mother, mother!' he exclaimed, raising his right hand and gazing intently at the bed-foot; 'Mother, mother! I have it; I have it—

"'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.'

Calmly, and with a smile that lit up his weather-beaten features, he lay back on his pillow and died."

And surely I may not forget the aid *The Art Journal* received in actual work as well as in sweet and wise counsel to me, its editor. Here were published the major part of her "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," and here the most beautiful of all her books, "Midsummer Eve." Here she gave to my dry details concerning "The Thames" and "South Wales," the sparkling episodes from which they derived great value.

There is a sun-dial somewhere with the inscription—

"Horas non numero, nisi serenes."
(I record only hours of sunshine.)

I do not know whence I borrow this passage—

"Let it be remembered that her wit was never employed to scoff at goodness, nor her reason to dispute against truth. In this age of wild opinions she was as free from scepticism as the cloistered virgin: she never wished to signalise herself by the singularity of paradox. Her practice was such as her thoughts naturally produced. She was charitable in her judgment and opinions, grateful for every kindness she received, and willing to impart assistance of every kind to all whom her power enabled her to benefit."

I have preferred to give as memories of my wife these teachings of her love and wisdom, to filling my pages with anecdotes, that might more directly exhibit and illustrate her personal character. I cannot have space for both. I believe her thoughts on some essential matters may be accepted as seed that will bear fruit. She did not live in vain: and verily "her works do follow her."

Mrs. Hall has written nine novels, while her sketches and shorter stories number hundreds. Her novels

are—1, "The Buccaneer"; 2, "The Outlaw"; 3, "Uncle Horace"; 4, "Marian"; 5, "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life"; 6, "The Whiteboy"; 7, "A Woman's Story"; 8, "Can Wrong be Right"; 9, "The Fight of Faith."

I hope before I leave earth to issue these nine volumes as a series—revised, annotated, and prefaced by me. I shall add to them much that is interesting.

Most of them have long been out of print. I can seldom find one of them in a catalogue of old books for sale, and I have laid the flattering unction to my soul that those who possess them are not desirous to part with them. Although I have eagerly sought for copies, at present I do not possess them all. Most of them may certainly be classed among "scarce books."

In recalling to memory the actors I have known, I made some note of three successful dramas written by Mrs. Hall. I have always regretted that she did not produce other and more ambitious productions for the stage, believing that she might have achieved great things in that class of literature. I am not singular in that opinion. I will add to my own the opinion of Lytton Bulwer (Lord Lytton), who in 1832 made this record on that subject ("Asmodeus at Large," in the *New Monthly*). Speaking of "The Buccaneer," he says:

"An admirable historical romance, full of interest and with many new views of character. It is an historial romance, and yet, unborrowed from Scott, it is *sui generis*, which is saying a great deal. The author has introduced Cromwell in the foreground as the principal character, and done justice to the genius of the man."

"Mrs. Hall has a considerable mastery of style. Her Irish

sketches possess great beauty of composition, and there is a little tale of hers in 'The Amulet,' 'Grace Huntley,' which is written and conceived with extraordinary skill—the idea is even grand. I esteem the conception of that story to be one of the most dread and tragic in modern composition. Mrs. Hall evinces in it, as in 'The Buccaneer,' very marked talents for the stage, and if she would devote her time and skill to a village tragedy that should conta n the simplicity and power of 'Grace Huntley,' I feel confident that it would have a startling success."

Her Children's books are numerous: three of them were published in the series issued by the Brothers Chambers. The others are, I think, all out of print; they would certainly bear republication. I know of no one who understood children better than she did, catered for them with greater ardour, or loved them more truly. She was never so happy as when a little maid was sitting and listening at her knee.

In one of her letters I find this passage:—"I would not give much for a man, and less for a woman, who cares nothing for dress.

> "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not express'd in fancy: rich, not gaudy."

The counsel of Polonius specially applies to the sex: the woman, who is heedless in that way will be careless of her household, and, figuratively speaking, seldom "sweep the hearth." I think I may safely say that no visitor ever saw Mrs. Hall *en déshabille*. She thus refuted the idea that literary women need be slovens.* Perhaps

* "I hope the reproach of slovenliness is passing away from literature, or rather, I should say, from its professors. A well-organized mind cannot fail of being orderly in all things, and a mind that is not well organized can rarely

they are too often so. I remember seeing Miss Benger, the author of several important historical books—famous at the time—at one of Campbell's parties in a sort of flannel dressing-gown.

As are all persons of refined minds, she was very sensitive, and could be easily "put out." It was not often, however, she was in the way of being so, as regarded either things or people. Courage she regarded as wholly a masculine quality, and the peril of giving offence she had very rarely to encounter. I have one or two anecdotes to tell as illustrations. In 1845 she commenced, in *The Art Journal*, a story entitled "The Artist" —four chapters of which were there printed. Some one sent her, anonymously, a caricature of her hero—an old French drawing-master. It effectually paralyzed her hand: I could never induce her to finish the tale.

An anecdote of a different order I am pleased to relate. One day she received an anonymous letter; it contained merely these words—

"Psalm xci., verses 4, 5, 6, 10, 11."

No more; while the post-mark on the letter told her nothing. On turning to the Psalm she read these verses:—

inform or even amuse, except by its absurdities. I never could fancy why a gentleman wrote best unshaven and in slippers, or how a lady improved her genius by neglecting that neatness of attire which is the outward and visible sign of a well-regulated mind and a comfortable home. I would earnestly entreat the young of my own sex, who possess, or imagine they are possessed of, literary talent, carefully to avoid contracting slovenly or even peculiar habits. Sir Walter Scott (blessings and honour to his name for ever!) set a glorious example of simplicity and propriety in all things, that we ought to follow in gratitude and humility."—*Lights and Shadows of Irish Life.*

"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

"Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

"There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

"For He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

I think that letter gave her more veritable joy than did any secondary letter she ever in her life received. I believe it to have influenced her thoughts and pen during the many after years of her career. It must have emanated from some one to whom she had rendered a service that could be repaid only in that way—by a blessing that is so often a large recompense; the payment of a debt, perhaps—recorded by Him who "seeth in secret," and often rewards "openly." It gave scope to her imagination; how, when, where, to whom had she done the service there acknowledged? I believe the speculative thought, thus excited, often brought sleep to the head wearied by labour and the mind overburthened with toil—acting as an anodyne when care and anxiety pressed upon both.*

She would speculate as to which of her good works brought this acknowledgment and reward: came it from a fallen sister rescued from sin? some half-famished, relieved, supplicant? some reformed drunkard? the

* The Irish have a saying, "The prayers of the poor are in Heaven before ye!" I have recorded that when Humanity Martin was reported to have been drowned, his old housekeeper was observed to receive the news with indifference. On being questioned, she said, "The master is not drowned—not he; if he were drowning, there are souls enough about him to keep his head above water."

mother of some child to health restored? some widowed wife whose husband had died on a borrowed pillow? some consumption-stricken patient, who had exchanged a damp straw bed in a fœtid alley for wholesome air and food at Old Brompton? some "worn out" governess, some home-nurse, or some broken soldier who shouldered his crutch as he issued from a convalescent home? some "incurable" who thanked God for a death-bed unappalled? some sempstress who sang, though not in the actual words of the poet, "The Song of the Shirt"? some overworked labourer at the counter whose hours of overtoil had been lessened? some sceptic groping in soul-darkness, to whom her words had brought light?

Such speculations as to whence came the prayers breathed, into her mind, heart, and soul, by the prayers and prophetic blessings of the ninety-first Psalm—are not mine: they were hers. Whoever the sender may have been, the object was fully answered. I believe nothing in her long life was to her so fertile of happiness. The words were as sunshine over a bed of flowers on which the dew had plentifully fallen.

They cheered her in her work; they stimulated, encouraged, and—recompensed; and I am very sure much of the good she did may be traced to that simple source. We no more know where we give or get a blessing than we know the course that will be taken by Him who—

> "Moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform!"

Her memory was marvellous. When I first visited, with her, her native Bannow in 1825, there was hardly a stick or stone, and certainly not a person, she did not recognise. I remember an old easy-chair in the dining-room: she said there used to be a large hole in the back. I turned it round, and there, sure enough, was the hole. Every step she took was a reminder. What a day it was—that I recall, when we visited the grave of her grandmother in old Bannow church; and the days we rambled together about the scenes and among the people she recorded in her "Sketches of Irish Character."

I think she could have described the dress of every lady she had met at any party twenty years after it occurred. She was ever silently observant; taking mental notes of all that was said and each thing that was done, whether at a stately reception or in the cabin of the humblest peasant. Nothing, however trivial, escaped her notice. Happily her nature—generous, considerate, and sympathising nature—enabled her to transmute the baser metals into gold. She saw only what it was wise and good to preserve in memory, never that which was ugly, or mean, or evil. What might have been revolting she never saw at all. Even disagreeable things seemed without power to enter through the eye or the ear into her mind: while her spirit never, never, wandered from gratitude to God for blessings—to be acknowledged by sharing them with all things beautiful and good that God has made. So it was through her life up to the very day of her death.

The precepts she practised and taught are set forth,

with a view to impress them, in all her many books. There is no one of the teachings of God's word that has not received augmented force from her pen. The maxim, "Order is Heaven's first law," she strove to impress not only in its loftier view, but in the smaller matters that influence life: there is no principle of religion, loyalty, duty to God, neighbourly love, she has not in some way illustrated and sustained. None came to her for sympathy, counsel, and aid, who went "empty away." Surely the blessing of God was over all she thought, wrote, and did.

I had meant to leave her character in the hands of some loving friend—to whom, perhaps, it would have been better to have left it—but as I draw nearer to the grave, the conviction is more and more forced upon me that I should neglect a solemn duty if I left it altogether to the future.

LADY MARTIN—HELEN FAUCIT.—Happily, she is yet with us, though the stage she so brilliantly adorned knows her no more. It would be apart from my plan to say much concerning her; but I cannot write of my wife without mentioning one who was her esteemed, respected, and much-loved friend—from the time of Miss Faucit's first appearance when a very young girl at the Richmond Theatre. In those days Mrs. Hall's pet name for her young friend was "Ladybird," and I called her "Lady Helen," little thinking the title would one day be veritably hers. We lived to see her as much honoured in private as in public life: valued for herself—for her

high qualities of mind and heart: the wife of a most accomplished and most estimable gentleman.

Lady Martin recently published—originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*—a series of papers on the "Female Characters of Shakespeare." One of them she thus dedicated to my wife—or rather to her memory, for she had left earth when the essay was published.

"The second of these letters was not completed when tidings of the death, after a very brief illness, of the dear friend for whom it was intended, reached me. She was present to my mind when I wrote it, and I dedicate it to her memory. The world knew her great talents and her worth; but only her friends could estimate her goodness, her charity in thought as well as in deed. Her kindness, like her sympathy, knew no limit. It was as constant and loyal as it was encouraging and judicious. In loving, grateful memory she lives, I doubt not, in many hearts, as she does in mine."

I think—could she have read Lady Martin's words—no tribute she ever received would have given Mrs. Hall more intense happiness than this—from a lady she had known from her very dawn of womanhood, loving her and respecting her more and more as years rolled on and developed her intellectual power, and with it her purity and goodness of mind and heart. I am sure there is no woman whom, in her early youth, and in matured womanhood, Mrs. Hall more truly loved than she did Helen Faucit—Lady Martin; and I feel how gratified by the compliment she would have been if she had lived to read it. I gratefully thank that dear and good lady in the name of my wife and in my own.

I received from many friends, and several "strangers," tributes to the memory of Mrs. Hall. They form for

me a very precious volume. I should like to print a number of them: I must be content to copy here but one. I find it in a little unpretending book, "Songs of Humanity and Progress," written by my esteemed and valued friend, John T. Markley, of the *Sussex Daily News*, who has long been the able, earnest, and zealous advocate of the highest principles of order, social good, temperance, loyalty, morality, and religion.

"Amid the tumult, tempest-tongued, of State—
Her own wild, wondrous land in throes of pain,
She leaves to God earth's sorrow—but to gain
A home of holy rest: there to await
And meet her lover at the golden gate.
'Tis not a parting, 'tis a soul's first pace,
Smile-welcom'd by fond spirits into grace,
That life which glory may but consummate!
Could April's laughing sweetness break through snow,
And yield soft rainbow hues to frost-stung skies,
The pictur'd clouds and air, all winterless,
Would typify the gifted mind, aglow
With passion, eloquence, and mysteries—
A summer, changing not, but quick to bless.
Although a shift of thrones, she reigneth still
In hearts unlimited by clime or caste,
With all her charmèd sway: a sway to last,
As conquerors gain new power from heights and hill.
The magic of her soul could but fulfil
Warm mission of a consecrated pen,
To picture scenic whims, and joys, of men,
And fancy ran obedient to her will.
What lofty love! What beaming tenderness!
Sad Ireland's better self redeemed with smiles;
New worlds in cottages awoke to sing,
Chaste music of her muse will ne'er grow less,
Nor pall upon the crowd which it beguiles,
'Till remnant voices meet in final Spring."

Mrs. S. C. Hall died at Devon Lodge, East Molesey, on Sunday, the 30th January, 1881. It was on the Sabbath-day—"*the day of rest*"—she was called from earth to Heaven. Her illness was so slight, up to that time, as to give no warning of departure "nigh at hand." I was leaning over her pillow when she said one word, "Darling," breathed into my lips, and was with the Master—to hear His greeting, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." On her birth-day, but twenty-four days before her death-day, she had welcomed a large number of friends and neighbours, had sung for them, and was in her usual health and spirits. It had long been my custom to write to her a letter on her birthday. I did so on that day, sending it into her room before she had risen. I print the letter. I need not say *it was not meant to have been printed.* Little thought had I, on the 6th January, 1881, of seeing it in type.

All Scripture "written for our learning" confirms the natural—so to speak, instinctive—faith that when the body perishes the Soul does not die. Such faith is sustained by proofs so numerous, convincing, and conclusive, as to leave no shadow of doubt on the mind of any just and rational inquirer concerning the matter—all-important as regards destiny here and hereafter.

I am but one of a host of witnesses—beyond suspicion of fraud, delusion, or want of capacity for judging rightly and righteously—of firmly based religious belief—who supply indubitable evidence, from repeated experience, during many years of constant and minute inquiry, that the Soul, when removed from earth, can, and does, communicate with Souls that yet continue in the "natural

body," which the Apostle so markedly distinguishes from the "spiritual body."

I am grateful for the knowledge thus accorded to me by God. While I know that when another good man or woman is gone from earth, and another saint is added to the Hierarchy of Heaven, I know also that God permits the beatified saint to watch and guard, as well as pray for, the beloved who remain on earth yet a while longer.

If I did not so believe, I could not trust in a God just as well as merciful: a God who is Love: a God whose Revealed Word is given to us for "our learning" —to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest—that the Soul, thus enlightened, may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life.

I know well that she is in Heaven; but, with reverence I say it, Heaven could not be Heaven to her—a state of bliss—if, *retaining consciousness and memory*, she knew that God would not permit her to comfort me when I most need comfort, and guide me where I most need guidance. That is not the way in which God rewards his "good and faithful servants."

In a word, I KNOW that those who are called "the dead" do not die; that they are merely removed from the earth sphere into some other sphere—to one of the "many mansions" of which our Lord emphatically speaks—the first, but not the only, removal; and that under certain conditions which, at present, we cannot comprehend, much less control, the Soul that has left earth can, and does, communicate with the Soul that remains on earth.

I add these lines from a small poem—"Hereafter."

"Change there will be: as flowers from branches burst;
But I shall see thee—as I see thee now:
Yet more resembling what thou wert, when first
I kissed thy smooth cheek and unwrinkled brow:

'As in the glory of thine early prime:
Through all thy earth life: bright at every stage:
THE SOUL IS NEVER OLD: and knows not Time;
GOODNESS IS BEAUTIFUL AT ANY AGE.

'Together still: if one have earlier birth
In Paradise: divided: and yet near:
Though one in Heaven may wait for one on earth:
A guiding, guarding spirit: THERE AS HERE!'"

How any thinking and rational person, who believes in God and the immortality of the Soul,* can for a

* I quote these passages from "Bishop Pearson on the Creed:"—"If I have communion with a saint of God, as such, while he liveth here, I must still have communion with him when he is departed hence, because the foundation of that communion cannot be removed by death." "First, therefore, this must be laid down as a certain and necessary truth, that the soul of man when he dieth, dieth not, but returneth unto Him that gave it, to be disposed of at His will and pleasure—according to the ground of our Saviour's counsel, 'Fear not them that kill the body, but cannot kill the soul.' That better part of us, therefore, in and after death, doth exist and live, either by virtue of its spiritual and immortal nature, as we believe, or, at least, by the will of God, and His power upholding and preserving it from dissolution, as many of the fathers thought. This soul thus existing after death, and separated from the body, though of a nature spiritual, is really and truly in some place. . . . . Again, the soul of man in that separate existence after death, must not be conceived to sleep, or be bereft and stripped of all its vital powers, but still to exercise the powers of understanding, and willing, and to be subject to the affections of joy and sorrow."

I give these quotations only, but I might add many other "authorities" equally entitled to the confidence of Christians—all, indeed, who believe that the Soul has continued existence, after what is called "Death."

"Spiritualism teaches, on the authority of Scripture, and of all spirit life, that *there is no such thing as Death;* it is but a name given to the issue of the Soul from the body."—WILLIAM HOWITT.

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."—ST. PAUL.

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the Soul."

moment doubt this, I have difficulty in imagining. Yet surely I may not forget that I myself had such doubt before the beneficent Master, knowing that Scripture light had not sufficed for my guidance, sent to me, in His mercy, an additional light that *did* suffice—a light that enables me to read rightly Divine revelation, and to see how best and safest to walk in the footsteps of the Lord and Master, Christ.

It is the teaching by which my wife was taught—and taught during the whole of her long and useful life. It is "peace and good will" based on His precepts and example. Call it by what name we may, who will question that such Faith is an inexhaustible blessing?

Here is the letter to which I have referred :—

"This is the 6th of January, 1881. Surely, surely, I may thank God for the blessing He gave to me, and to hundreds of thousands, eighty-one years ago ; and bless the memory of your dear mother, on whose portrait I look while I write.

"It was indeed a vast, incalculable blessing God gave me fifty-six years ago. Gratitude from me to Him has been increasing year by year, and day by day, since the ever memorable day I saw you first. You have been to me a guide, a counsellor, a comforter, a companion, a friend, a wife, from that day to this; ever true, faithful, fond, devoted ; my helper in many ways, my encourager and stimulator in all that was right: the same consoler in sunshine and in storm ; lessening every trouble ; augmenting every pleasure. Wisely upright yourself, you

have been mainly instrumental in making me wisely upright. I should have shrunk from wrong-doing if from no better motive than that of dread to sink in your good opinion; you have given me a far better motive—that which arises from faith in the Redeemer, and faith and trust in God.

"Well I know we shall be together—inseparable—for ever and ever! that you will be to me in Heaven what you have been to me on earth.

"God bless you, my soul's darling: the love of my youth, the love of my age: more beautiful in my sight to-day than you were fifty-six years ago. Such adoration as I may rightly render to a fellow-mortal who will be immortal, I render to you: praying God to bless us both: blessing me in blessing you, and blessing you in blessing me."

And this is a poem I addressed to her on the fiftieth anniversary of our wedding—in 1874:—

"Yes! fifty years of troubles—come and gone—
I count, since first I gave thee hand and heart!
But none have come from thee, dear Wife—not one!
In griefs that sadden'd me thou hadst no part—
Save when, accepting more than woman's share
Of pain and toil, despondency and care,
My comforter thou wert, my hope, my trust;
Ever suggesting holy thoughts and deeds:
Guiding my steps on earth, through blinding dust,
Into the Heaven-lit path that Heaven-ward leads.

So has it been, from manhood unto age,
In every shifting scene of Life's sad stage,
Since—fifty years ago—an humble name
I gave to thee—which thou hast given to fame—
Rejoicing in the wife and friend to find

The woman's lesser duties—all—combined
With holiest efforts of creative mind.

And if the world has found some good in me,
The prompting and the teaching came from thee!

God so guide both that so it ever be!

So may the full fount of affection flow;
Each loving each as—fifty years ago!

We are going down the rugged hill of life,
Into the tranquil valley at its base;
But, hand in hand, and heart in heart, dear Wife:

With less of outer care and inner strife,
I look into thy mind and in thy face,
And only see the Angel coming nearer,
To make thee still more beautiful and dearer,
When from the thrall and soil of earth made free,
Thy prayer is heard for me, and mine for thee!"

On our twentieth wedding-day (in 1844) I had addressed to her a poem of some length—of which I print a few passages:—

"Yes—beauty in that happy face
The husband-lover still can trace;
Goodness, and gentleness, and truth,
May live to mock at change and time;
They *were* the graces of thy youth—
They *are* the graces of thy prime.

We've toiled together side by side,
Proud—yet it was no selfish pride—
That toil brought honour, if no wealth;
Our hearts have gathered little rust;
But ours are peace, and hope, and health,
And mutual love and mutual trust!

Companion, counsel, friend, and wife,
Through twenty years of wedded life!
Dear love, sweetheart—why not address
Warm words to thee—my hope and pride?
I have not lived to love thee less,
Than when I hailed a fair young bride.

Ah! let me think how deep a debt,
Sweet friend, dear wife, I owe thee yet:
In toil, in trouble, weak and ill,
Thy zealous care, thy active thought,
Thy *spirit*—meekly trusting still—
Calmed the hot pulse and brain o'erwrought.

I gave to thee an humble name,
Which thou, dear wife, hast given to fame:
And surely 'tis no idle boast
That many laud and flatter thee;
But when the world hath praised thee most,
Thy woman's heart was most with me!

'Tis thine to prove that strength of mind
May work, with woman's grace combined;
To show how Nature's debts are paid
In studies small that sweeten life;
And how the loftiest thoughts may aid
The duties of a loving wife."

I print also some lines we both signed on our fifty-sixth Anniversary—its last commemoration on earth:—

"Yes! we go gently down the hill of life,
And thank our God at every step we go:
The husband-lover and the sweetheart-wife.
Of creeping age what do we care or know?
Each says to each, 'Our fourscore years, thrice told,
Would leave us young;' the Soul is never old!

What is the Grave to us? can it divide
The destiny of two by God made one?
We step across, and reach the other side,
To know our blended Life is but begun.
These fading faculties are sent to say
Heaven is more near to-day than yesterday."

Twenty-four days after my letter was written she was removed from me, from the many dear friends who loved her, and from a "public" by whom she had been

largely appreciated since the publication of her first book in the far-off year 1828.

From what I have said concerning, so-called, "Spiritualism," in recalling memories of Lord Lytton, Serjeant Cox, Robert Chambers, William Howitt, and others, the reader will have no doubt that I am a believer in the reality of the phenomena known as spiritualism. So was Mrs. Hall; as thoroughly and entirely as I am.

It is a very long list I might print of persons, entitled to all trust, who believe as I do in the phenomena. It has been well said by an eminent Roman Catholic divine, "It is quite impossible that about such facts such a cloud of witnesses should be all deceived;" and by a Protestant clergyman of high rank: "Testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous, that either the facts must be such as they are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up."

I do not intend to give any details as to the evidence by which belief in spiritualism is sustained; it would demand treatment at some length, for which I have no space: moreover, it would be distasteful to many of those who I expect will be my readers. Such testimony may be easily obtained by those who require it; there are six periodical representative publications, and some

hundreds of printed books that give it fully. In treating the subject here, I shall merely strive to answer the question why should there be any doubt that the spirits of those who have been in the "natural body" can and do communicate, when in the "spiritual body," with the beloved of earth who are yet remaining on earth, to be removed thence to another state when what is called "Death" releases them from earth-bonds?

I make no appeal, no effort at conviction, no attempt at inducing enquiry on the part of those who have no belief in Hereafter—"the immortality of the Soul." But to those who believe in both I put a simple question. Where is the soul when it has ceased to be linked with a perishable body—a body that is not the same to-day as it was yesterday, and will ultimately be restored to the elements that composed it?

It is not enough for me to say I have had palpable, convincing, and conclusive evidence that those we call the "dead" are "living," and can and do communicate with us—those who are yet living. I *have* had such evidence, not once, but many hundred times, in various places and countries, in the presence of persons who had never before met, and were totally unknown each to the other, under circumstances that rendered collusion out of the question and fraud an impossibility—such intercourse with "spirits" continuing to be repeated year after year for more than thirty years.

"We speak what we do know, and testify what we have seen;" and if we are answered by him who will "answer a matter before he heareth it," I can but say, as the wise king said, "It is folly and shame unto him."

Spiritualists, then, demand to be heard on the ground that their antecedents are such as to justify confidence—confidence in their integrity and in their capacity for arriving at correct conclusions based on the evidence of their senses, sustained by their intelligence; because they have subjected Spiritualism to such tests as the Almighty has given them by which to detect error and discover truth; because these things are not done in a corner; because alleged facts are attested by tens—nay, by hundreds—of thousands, who have witnessed them at various times, in several places, now in one company, now in another; testified to, not by "ignorant and unlearned men," but by men and women of capacious minds, and of great experience in all the affairs of life—sound and practical thinkers; who affirm that if their testimony on *this* subject is not to be accepted by just and intelligent judges, it must be considered worthless for *any* purpose by any public or private tribunal—that they are unfitted for the discharge of any of the duties of citizens, because of either cupidity, deliberate imposture, mental incapacity, or continuous self-delusion.

The highest authorities in the Church of England, and the oracles of the Dissenters from that Church, contend that "miracles" have *not* ceased, but that they continue to be wrought, not only by good angels, but by evil spirits. Thus wrote Bishop Hall—"So sure as we see men, so sure we are that holy men have seen angels." And thus Archbishop Tillotson—"The angels are no more dead or idle than they were in Jacob's time or in

our Saviour's, and both good and bad spirits are each in their way busy about *us*." Bishop Beveridge contends that "though we cannot *see* spirits with our bodily eyes, we may do so when they assume, as *they sometimes do*, a bodily shape." I have already quoted Bishop Pearson.

Among Nonconformists there are many authorities equally convincing and conclusive. Baxter, in reference to apparitions, says—"I have received undoubted testimony of the truth of such." Isaac Watts reasons that "the appearance of apparitions is a strong proof of an intermediate state, whence they can return for special divine purposes." The venerable founder of Methodism contends not only that good and evil spirits worked in the apostolic times, but that they are as busy now as they were then,—to lead and to mislead, to enlist soldiers under the banner of Christ, and to augment the armies of Satan!

> "Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Such was the faith of John Milton. I might fill many pages with "authorities."

"Progress" is the universal law of both worlds. Responsibility never ceases—here or Hereafter. Where Progress ends who will dare to say, or guess or speculate as to the "many mansions" into which there may be many removals?

If there be not annihilation of all we associate with the Soul, there must outlive *this* life, affection, memory,

reflection, comparison, intelligence—to use a familiar word, REASON: surely these faculties are not lost or lessened, but vastly strengthened in the Soul after its removal from the body. They *must* be exercised: there *must* be a continual recurrence to the events of this life: there *must* be meaning in the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and in these—"Depart from me, ye wicked." Only by the unlimited exercise of these powers could there be reward and punishment: without them "Hereafter" would be a sound "signifying nothing!"

> "For MEMORY lives—of what thou wert and art—
> In 'many mansions' where the Soul may dwell:
> And to REMEMBER is of Heaven a part,
> As to REMEMBER is a part of Hell."

If the Soul, on its departure from the body, its sometime tabernacle—the house in which it has dwelt—loses all consciousness of a past, what can be its future? If it cease to take any interest in things of earth, if the affections are to die when the body dies, and although parents, children, friends, while "living," enjoy the bliss that memory brings, the Souls removed are denied all such sources of happiness,—surely, to maintain such a doctrine would go very far to destroy all honour and glory to God, all faith and trust in Him, in His justice and His mercy, and all the hope that sustains more or less every human being born into the world, and what is, so especially, the blessing of the Christian.

Yes: Spiritualism progresses, and will continue to progress. There are now millions where, twenty-five

years ago, there were scores. To "stop it" is impossible: as easy would it be to stay the inflow of Ocean by a wall of shingles. Our pastors and teachers leave the mighty power for good—or for evil, in the hands of those who will use, to abuse, it—who do use, and do abuse, it. I solemnly warn such as are enquirers, neophytes, or acolytes, to avoid, as they would contact with a plague-spot, fellowship and communing with "mediums" who, under the sway, influence, and dictation of spirits, low, or base, or evil, inculcate principles repugnant to natures that are good—and sometimes teach "Doctrines of Devils."

It is a blessed Faith! that keeps us ever watchful, knowing ourselves to be perpetually watched: that gives us conclusive and continual evidence how very thin are the partitions that separate this world from "the next" —the next, where ingratitude is a crime, and "sins of omission" exact penalties as do "sins of commission:" where those who, having neglected their "talent," are guilty as those who misuse it. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these, ye did it not unto me," implies condemnation for opportunities neglected, as well as abused.

> "For what we will, yet lack the power to do,
> Be it for good or ill, God counts as done."

It is a blessed Faith! that brings closer and nearer those whom death has not—even for a time—separated from us: that makes "certain sure" the actual presence of those we love; sharing our daily walks, our hourly

talks; watching us with hopeful love; participating in all our anxieties, in all our joys; guiding us, helping us, averting from us evil and the influence of evil; bringing around and about us the holy and the good; giving us a foretaste of that "overpowering of delight" of which the poet speaks; bringing palpably to our hearts and minds "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" and prompting to continual prayer, that when our Lord cometh He may find our lamps bright and burning in the Household of Faith.

It is a blessed Faith! that enhances a thousand-fold the joy that is given by the Christian dispensation; that removes all doubts of Hereafter—answering the prayer (I quote the most beautiful of our Church Collects): "O everlasting God, who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order; mercifully grant that as Thy holy angels always do Thee service in heaven, so by Thy appointment they may succour and defend us on earth, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

I conclude this brief summary of my views concerning Spiritualism with fervent thankfulness to God for the blessing it has been—and is—to me. I do not touch on kindred themes that cannot be approached with sufficient reverence—even here. It must suffice to say I *know* that the souls of those who loved us, while with us on earth, can, and do, hold communication with us now that they are in Heaven. I *know* it as well as I know the plainest and simplest truths—as well as I

know there are four fingers and a thumb on my right hand. I know also that such faith is not only consistent with the Christian religion—sustained—nay, inculcated—by the Divine word—but that without it there can be no vital Christianity.

The "natural body" of Mrs. S. C. Hall was laid in the churchyard at Addlestone on February 5th. It is a village in Surrey, where the happiest years of our life were spent.* The coffin was of oak, grown in her native Bannow—the scene of her early Irish "Sketches." It was an old chest, brought by her family to England in 1815. She had often expressed a wish to be buried in it—and was, in its altered character.

At the grave-side a group of little children sang a hymn; they came from the school close by, which school she, in 1855, built. It is an infant school.

The church is clothed with ivy almost to the summit. That ivy we planted with our own hands, bringing it (in 1856), for the purpose, from all-beautiful Killarney.

Among the few friends, honoured and beloved, present, was Sir Theodore Martin, who brought me a

* In our grounds, if so I may term a somewhat extensive lawn at Addlestone, it was our custom, whenever a distinguished visitor was our guest, to get him, or her, to plant a tree. The place was named Firfield, so a small tree-shrub of that kind was always ready to be transferred from a flower-pot to the ground. Trees were thus planted by Bulwer, Dickens, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Jameson, Frederika Bremer, Thomas Moore, Samuel Lover, Jenny Lind, William Macready, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and others. The trees are now as high as the house. Moreover, I built a conservatory, seventy feet long. It contained some twenty statues by eminent British sculptors, and some by sculptors of Germany and France; while the wall was covered with the best bas-reliefs of the period. I rejoice to know that my successor, a man of taste, estimated them as I did; and that it is still one of the most charming residences in the richly beautiful county of Surrey.

gracious message of condolence from the Queen.—God bless her!—and also a chaplet to place upon the grave.

There was an abundance of flowers and wreaths sent by loving friends: but I did not suffer them to be crushed to premature death by heaping clay upon them in a grave that was not theirs. Before the coffin was "lowered" they were removed, and conveyed to the children's school-room, to give a little more healthful joy before their natural death.

I quote two passages from a touching and beautiful poem, "A Plea for the Flowers," written by our valued and much-loved friend, Mrs. Newton Crosland:—

"How have we sinned, that we should be consigned
To the dank grave and sepulchre of stone,
In darkness doomed to wither, one by one,
Where sense is dulled and close-shut eyes are blind?

Send us to homes where poverty has sway;
Send us to schoolrooms, and to places where
The sick and suffering bear their load of care;
Send us where eyes can see and hearts can pray."

RECOLLECTIONS—PERSONAL.

A FEW incidents of my life I shall give in this chapter: but nothing like an autobiography. In fact, much of what I might think I ought to say I have already said: my own story is so closely interwoven with the stories I have had to tell of things I have seen and people I have known, that to give it here at length would be to incur the charge of needlessly repeating myself. I shall be contented, therefore, with detaching from my life's history a few episodes, that mark various stages of the long path I have trodden. I am mistaken if there be not a desire in all readers of a book of Personal Recollections to know something of the Author.

I was born at Geneva Barracks, in the county of Waterford * (where my father's regiment was then quartered), about six miles from the "*urbs intacta manet Waterfordia*," on the 9th of May, 1800: and if any

* I have in a commonplace book of my father's this entry:—"Robert Hall, a native of the city of Exeter, was born June 20th, 1753. Ann Kent was born at Ottery St. Mary, in the county of Devon, on the 30th of September, 1765. Robert Hall and Ann Kent were married at Topsham, in the county of Devon, April 6th, 1790." Their issue was seven sons and five daughters, nine of whom were born at Topsham: three in Ireland, while the regiment was quartered there.

person is disposed to cast my horoscope, I can tell him that my first breath on earth was drawn at daybreak. My mother has told me that the reveille was sounding as I was ushered into the world. I ought, therefore, to have been a soldier: a fate from which I had a narrow escape.

My father died at Chelsea on the 10th of January, 1836. He entered the army as ensign, by purchase, in the 72nd Regiment, in 1780, and shortly afterwards joined his regiment at Gibraltar, where he continued to serve during the remaining period of the memorable siege. In 1794 he embodied a regiment for service within the United Kingdom, and raised it in the unprecedentedly short space of eleven weeks from the date of receiving the order, displaying an activity of mind and energy of character that have seldom been surpassed.* Immediately upon the completion of the regiment, thenceforth denominated the "Devon and Cornwall Fencibles," it was ordered on active service to Ireland, where it devolved upon its colonel to mould the crude mass of heterogeneous materials into an effective

* The Exeter historian, Jenkins (1806), states that in Devonshire there were *two* Fencible Regiments ordered to be raised. That for which Colonel Stribling was commissioned was a failure, while that of Colonel Hall was a signal success. I quote the historian:—"By vigorous and prudent exertions, he soon completed his quota of men, and they were regimented under the name of Devon and Cornwall Fencibles. Just after they were embodied they were ordered to Ireland, where they continued during the remainder of the war, and by strict discipline and good behaviour they not only preserved the tranquillity of the south-western parts of that kingdom, but gained the esteem of the inhabitants in every station they were quartered at." I learn, too, from a subsequent passage in Jenkins's valuable book, that "Colonel Stribling (after spending a large sum of money) failed in his endeavours to complete a regiment by the time agreed upon, and those enlisted by him were drafted into, and incorporated with, other corps."

and disciplined regiment.* The regiment served in Ireland from the commencement of 1795 till the middle of 1802, with credit and efficiency, having frequently received the marked commendations of the general officers in command of districts. The Hon. W. M. Maitland was its lieutenant-colonel. The regiment returned to England in 1802, when, on the reduction of the army, consequent on the "Peace of Amiens," it was disbanded.

In raising his regiment, it was a first requirement that it should be done quickly. He therefore enlisted any one who offered; no recruits were either too young or too old. An aged father or uncle brought with him his sons or nephews. The latter would not enlist unless their elders did so. Gradually the old men obtained their discharge, the youths grew into young men, and ultimately the regiment was one of the best in the service. A large proportion of it volunteered into the Line, and no doubt became efficient, as they were well-trained and well-taught soldiers.†

THE COPPER MINES.—As I have elsewhere stated, Colonel Hall, while quartered in Ireland, was tempted, chiefly by the circumstance of many of his soldiers

* It was one of six Fencible Regiments ordered to be raised by the Duke of York, to serve in any part of the British Islands. They differed from the Militia, who were at that time limited, in their service, to their native counties, and essentially from the Volunteers, who were then, as they are now, only a force to be called into operation—and to be "aye ready"—when needed.

† I remember seeing a quizzical caricature—two venerable women dressed semi-military, with the cockade in their bonnets. A passer-by was addressing them. On being told they belonged to the Devon and Cornwall Fencibles, he asked the natural question, "What! does Colonel Hall enlist women?" "No, sir; only us two." "And what are you for?" "Oh, sir, we are to nurse the old men and children!" was the answer. But my father's object was effected.

being Cornish miners, to embark in mining speculations. They were highly beneficial to the country, but in the end ruinous to himself. Of thirteen mines he opened, the most important was that on Ross Island, Killarney, from which ore to the value of nearly £100,000 was obtained. After giving employment for a considerable time to hundreds of men, women, and children, that mine was eventually ruined by the bursting in of the water of the Lakes.* It was not the only one he worked in the neighbourhood of Killarney.

At Ross Island was found unquestionable evidence of previous workings by pre-historic races—many stone hammers, and the remains of charcoal fires, obviously lit to extract the veins of ore from the limestone in which they were embedded. I recently gave one of the hammers to the Exeter Museum.

The following incident is, I think, worth printing: While walking in the neighbourhood of his residence at Glandore (I was with him at the time), my father noticed some fish-bones of a green hue among turf-ashes. His

* An attempt was vainly made to drain the mine by a steam-engine. I believe the engine was the first that was introduced into Ireland. The chimney-shaft may yet be seen in Ross Island. Other mining speculators in the district were equally unlucky. Chambers, in the "Book of Days," says that the author of "Baron Munchausen" was "a learned and scientific German named Rodolph Eric Raspe, and that he died in 1794 at Mucross, in the south of Ireland, while conducting some mining operations there." I have never been able to obtain any information on the subject, but have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement. Raspe's sinking, I fancy, must have been a certain *cobalt* mine, abandoned after being worked for a short period. I know my father long sought to obtain a lease of that mine from Colonel Herbert, who strongly objected on the ground that it was within sight of his house. But ultimately Colonel Hall did obtain such lease. At that time cobalt was a costly mineral, and the produce of the mine was likely to enrich all parties. Just, however, as his hopes were most buoyant, a so much cheaper substitute was discovered that it, to a large extent, displaced the cobalt, except for the finer and more costly pieces at the Staffordshire potteries, and the mine at Mucross ceased to be worth working.

curiosity was excited to discover by what means they had become of so singular a colour, and, on analyzing them, he found they contained copper. His next object was to ascertain where the copper came from. He speedily traced its source to the contact of the bones with the ashes of turf cut in a neighbouring bog, and known to the peasantry as "the stinking bog." He was told that neither dog nor cat would live in the cabin in which the turf was burned. Having gathered so much information, his path was plain. He first collected from the heaps adjoining the cottages as large a quantity as he could of these copper-impregnated ashes, and shipped it to Swansea, where it brought, if I remember rightly, £8 or £9 a ton—a remunerative price. His second step was to take a lease of the bog, build kilns upon it, and burn the turf. That plan he continued until the whole of the bog was consumed, and sent, to the extent of several hundreds of tons, to the Welsh smelting-houses, the ease with which it was smelted greatly enhancing its value.

It was a curious sight, and one I recollect well, to see scores of workmen cutting the turf, conveying it to one kiln to dry, and then to another to be burnt, while carts were bearing the ashes of that already burnt to the riverside to be shipped for Wales. The particles contained in the turf are supposed to have been conveyed into the bog by a stream from one of the surrounding hills, that, passing through a copper vein, took them up in a state of sulphate, but meeting with some iron ore in its progress, or in the bog, the copper became deposited in the metallic state, though a large proportion of the deposit was still in the form of sulphate, as was

proved by allowing a knife to remain in the bog a few hours, when it became encrusted with a coat of copper. The working of this singular mine repaid my father for the capital and labour expended; but, unfortunately for him, when the bog was burnt out, he considered operations as only commenced, his object being to discover the vein of ore by which the bog had been supplied with copper. In a vain search for the source, technically called the "lode," he expended all he had made by the sale of the ashes. Shafts were sunk in several of the surrounding hills, and he continued the pursuit until his capital was exhausted.

I claim for my father the merit of having been a pioneer in the development of a source of profitable employment for Irishmen, and of immense wealth to Ireland. "Mining speculations" ruined him, as they have ruined many. The prosperity of the future, however, often dates from the misfortune of the past. During the years in which he conducted mining explorations, not only did he find employment for hundreds of workers, and sell in Swansea vast quantities of ore, but he showed what might be accomplished under more auspicious circumstances, and his name should not be omitted in the list of those who have been benefactors to Ireland.

In 1794 Ireland was almost as much *terra incognita* to the people of Devon as the Fiji Islands are to them now. The order that the regiment raised by my father

should embark for the Green Isle was received with terror by the mothers of recruits, and the women generally: a greater display of feeling could scarcely have been evoked by a sentence of transportation to Botany Bay. My mother was perpetually waylaid by applicants entreating "mercy" for a son, or brother, or for some one dearer than either. After all, it was not the Irishmen, but the Irishwomen, of whom the Devonshire recruits had reason to be afraid; not the Pats and Jerrys who made havoc among them, but the dark eyes of the Norahs and Biddys. Warnings, expostulations, and punishments, were equally ineffectual to prevent the Fencibles from surrendering wholesale to such "foes:" within a few months after landing in Ireland nearly two hundred youths of the regiment were married men.*

My most admirable mother—revered and honoured be her memory, for truly she was a good and heroic woman—conceived the idea of establishing a business in Cork. That was some years after my father had, by his mining speculations, lost all (and it was much) that he had to lose. In the city, where her husband had long commanded the garrison, where she had many staunch and powerful friends, she so conducted that business as to be

* Not very long ago, I met at Topsham an old man who told me his father had been a soldier in my father's regiment. I asked him what was his mother's maiden name. He answered, "Norah Mahoney." Clearly his father was one of the "victims." The priest of the parish frequently came to my father with such words as, "Colonel, you must let William So-and-so marry Biddy So-and-so;" to which my father would angrily reply, "I will not let another soldier in the regiment marry!" The good priest would hum and ha, and murmur, "Well, if ye don't, Colonel, worse will come of it!" Of course the Colonel's consent was extorted—for "positively the last time."

enabled to bring up her large family of children. Those who remember her—and they cannot be many—will recall her as possessing personal advantages, in all senses of the word: a lady (as much so in adversity as in prosperity) upright, generous, just, teaching by example as well as precept the lessons that are received in youth to fructify with increase of years.* I have reason to be proud of my mother. So, indeed, I have of my good father: a better or more conscientious man, I think never lived. Though he spent his substance he did not waste it: he enjoyed through a very long life the affection of his children and the respect of troops of friends. He survived my mother many years, and his ashes rest in Kensal Green cemetery, where there is a monument to his memory.† He left me nothing but a name unstained: a better heritage than would have been a rich estate without that blessing.

* My mother died in Cork of typhus fever, caught when visiting the stricken house of a poor dependent. I extract two or three passages with reference to that mournful event from a commonplace book of my father's: they illustrate her character and his own. "For this happy union, and for my having met with so good a woman, I can never be sufficiently grateful and thankful to God Almighty. If my soul should be 'saved alive,' and I trust in the mercy of God it will be, under God it will be owing to my union with her. As her life was gentle and blameless, so her end was peaceful and quiet, and without doubt she is now in Heaven, praising and glorifying her Maker and Redeemer, with saints and angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. Oh, shall I meet her there? God grant that I may! . . . . I cannot but feel and mourn the loss of so good a woman, so faithful a partner, and so true a friend; a comforter and consoler upon so many trying occasions, a sharer with me of prosperity and of adversity: neither proud, nor overbearing in the one, nor repining in the other. Without her for many years past what a miserable man should I have been! Her resignation and mildness of temper often tempered mine, and reconciled me to myself."

† The monument contains also the name of "Hannah Davey," the faithful and devoted servant of our family during upwards of fifty years. There also is inscribed the name of Maria Louisa, the only child we had who lived: and her life on earth was very brief. We buried in 1865 another old servant, an Irishwoman, Alice Myers, who had been in our service over half a century.

My eldest brother, Revis, was killed at the battle of Albuera, fought on the 16th of May, 1811. We heard the particulars of his death from a brother officer. He was a little fellow: indeed he was very young, not quite eighteen; and in the midst of the engagement he turned round to a tall officer who stood behind him and said, "Harris, the ball that goes over my head will kill you." A few minutes after he received a musket ball in the forehead, and fell. In 1845 I met at dinner the brother of Mrs. Hemans, Major Browne, who then held a high position in the Irish constabulary. He chanced to speak of the 23rd. I said, "If you were in the 23rd you may have known my brother." He told me that when, after the battle, they missed one who was "the pet of the regiment," he headed a corporal's guard to search for the body, and found him on the field—stripped of his clothes by field-robbers. "I carried him in my arms to the hospital," added Major Browne, "and in my arms the next day he died."

In Cork, it was known that a great battle had been fought, and the Gazette that gave the list of killed and wounded was eagerly and tremblingly looked for. A copy had been received at the post-office. My father went there to learn the news. Pale as death he returned to where we were all waiting together, and his words as he entered were, "Let us pray." Even the youngest of the group knew what the words meant. With prayers that were sobs, we submitted to the will of God: my father breathing something of the feeling of the old French marshal, who, when the body of his eldest-born was brought to him, murmured, through the tears that

fell on the slain youth, "I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in Christendom."

I am indebted to the kindness and courtesy of the Rev. Mr. Bartlett for a series of entries, copied from the church registry, from which it appears my father had nine children born at Topsham and three in Ireland, all of whom lived to manhood or womanhood, excepting one. Of my two elder brothers, William Sanford, born at Cork in 1795—having for some years prior to his death dwelt at Topsham—died in 1877, at the ripe age of 82.

His life was not an idle life. On leaving the army (on half-pay) he devoted his time and energies to forming and establishing a Mechanics' Institute (a then new invention) in Cork. He was also for many years assistant-editor of "The United Service Magazine," and originated, if he did not found, "The United Service Museum."

The third of my elder brothers, Robert Revis, was born at Ross Castle, on the romantic and ever beautiful Lake of Killarney. The castle was then a barrack, and not very long ago I ascertained, by convincing evidence, the room in which he first saw the light. He was, although a renowned swimmer, drowned on a calm moonlight night, off the Cape of Good Hope, in 1822, I think. It is supposed that he fell overboard, and was seized by a shark before time was given him to make an alarm. He had quitted the navy, in which he was a midshipman, and was then chief mate of an East India trader. His whole life was a romance. He was thrice shipwrecked, and once lived for three months on an unin-

habited island. He fought with the Greeks against the Turks, and with the Turks against the Greeks: he was a leader in the Mexican War for Independence. It is deeply to be regretted that he left no details concerning his career. I may, however, describe him as a man of the highest sense of honour; and, notwithstanding his recklessness, always in high favour with his commanding officers.

The farthest removed of my memories carries me back to the period of the most glorious of Britannia's sea-fights—immortal Trafalgar. I remember it distinctly, partly because of the following incident. At Topsham, in Devonshire (where my father then resided), in common with all the cities, towns, and villages, of the United Kingdom, there was a general illumination. My father's house was, of course, lit up from cellar to attic; in each pane of glass there was a candle—the holder being a potato, in which a hollow had been scooped, to supply the place of a candlestick. The universal joy was blended with mourning: Nelson was dead, and in losing him the nation had paid dearly for victory. My father had, therefore, twisted a binding of black crape round each candle—emblematic of the grief that had saddened the triumph. Few are now living who shared with me the sight of the rejoicings blended with mourning that commemorated the 21st October, 1805.

In the September of 1881 I visited Topsham, the port of Exeter, in Devonshire. Former acquaintance with

the town dated, as I have intimated, a very long way back: yet it was fresh in my memory as if barely a year had passed since the last day I spent there, as a boy. I visited first the house (it is the Manor House) that was so long our home, and where nine of my brothers and sisters were born between the years 1792 and 1807. I entered every room; each was as familiar to me as if I had seen it yesterday—every path, step, porch, door, "where once my careless childhood strayed," though I had not seen them for upwards of seventy years. I recognised in the flowers descendants of those that had gladdened my childhood; at least, I fancied they were such. Once, there was in the yard a large chestnut tree, which, in its fruit season, tempted the boys to "rob": without any very heavy penalty, I am sure; but a poor lad fell from one of its branches, and was killed. My father then ordered the tree to be cut down. The school I attended up to my eighth year is now a dwelling let out in apartments; the playground borders the churchyard, and the latter has absorbed much of the former. A mantle of venerable ivy still adorns the wall of the old house: the ivies were old when I was young.

My main purpose in visiting my old home was one that I think my readers will care to hear of: the memories it revived were such as to make me proud of the name I bear.

When the Devon and Cornwall Fencibles, commanded by my father, was disbanded in 1802, he presented the colours of the regiment to his parish church. They had

remained over the altar for just seventy years, when the vicar *sold* them. Certainly the proceeds went to restore the ancient and venerable structure; but the act was utterly inexcusable—to say the least. I resolved, if possible, to discover what had become of those colours, in the dim hope of replacing them in the church. I found they had been purchased by a Major Keating, an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, whose hall they then adorned, and by whom they were greatly prized. He generously offered to present them to me. I tendered to him the sum he had given for them; but he declined to receive it. I had the happiness to spend a week with him and his estimable lady at their beautiful dwelling, Westwood, near Teignmouth (her grandparents were relatives of my mother), during which visit arrangements were made for the restoration of the colours to the church, the present vicar of which—the Rev. John Bartlett—was as anxious to receive as I was to restore them.*

It was a proud and happy day for me when such presentation took place—on the 20th of September, 1881, the fifty-seventh anniversary of my wedding-day.

I walked from the old Salutation Inn (the inn that was my father's head-quarters when recruiting the regiment in 1794,† and which in all important features remains unchanged), leaning on the arm of Major Keating, on either side a sergeant-major of the volunteer artillery (each bearing one of the flags), followed by

* It is a somewhat singular fact that the vicar of Topsham who consecrated the flags in 1794 was also named Bartlett.

† I had to express much regret that Sir Stafford Northcote was unable to attend the ceremony. He had expressed a great desire to be present on the occasion, if at all possible, and to bring with him his grandfather's commission as a captain of yeomanry, granted in 1794.

many of the present Devon volunteers and large numbers of the townsfolk. We were received by the vicar; the church was full. Mr. Bartlett preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion; I unrolled the colours and placed them on the altar. Over that altar they now rest; and there, where they had reposed through so many years that are gone, they will continue, I hope, to meet the eyes of the men and women of Devonshire through generations to come. They will remain, I trust (to borrow the words of Mr. Bartlett to the congregation), "where their children's children may see them —to hang there till they crumble into dust."

My share in the proceedings of that day will be, there is very little doubt, the last public act of my life. Surely the public life of any man could not have been more gracefully or more happily concluded. For with those colours are connected associations of which the counties of Devon and Cornwall may well be proud. There is not the stain of a single drop of blood on those banners of the Devon and Cornwall Fencibles. War is ever a horror; but no Christian man or woman can look at those flags in the church at Topsham without the reverence of love and honour. They dignify and grace the temple in which peace and good will are preached.

During the Irish Rebellion of 1798 the regiment was quartered in one of the most disaffected Irish counties—Kerry. Under the considerate and humane sway of my father, well seconded by the mingled forbearance and firmness of his men, *not a single life was taken in the district* over which he ruled with almost autocratic power. Nor was any officer or man of the Fencibles so

much as ill-treated, I think, during the time the regiment was quartered in "wild Kerry." To all who have read of the horrors elsewhere perpetrated in Ireland—both by rebels and loyalists—during that unhappy year, such a record will be eloquent.* The colours presented by my father to Topsham church—that I was the happy means of restoring to their resting-place within the sacred walls—are more hallowed by the memories connected with them than they would have been if they had been carried in triumph over the reddest fields of victory.†

My father, no doubt, had the feeling I have towards

* In Ireland, in 1798, there were two other Fencible regiments: the "Ancient Britons" (Welsh) and the Caithness Fencibles (Scottish). *They* managed matters very badly indeed; were perpetually at feud with the people; killed whenever they were provoked; and were slaughtered whenever they were met—singly or in small bands.

† I may add here an anecdote that has a very direct bearing on the above tribute to the memories of my father and his regiment. In 1816, while residing at Ballydehob, where my father was carrying on his disastrous copper mines—disastrous to him, but very beneficial to Ireland—a friend lent me a horse on which I rode to Bantry. I remained three days at an inn there, and when I thought my purse exhausted, called for my bill. "Sir," said the waiter, "there's no bill." So I sent for the landlord to explain. He met my demand by a half-angry rejoinder. "Sir," he said, "no son of your father shall ever pay a shilling in my house, and I hope you will stay as long as you can." He answered my request for explanation, "I'll not tell you, but ask your father." Of course I did so, and, after raking his memory, he told me that the landlord kept the inn in 1798, and had been very kind, attentive, and serviceable to him. My father had received secret intelligence that the man, a captain of rebels, had arranged on a certain night to attack a certain house, into which several soldiers had therefore been introduced in private clothes. But on the afternoon of the day, the landlord was arrested and conveyed to the barracks, no member of his family being cognizant of the arrest. He was imprisoned in a room whence there could be no communication with the outside. The rebels met, but where was their captain? None could tell. For that night they postponed the attack. The next night it was the same; the third night, finding their captain again absent, and not knowing why, how, or where, they relinquished their project. The landlord was released, returned to his house, and was made aware of the cause of his imprisonment, but for which he was certain to have been either shot or hung. Hence his words—twenty years after the rebellion: "Sir, no son of your father shall ever pay a shilling in my house!"

Ireland—that of sympathy with her people—and could make allowance for their being goaded into rebellion by the action, on excitable temperaments, of shameful and oppressive laws.

He was, as Mr. Bartlett, on the day of the restoration of the colours to Topsham church, in his address, described him: "A good man, a religious man, a faithful member of the Church of England, true to his God, loyal to his sovereign, and loving to all human kind."

I know it was with him, all his life, a subject of earnest thankfulness to God that, while he held military command in disaffected Kerry, with the peasantry everywhere ready and willing to rebel, and with civil war actually raging in other parts of Ireland, he had maintained order *without spilling a drop of blood.*

THE FRENCH IN BANTRY BAY.—In 1796, when the French attempted to land in Bantry Bay, my father's regiment was quartered in Kerry and in the west of the county of Cork—the head-quarters being at Killarney.

He received orders from the general commanding at Cork to proceed to Bantry Bay, and "prevent the landing of the French." All the troops he could muster numbered seven hundred men—principally raw recruits. If the French had landed there would have been a seasoned army of ten thousand to oppose these seven hundred. I have heard my father say that no other course was open to him than to have fired one volley, in obedience to orders, and then have surrendered his small force as prisoners of war. His own counsel was that his

men should be employed to break up the roads between Bantry and Cork, and so arrest the progress of the invaders to that city. I have heard my mother describe the state in which she was left in Ross Castle, without a single soldier for protection; but I hope, and I think, also, that the people, among whom her lot was at that dismal period cast were far more inclined to protect than to annoy her, and that she was as safe as she would have been amid the garrison of Cork.

The result of the effort of France to obtain possession of Ireland belongs to history. I have often heard my mother describe the terrible storm of December the 23rd, 1796, which scattered the French fleet, and destroyed several of the ships. None of the invading troops landed, except, I believe, thirteen, who were conveyed prisoners to Cork, together with a carriage of singular construction, richly gilt and decorated. That was the only trophy of victory; it became the subject of a song sung in the streets and roads, the burthen of which was—

"And so they tuk the coach
Intinded for General Hoche."

So ended danger from that source. It is hard to say how the attempt would have terminated but for the tempest that so thoroughly defeated it.

At that time, however, the Irish, it is certain, were neither prepared nor willing to receive the French. Dr. Moylan, the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese, in a pastoral, urged the people to repel the invaders, entreating his flock to bear in mind "the sacred principles of loyalty, allegiance, and good order."

"We have been now," wrote Wolfe Tone in his

diary, "six days in Bantry Bay, within five hundred yards of the shore, without being able to effectuate a landing; we have been dispersed four times in four days, and out of forty-three sail we can muster but fourteen."

Repelled by the elements, and not by any force assembled for the protection of the Irish coast, the baffled invaders at length retired. Had the sailing of the armament been delayed until two years later, the results of such an attempt might have been very different. In 1798 the French would have found the peasantry friendly, whatever their reception from the winds and waves might have been.

AN INCIDENT IN A LIFE.—I extract the following from a Cork newspaper, 1876:—"On Sunday, July 9th, there entered Christ Church, Cork, and took a seat where his family (an English family, some time resident in that city) a very long time ago worshipped—a white-headed man, who held in his hand a Prayer Book, one of those presented to the young of both sexes by an 'Association' formed at the beginning of the century 'for Promoting the Knowledge and Practice of the Christian Religion.' It contained his name and an engraved tablet; it was awarded to him as a prize at a competitive examination in that church, and bore the date 1812. Sixty-four years have passed since then: he had kept the Prayer Book all that time. He read from it the service—substituting the name of Queen Victoria for that of King George III.; and gave thanks to God for

the blessings of a long, a successful, a happy, and a very busy life: the fruit, these blessings may have been, of seed planted by the book given to him—sixty-four years before that memorable day in his life's history. The white-headed man was Mr. S. C. Hall."

Yes: in that parish church, in that very pew, I received that Prayer Book as a prize in a competition with nineteen other boys in the year 1812. Who can say how much of the seventy years of my after life has been ruled and guided by the event of that memorable day? I must have read, and studied much, the Holy Scriptures to have been the one who won in the race. The seed then planted could not but have borne fruit. The bread cast upon the waters must have returned to me after many days. The Prayer Book I shall bequeath to the Society in Dublin: for it still exists.

Not long ago, I was in Bristol, where, in the years 1814 and 1815, my happy holidays were spent, a guest in the house of a dear friend, a famous surgeon of that city. My old schoolfellows were all dead and gone. I paced the streets striving to bring back the old familiar faces—in vain.

There is no loneliness so utter as that of a populous city, where every face you meet is that of a stranger: no look of welcome, no word of greeting! You are jostled by those you have never seen before, and will never see again. With their business of life you have nothing to do. If you dropped dead on the pavement, a thousand —after a brief look—would pass heedlessly on without a

sigh. Talk of the lonesomeness of a desert! It is by comparison joyous and populous: that which you see all about you; if there are neither birds nor animals, there is the pure fresh air: there are the clouds: every step you take brings you nearer and nearer to some oasis: hope supplies you with water and with trees: you can think —and you can pray. In such solitudes angels and spirits are ever at hand—God is felt in the works of His creation. It cannot be all barren where *they* are palpable and in sight: in sight either of eye or mind. You seem to be, if not really and truly, "Out of humanity's reach." Under the depressing influence of a stroll through the lonely streets of a populous city, one is perpetually forced to murmur the line of the poet Cowper—

"Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"

During six years I had chambers on a second floor in Lancaster Place, Strand. An architect of some eminence occupied the first floor. Towards the close of that period I met one morning a gentleman on the staircase, and addressed him: "Pray, sir, may I ask if your name is Curry?" The reply was in the affirmative. "Then," I said, "let us shake hands, for though we have for six years been neighbours—dwellers in the same house—the one has never seen the other until to-day." That could only have happened in London, where men attend to their own business. I might have been coining base money in my rooms, and he forging bank-notes in his, for aught the one knew of the occupation of the other.

Among the memories of recent years most cherished by Mrs. Hall and myself was one that has reference to the year 1874. I am bound to ask my readers to allow me some space in dealing with the gratifying episode in our lives, to which I refer. I condense what I wish to say regarding it—from a small pamphlet to which the occasion gave birth.

In 1874 it was arranged by some honoured private and public friends to present to us a Testimonial commemorating our Golden Wedding, and a large assemblage met with that view at the house of our friend, the treasurer, Frederick Griffin, Esq., in Palace Gardens. The good Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and the presence of "one whose whole life had been employed in doing good," a servant of God, whose public career is the history of a series of benefits done to humanity—gave to the occasion grace, dignity, and force. The "committee" of a hundred and forty members included men and women of high rank and lofty social positions, leading men of letters, science, and art: and the list of subscribers numbered six hundred. A sum of nearly £1,600 had been collected, the greater part of which was spent in the creation of an annuity for our joint lives; that annuity I continue to enjoy. Added to the generous bounty of the Queen, it has averted from me a calamity by which so many men of letters are overtaken towards the close of their careers, and—in conjunction with my retiring pension from the Journal of which I was so long the conductor—has removed all dread of poverty in an extreme old age. To one of the oldest and most valued of our friends, George Godwin, F.R.S.,

was delegated the duty of presenting to us this testimonial, the value of which was largely enhanced by the accompaniment of a beautifully bound album—bound by Marcus Ward, of Belfast—containing over five hundred letters received, from time to time, by the hon. secretary, Beauchamp Halswell, J.P., any one of which would have been a reward to any public man who has ever lived.

I give this extract from Lord Shaftesbury's address on the occasion:—

"Mr. Hall, fifty years ago, obeyed the great precept that "it is not good for man to be alone. He sought and found one of whom we know he is, and may well be, proud; a helpmeet who has helped him largely during the whole of his career; who brought to him a mine of good and refined taste, of healthy and invigorating influence, and who has herself given to the world a long series of publications, not only to amuse but to instruct, and greatly to elevate the mind. Her works are known and valued wherever our language is read. In my time I have witnessed three Jubilees: the first was that of the reign of George III., the second was that of the Bible Society. This is the third: I think I can see in it the completion of the other two: the completion of loyalty—a completion secured by piety and religion; honouring the wedded life; giving an example of that which is an undeniable truth—that domestic life, especially in the early wedded, and by the all-merciful Providence of God, is the refuge and stronghold of morality, the honour, dignity, and mainstay of nations. To sum up all in one very serious and solemn sentence, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, you have been lovely and pleasing in your lives. If it shall please God in His mercy, His wisdom, and His providence, that you shall be divided in your deaths, we pray, and we believe, that you will be again united in a blessed eternity."

I must copy some portion of my reply:—

"A story is told of the Prophet Mahomet that when his young and beautiful wife, Ayesha, said to him, 'Surely you love me better than you loved the aged Khadijah:' he replied, 'No, by Allah! for she believed in me when nobody else did!' So I say of her who stands by my side; I say more; she has faith in me after fifty

years. And this may be, and shall be, my boast; she who knows me best loves me best,—whatever is good in me, whatever is bad in me, no one but God can know so well. During all these years, we have, no doubt, passed through many struggles, encountering many difficulties, but overcoming them all by 'mutual love and mutual trust,' at once our spear and shield in our contests with the world. I would not laud her overmuch; the praise she values most is that which she receives when nobody is by; but this I must say, that though literature has been her profession, as it is mine, and though she has to show as its produce more than two hundred printed books, I know there is no one of the womanly duties she has neglected—the very humblest of them has been at all times her study and her care: she is, in truth, a 'very woman' in all womanly avocations, pleasures, and pursuits; but she has been none the less my companion, my friend, my counsellor, my guide,—I *must* say it here as I have said it elsewhere, and in verse,—my comforter in all trouble, my helper in all difficulties, by whom I was ever prompted to think rightly and to act rightly; by whose wise counsel, when I followed it, I was ever led to right from wrong.

"I will not refer to the many books we have together produced, on so many and varied subjects: there is no one of them that was not intended to do good. Some of them *have* done good. Those that relate to Ireland certainly have, by diminishing or removing prejudice and inducing the English to visit the country—believing that for every new visitor Ireland obtained a new friend. . . . . Dear friends, we thank you fervently and earnestly for the honour you this day accord to us. I will not be so mock-modest as to say we have done nothing to deserve it. We have done our best to deserve it. That you think we deserve it we have indubitable proof. It is before us on that table, and is manifested by your presence here this day. It has been the guiding principle of my life (and surely if it has been mine it has been hers), that there is no happiness which does not make others happy: we cannot possess it unless we share it. Well, I have my reward to-day, and so has she who stands by my side; a reward for herself, and—well I know it—a double reward to her in the honour you accord to *me!*"

There is a brief anecdote that will bear relating: though it might have "come in" better in another place.

In 1848 I was a guest at Ardington, the seat of Robert Vernon, Esq. He was at that time in failing health, and died the following year. I knew him, and his collection of pictures, when he lived in Halkin Street, Grosvenor Place, and was made aware of his intention to bequeath his rich store to the nation. His pictures had cost him a small sum in comparison with their worth: he had bought them at the slender prices artists then expected for them. [I had some hopes of being able to supply a statement of what they actually did cost, but I have been disappointed.] Yet Mr. Vernon was anything but a haggler about the prices he paid. He was a bachelor who had amassed great wealth by dealings in horses, had held profitable "contracts," and been fortunate in supplying Government wants in that way. Probably he considered he thus contracted a debt to the country—that his collection of pictures gave him the power to repay. He had in aspect, form, and manner much of the sternness and self-confidence of those who are bred to control and subdue fierce animals, and was a man whom few even of his human subordinates would have cared to disobey.*

* I have fancied I could trace the immense boon I received when he accorded to me the privilege of engraving for the *Art Journal* the whole of his collected pictures, to a circumstance to which I, at the time, attached little importance. Some years previously he had lent me a small picture by Bonington to engrave for the "Book of Gems." I got it copied, and soon afterwards took it to him with the copy. They were both the same size, and that fact displeased him. He remarked that "one was so like the other, that the one might hereafter be sold as the other." He said, "So long as it remains in your hands I shall have no fear; but hereafter it may go out of your hands." The truth and force of his remark struck me. I at once said, "I will effectually prevent that." I took my penknife from my pocket, and sliced the canvas of the copy thrice all across. To that unpremeditated act I fully believe I owed the interest he subsequently took in my welfare.

The prosperity of the *Art Journal* is to be dated from the day when Mr. Vernon gave to me the boon: it was continued when Her Majesty and the Good Prince bestowed upon me a boon of still greater magnitude. For many years before and after that event I was accorded the privilege of dedicating the *Art Journal* annually to the Prince Consort; and after his death I was permitted to dedicate it to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. I should not have again referred to the subject, but that it is my duty to say I note with exceeding regret that from the volume for 1882 the name of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been removed.*

THE SOCIETY OF NOVIOMAGUS.—This society will be remembered by many who have been its guests: but nearly all its old members are removed by death. Of those whose names figure in the earlier lists, George Godwin and I only are left.

The Society of Noviomagus was founded in consequence of a small party of Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries having agreed to make an excavation at Holwood, near Keston, in Kent, on the spot that is supposed by Stillingfleet and other antiquaries to be the

* An impressive and comprehensive address has been recently delivered at Nottingham by George Wallis, F.S.A., so long the able "Keeper of the Art Collections at the South Kensington Museum," and during many years the Art master-teacher in the schools of Birmingham and Manchester. Mr. Wallis takes precisely the view I take as regards the progress of Art and Art-manufactures in Great Britain during the last thirty or forty years. He records one singular fact that he has raked from the archives of the Royal Academy. In 1839, 14 works were sold, amounting in value to £1,118 12s., and in 1840, 13 works, returning £946 2s. In 1872, 283 works were sold, the value of which was £22,900; in 1882, 251 works, returning £22,335.

Roman station of Noviomagus—mentioned in the itinerary of Antoninus.

About a quarter of a mile from the Roman works called "Cæsar's Camp" is a tumulus known, even at the present day, as the "Warbank," and here the party commenced operations. They discovered the foundations of a temple, and several ancient stone coffins, Roman remains, &c. These were described in a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries on the 27th November, 1828, by Alfred J. Kempe, followed by another paper by T. Crofton Croker.

After a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries on the 11th December, 1828, a small party interested in the matter adjourned to Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, and a society, to be called the "Society of Noviomagus," was then and there instituted, T. Crofton Croker, F.S.A., becoming its first president—"Lord High President," as he is officially styled. Thus a social club was formed, the only qualification for membership being, as it continues to be, that the candidate must be an F.S.A. He is elected by ballot: but—the society being constituted on the topsy-turvy principle—in order to admit to its honours there must be in the voting a preponderance of "Noes."

The society has ever since 1828 met six times in each year to dine together—originally at Wood's Hotel, Portugal Street, now at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street.*

* Once a year—on the first Saturday in July—there is a "country outing," when ladies as well as gentlemen are guests. Thus have been visited Oxford, Cambridge, Canterbury, Winchester, Windsor, St. Albans, and a score of other attractive cities and places. A brief historical and antiquarian paper is read on such occasions by one of the members.

On the death of Croker, William Wansey became President; in 1855, I succeeded Wansey, and on my retirement in 1881, B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., succeeded me. I had continued president, elected annually, during nearly twenty-five years. It is but natural that in writing of this social club in 1883, I should lament that its past is now indeed the past—rather than find food for cheerfulness in its present. Its happier associations are for me connected with the "long ago."

My later visits to the society were saddened—as I marked the vacancies caused by the departure of old friends, and foreboded the time that was not far off when I too should leave earth, and a time that *has* come when I should leave a society with which I had been associated during forty years, and during twenty-five of the forty as its President.

The society has been always in high favour with its guests, among whom have been included a large number of the men of mark of the century—authors, artists, professors of science, eminent travellers, inventors, antiquaries, distinguished soldiers and sailors. To give a list of them, if I had the means of doing so, would be to occupy several pages of this book. My principal duty was, at each meeting, to propose the health of the visitors, and to do so in terms that painted each in colours the very reverse of truth; for the governing and peculiar rule of the society is that a speaker shall say what he does not mean, and mean what he does not say. This rule gave rise to much "fun," as will be readily credited when it is considered who the guests of

the society were, and often led to keen and happy contests of wit between assailant and assailed. As, however, the society duly remembers its origin, and does not consider the sole object of its existence to be that its members may make merry—it is a rule that each, at every meeting, shall produce some object of antiquarian interest, to be handed round, explained, and commented upon, after the dinner.

The period of my fullest love and honour for the society must therefore be dated back some years. For a long period it was a fruitful source of enjoyment to me, and in taking leave of the subject of my connection with it, I can, at least, say this—that in resigning my seat to Dr. Richardson, I was succeeded in office by the man of all others I would have selected for that honour. May he hold it as long as I did—nearly a quarter of a century.*

* If the Society of Noviomagus is to be called a club (which I do not consider it), it is the only club of which I was a member—or very nearly that. I was indeed elected a member of St. Stephen's Club, and paid the entrance-fee and first year's subscription. When the year had expired, I was applied to by the secretary in the usual form for my second year's subscription, which I declined to pay; a decision, I told him, I did not think he would be surprised at when I added that I had never once been inside the club doors. My home was my club. I have followed the advice of Theodore Hook (how much happier would it have been for him if he had himself followed it), that a married man should be "like Hercules, who, when he wedded Omphale, *laid aside his club.*"

"I have a truly feminine antipathy to clubs. The only women, I do believe, who tolerate them are those who are on bad or indifferent terms with their husbands, and are, consequently, very glad to be rid of them at all hours of the day or night. If you want a man to indulge in luxuries to which he has no right, because he could not afford them at home, let him go to his club; if he wishes to enjoy intercourse with a 'fast' friend, without the healthy restraint of domestic habits, let him go to his club; if he desires to win or lose more money at play than, as a prudent family man, he should do, let him go to his club. It is the man's first home: where his family live is but his second. He looks to the former for his enjoyments, to the latter for his duties. It is all very well for pretty young wives to laugh and say the club keeps their husbands out of the way in the morning; if not wooed to their home, they will in due time

Alas! in carrying back my thoughts to the days of my earliest connection with the society, the mournful exclamation that forces itself from me is—

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

The present hon. secretary is Henry Stevens, F.S.A. His predecessors were George Godwin, F.S.A., and Frederick William Fairholt, F.S.A. The hon. treasurer is Francis Bennoch, F.S.A. The principal duty of the secretary is to read at a meeting the "minutes" of the meeting preceding, to preserve a careful record of all the "jokes"—to make note of the various "curios" exhibited, and especially to misrepresent, as far as possible, what any member or guest had said.

It is worth stating that four of the members are total abstainers: the Lord High President being one of the most powerful existing advocates of that "reform"—a physician in large practice, universally respected, having the regard as well as respect of patients, many of whom are, in a Noviomagian sense—very profitable customers.

On the 17th of January, 1883, it was my happy privilege to dine with the Society as—then and now—its "Grand Patriarch."

I quoted the lines of Moore—

"When I remember all
The friends long linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather."

become 'club men'—going one way while their wives go another. I don't like —I never shall like them: the club is the axe at the root of domestic happiness." —"*A Woman's Story:*" *Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

I did not add the lines—

> "I feel like one who treads alone,
> Some banquet-hall deserted,
> Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
> And all but he departed."

The existing members—many of whom occupy high positions in letters and art—gave me the cordial greeting I anticipated, and was justified in anticipating.

Although the following incident might have been more "in place" in the chapter that details our tour to Germany, I must ask the reader's permission to relate it.

During our tour in Germany, we arrived late one evening, much fatigued, at Hoff, *en route* to Nuremberg. The hotel was full: so was the only other inn of the town. There was no possible chance of obtaining a sleeping-room—hardly any of getting food and drink. German landlords are proverbially rough and rude: mine host here was no exception to the rule—manifesting a disposition to turn us over to the elements outside. He had shown us, indeed, a huge apartment, in which there were eight beds, and told us we might occupy two of them, but laughed at the notion when I objected to the accommodation of the chamber being shared with six others—considering it, no doubt, an English prejudice. I was in despair; saw that nothing was to be done except improvising places of rest on sofas or chairs, fully persuaded that such boons would be grudgingly granted. He protested against my indignant affirmation that cross his threshold into the street—I would not. A happy

thought inspired me: I gave him a *Masonic sign.* Instantly his face, attitude, and manner changed: he rushed up to me and threw his arms round my neck, eagerly exclaiming, "Ya! Ya!" kissed me on either cheek; pulled me along a passage; pushed me into a snug chamber, casting out the baggage of a guest who had pre-engaged it; handed me a key as a signal that I was to adopt the motto of "No surrender,"—which, as Mrs. Hall was with me, I did not hesitate to do; and not long afterwards brought me with his own hands an exquisite supper, with some of the choicest vintage in his cellar. More than that: when I was leaving in the morning, he smilingly informed me that I need be under no anxiety on my arrival at Nuremberg, where I might be assured of receiving another fraternal hug from the landlord of the Rotter Ross, the most famous of all the inns of that renowned city.

In 1881 I published a small book, entitled "Rhymes in Council: Aphorisms versified" (Griffith & Farran), a series of one hundred and eighty-five little poems, each of which contains a rhymed maxim. I desired to dedicate the volume to the grandchildren of the Queen. On applying for sanction to do so, I received from Sir Henry Ponsonby the gracious reply that "Her Majesty has much pleasure in giving her approval to the dedication."

This was the preface to that—my latest if not my last—book.

"Since these rhymes were written—while they were passing through the press—the partner of my pilgrimage, the participator

in all my labours and cares, my companion, friend, counsellor, and wife, during fifty-six years, has been removed from earth and from me, from many friends who dearly loved her, and from a public by whom she was largely appreciated since the publication of her first book (followed by, I think, two hundred and fifty books) in the far-off year 1828. These verses are hardly less hers than mine. If I have striven—in humble, but fervent and prayerful, hope—to inculcate rectitude, goodness, love, sympathy, gentle and generous thinking, humanity, patience, virtue, and piety, Faith, Hope, and Charity—my work was suggested, encouraged, sustained—I will reverently add, inspired—by her.

"This book, therefore, although written by me, I hope may be regarded as a MONUMENT TO HER MEMORY."

I think the foregoing is all of my personal history I need to give my readers: even so little is perhaps too much.* Nearly sixty-three years have passed since I began my career as a Man of Letters by profession. In the spring of 1822 I came to London from Ireland, with few resources, or aids in fighting on the battle-field that lay before me, beyond those I might find in myself. "The world was all before me," and I

> "No revenue had
> But my good spirits."

Were I to sit down deliberately to the task, and draw on my memory for material, I could add one more to the stories of early struggles endured by young men fighting their way to independence—through difficulties such as those over which Crabbe gloriously triumphed, to which Chatterton ignominiously succumbed.

* I need not say I shall be grateful to any person who will enable me to correct dates, or to remove any errors, of which, no doubt, there will be many in these volumes.

I have written all through this book under a strong impression—I might almost say conviction—that its publication would be *posthumous;* for I began it nearly six years ago. By God's blessing, that foreboding does not seem likely to be realized when I close my task in the January of 1883. I hope I need not apologize for introducing here my solemn "FAREWELL" to those who are either my readers, or my friends—or both.

"Through mist that hides the Light of God, I see
A shapeless form: Death comes and beckons me:
But gives me glimpses of the summer land;
And, with commingled joy and dread, I hear
The far-off whispers of a white-robed band.

Nearer they come—yet nearer—yet more near.
Is it rehearsal of a "welcome" song
That will be in my heart and ear—ere long?
Do these bright spirits wait, till Death may give
The Soul its franchise—and I die to live?

Does fancy send the breeze from yon green mountain?
(I am not dreaming when it cools my brow).
Are they the sparkles of an actual fountain
That gladden and refresh my spirit now?
How beautiful the burst of holy light!
How beautiful the day that has no night!

Hark to these Alleluias! 'Hail! all hail!'
Shall *they* be echoed by a sob and wail?
Friends 'gone before:' I hear your happy voices,
The old familiar sounds! my Soul rejoices!
I know the words: they laud and thank The Giver,
On the Heaven side of the Celestial River.

Ha! through the mist the great white throne I see:
And now a Saint in glory beckons me.
Is Death a foe to dread? The Death who giveth
Life—the unburthened Life that ever liveth!

Why shrink from Death? Come when He will or may,
The night he brings will bring the risen day.
His call, his touch, I neither seek nor shun;
His power is ended when his work is done.
My Shield of Faith no cloud of Death can dim:
Death cannot conquer me! I conquer him!

How long, O Lord, how long ere I shall see
The myriad glories of a holier sphere?
And worship in Thy presence? not, as here,
In shackles that keep back the Soul from Thee!
My God! let that Eternal Home be near!

Master! I bring to Thee a Soul opprest,
'Weary and heavy-laden,' seeking rest:
Strengthen my Faith, that, with my latest breath,
I greet Thy messenger of Mercy—DEATH!"

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